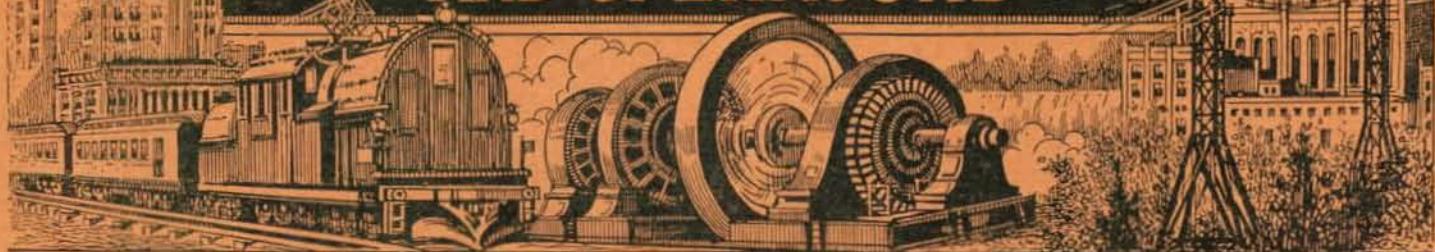


The Journal of **ELECTRICAL WORKERS** AND OPERATORS



RECORDING THE ELECTRICAL ERA

VOL. XXV

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1926

NO. 7

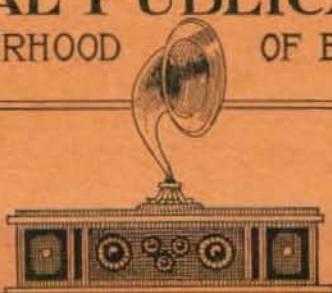
Mary, Pack the Toothbrush, Vacation's Here

Who is it Congress Favored at Muscle Shoals?

Customer Ownership Bunk Exploded

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

DEVOTED TO THE
CAUSE OF
ORGANIZED
LABOR



AFFILIATED WITH THE
AMERICAN FEDERATION
OF LABOR IN ALL ITS
DEPARTMENTS

UNION LIFE INSURANCE FOR UNION MEN

¶ The organized Electrical Worker from experience knows much about the advantages of insurance, and the opportunity which the Electrical Workers have had is now open to workers of other crafts through the Union Cooperative Insurance Association.

¶ There is so much agitation just now for *union life insurance for union men*, that each Electrical Worker should be proud to acquaint associate workers of other crafts about the Union Cooperative Insurance Association, the "old line legal reserve" life insurance company which was organized in 1924 under the auspices of the I. B. E. W., with its offices in the Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C.

¶ This is strictly a *Union Company*, as all its stockholders are Electrical Workers or Locals of the I. B. E. W. and as it was the first labor life insurance company, each Electrical Worker is entitled to *boast* as well as *boost*.

¶ The company has now been writing regular life insurance for a year and a half, for the workers, their families and friends, and is being patronized by laboring men, and labor organizations of the different crafts.

¶ The choice of policy-holders is carefully made in the matter of health, and this is done for the mutual protection of all the policy-holders. The majority of the policy-holders are naturally working men and their families—the pick of the nation for physical strength, intelligence and value as citizens.

¶ The insurance policies issued cover children from one year of age, and adults, both men and women, and the child's endowment policies can be written as low as \$100.00—a gift to the child at the end of the endowment period. The regular life policies are arranged to take care of the insurance needs of all the family, from the breadwinner who wants to protect his wife and family, to the child who will need a college education or a start in business. These policies are not new, but include the sound and liberal features of insurance as written by the commercial companies, and can be written in amounts to suit the individual needs of the policy-holder.

¶ The new feature is the group life insurance adapted for labor organizations. Some states still decline to allow the insuring of labor organizations under a group policy, but other states have seen the advisability of broadening the scope of insurance protection so that other groups besides employees can be protected.

¶ This opening up of a new field has been practically keeping pace with this company, and many commercial life insurance companies formerly scorning to insure labor unions are now going after them with large agency forces and high-power salesmanship.

¶ But in labor insurance and in group life insurance for labor organizations, the Union Cooperative Insurance Association has been the *pioneer, showing the thing to be done and the way to do it*.

¶ The actual writing of life insurance—union life insurance for union men—wherever located and whatever the craft, is and has been for many months now the big matter which has been receiving the company's attention, and those who have been insured since the beginning in this company have no cause for regrets and much cause to rejoice that they showed their wisdom in obtaining the insurance protection which is so essential a part of life today.

¶ And we are growing fast, with occasional growing pains perhaps, but with all the lusty health of a sound and wholesome organization.

¶ So boost and boast, with the watchword:

"UNION LIFE INSURANCE FOR UNION MEN"

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Magazine Chat

Secretly we all would rather go to a prize fight, ball game, or show than to a union meeting. But we don't always go. Why? Because we have learned that looking after our union affairs pays in bigger dividends farther along.

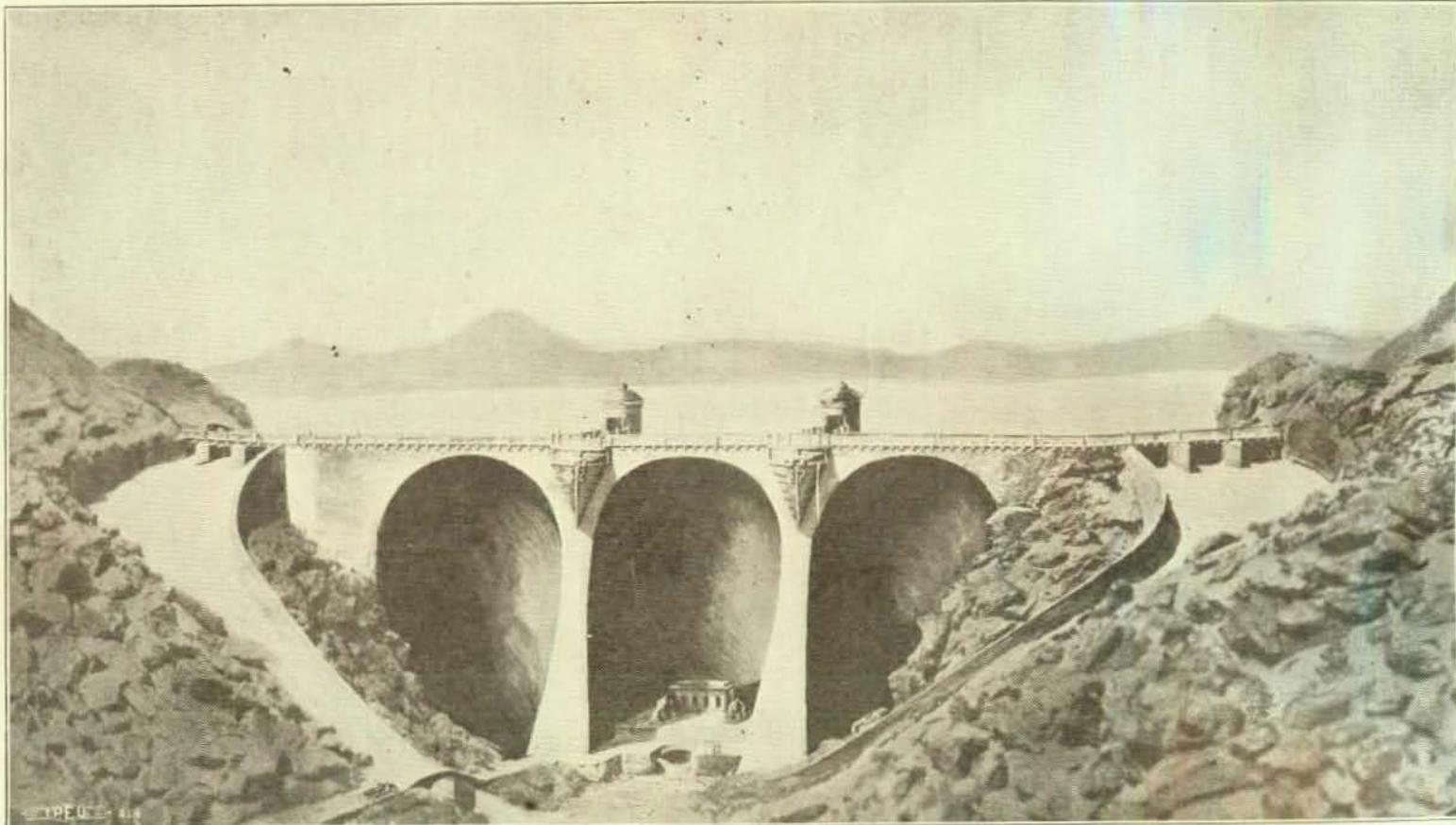
A local correspondent very wisely and very properly calls attention to the high interest value of human things. Prize fights, ball games and shows are human things—appealing to fundamental, primitive, human instincts. A great many American magazines have successfully capitalized this universal interest in human things. From the pretty girl on the front cover to the silk hosiery ad on the back, there is a parade of sex and conquest—in article, story, and advertisement.

The labor journal has not entered this field of exploitation. It has not undertaken to entertain with an immediate appeal to sense, or to appetite. It does not compete with the Smart Set or Screenland. Not that labor editors do not like prize fights, ball games and movies; not that labor unionists do not; rather it is that they believe there is a God's plenty of such forms of pleasure already, and that our collective affairs are being neglected.

We have come to believe that questions of wages, standards of living, monopoly of national wealth, child labor, and industrial democracy are more important to more people than the kisses of Camille.

Labor journals are interesting and could be more so. There are many thrilling stories of human sacrifice and heroism unwritten. There are many colorful yarns of line and road which would shame those in the Saturday Evening Post. They should be written. They will be written.

But in the main, we suppose, the main business of a labor journal will be to chronicle the collective life of the organization. We hope that chronicle will come to be told in more interesting ways as the months go by.



Dams like this are destined to dot America. They usher in the electrical era, with its tremendous possibilities for efficient production and elimination of drudgery. The above is an engineer's drawing of the Coolidge dam, now projected on the Gila River, Arizona, by the U. S. Government. It is to cost \$5,500,000 and will be a part of the San Carlos Indian Irrigation development, pooling water for 100,000 acres of land. The U. S. Government now operates 13 publicly owned hydro-electrical projects, in connection with irrigation, at a profit.



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Facts Puncture Customer Ownership Pretence

IN 1915, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company began to sell stock to its employees. Prior to 1915 little had been done to open up these huge business interests either to employees or to consumers. By 1923, it may be asserted, the employee-customer ownership defensive of the monopolies had got fairly under way, and had reached its full flow. For instance, the stockholders of the railroads numbered 81,000 in 1890, and 602,000 in 1923—the largest gain being made in the last decade.

Avowedly the chief motive of the corporation leaders was to offset a movement for public ownership and for trade union democracy, by a wider distribution of stock. Certain public utilities did, and still do, advertise that they are "publicly owned," because small blocks of stock are distributed among customers. They assert that there is no need for trade unions in their plants inasmuch as industrial democracy has already been achieved under their benevolent leadership.

These pretensions rest upon two assumptions:

1. Employee and customer ownership have actually increased the owning class.
2. Control goes with stock ownership.

Facts prove both of the assumptions false.

Who Owns the Corporations?

The Federal Trade Commission has (June, 1926) made public its study of wealth and income in the United States based on the years 1922-1923. Stuart Chase, economist, analyzing these figures in the *New York Times*, concludes that "employee ownership was in 1922 hardly more than a drop in the bucket."

"Who owns the stock of American corporations?" he says:

"For common stocks the value of the holdings is represented by the following percentages:

"Individuals own 64.9 per cent of stock.

"Trustees own 10.4 per cent of stock.

"Brokerage houses own 11.9 per cent of stock.

"Other corporations own 10.4 per cent of stock.

"Foundations own .9 per cent of stock.

"Foreign investors own 1.5 per cent of stock.

"Employees comprise 7.5 per cent of common stockholders and 3.5 per cent of preferred stockholders of employing corporations, but the value of their holding is only 1.5 per cent of common and less than 2 per cent of preferred. It is evident from these figures that, in spite of assertions of its vast development and revolutionary implications, employee ownership was, in 1922, hardly more than a drop in the bucket."

This tallies with a study made this year by Lewis Corey, results of which were published in the *New Republic*.

Corey finds corporate ownership distributed in 1924, as follows:

Farmers, 2.3 per cent; wage-earners, 2.5

Recent report of the Federal Trade Commission corroborates studies of economists to the effect that the widely advertised employer ownership scheme has made no dent in the high-walled monopoly of industry.

per cent; non-wage earners with income below \$5,000, 18.3 per cent; non-wage earners with income \$5,000 to \$20,000, 22.4 per cent; non-wage earners with income in excess of \$20,000, 54.6 per cent. Corey concludes that "corporate ownership is a non-wage earning class monopoly."

It seems indisputable that customer and employee ownership are nothing more than "talking points" for an indefensible regime of private profiteering.

Lone Professor Routs Wall Street

Now in regard to control. Professor W. Z. Ripley opened this question last fall, with loud-cracking results. Wall Street capitalists took to cover when Ripley began to shower them with facts to show that ownership of corporations is now divorced from control. He cited the Dodge Motor Corporation as indicating the trend; how voteless stock was issued to the stockholder, and voting stock retained by the bankers and management. One does not need to take Professor Ripley's word for it. Albert de Roode, writing in the *Wall Street Journal* for March 22, 1926, declares: "Legally the stockholders as individuals are not proprietors. They have not the responsibility for the debts of the business that the proprietors of the business would have, and this is the reason why any consideration of stockholders from the point of view of proprietorship leads to unsound conclusions."

Senator Fess arose in the senate the other day to defend customer and employee ownership. The following colloquy took place:

MR. SIMMONS. In how many of those roads is the control by stock ownership concentrated in the hands of a very few stockholders?

MR. FESS. I think in most of the roads ownership of the stock is spread out over a great number of stockholders, but the roads are controlled by a very few individuals through proxies. I think that is the practical effect.

MR. SIMMONS. And not by actual ownership of stock?

MR. FESS. No; rather by voting power through proxies.

MR. SIMMONS. I was under the impression that as to a great many of the roads—I do not mean to say the majority of them—while the minority stock was distributed among citizens of the country, the majority stock was in the hands of a very few people, who actually controlled and directed the affairs of the company.

MR. FESS. Whether the actual ownership is in the hands of a few, I think the Senator is correct that the control is largely in the

hands of a few, very largely through voting proxies, however.

MR. NORRIS. Mr. President, may I interrupt the Senator at that point?

MR. FESS. I yield to the Senator from Nebraska.

MR. NORRIS. I have not investigated, but I think the general statement by the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Simmons) suggests an important viewpoint of the matter. The wide diffusion of stock may mean nothing in the control of the company itself.

MR. SIMMONS. That is the thought I had in mind.

MR. NORRIS. One may own a controlling interest in the stock and do what he pleases with the property and yet there may be 150,000 stockholders in the company.

MR. FESS. I admit the truth of that suggestion.

MR. SIMMONS. It may be really to the interest of the controlling stockholders to have the minority of the stock distributed among a great many people.

MR. NORRIS. Of course, it is to their interest to have as wide a distribution of the stock as possible.

MR. FESS. I will state to my friend from Nebraska what I had in mind. I am of the opinion that, measured by the value of the stock, the public ownership is really larger than that of the few operatives or distinctly interested parties, but through voting by proxies a few do control the policy of the roads. Such practice is not only inevitable, but most likely as it should be, since great industry cannot run as a town meeting is conducted.

At a hearing before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce December 1, 1921, the following occurred:

MR. WARNE: They (shareholders) have a claim on the earnings and if there are no earnings, they have no claim.

SENATOR POINDEXTER: Well, yes, they would undoubtedly have a claim on the property itself. They own the property as shareholders in the corporation subject to the mortgage that is on it and when the mortgage and other obligations or liens are paid off, they take the property.

MR. WARNE: That is a very much mooted question, Senator. I, personally, am of the opinion that a stockholder owns no property whatever of a company—his only claim is on earnings.

SENATOR POINDEXTER: You are entirely correct, so far as legal title to the property is concerned, but I am talking about the ultimate result of the ownership of stock. He is entitled to a share of the property itself.

MR. WARNE: In other words, your point is this, that if the property value is more than enough to satisfy all other claims, then the stockholder has a claim.

SENATOR POINDEXTER: Yes. He does not own the legal title to it, but he has the beneficial use of it.

THE CHAIRMAN, SENATOR CUMMINS: In the event the company were wound up and sold, then after paying the debts of the company, the remainder would be distributed relatively among the stockholders.

MR. WARNE: But that right comes only through participating as a voting stockholder in determining the policy of the company towards its surplus value as to what should become of it.

THE CHAIRMAN: Well, as you have shown, however, the individual stockholder has not much of a show in determining the management.

Customer ownership with company unionism, forms a mere smoke-screen; they form the arms of a defensive against the public. They give the appearance of popular ownership without delivering a return.

Electric Bond and Share and Muscle Shoals

AND the hair is Jacob's, but the voice is Esau's." The applicant is the Muscle Shoals Power Distributing Company, but the petitioner is the Electric Bond and Share Company.

Congress has before it still—the disposition of the Muscle Shoals power development with its \$150,000,000 expenditure of tax-payers' money.

Congress has tucked away in its archives the recommendation of the majority of the Muscle Shoals Joint Congressional Committee naming the Muscle Shoals Power Distributing Company as the favored applicant for this development. The recommendation says: "For the foregoing reasons, in the judgment of the majority members of your committee the proposal recommended provides greater benefits to the government and to agriculture than those set forth in H. R. 518 of the sixty-eighth Congress, first session, and the lease proposed, in the judgment of the majority of the Committee provides the necessary guarantees for the production of the fixed nitrogen required by the joint resolution."

The majority report is signed by Charles S. Deneen, chairman, Frederic M. Sackett, John M. Morin, and Percy E. Quinn.

The Muscle Shoals Power Distributing Company is a newly formed corporation created this year to make application for the power. Associated with it, is its child, the Muscle Shoals Fertilizer Company.

Let us see just what are the interests identified with this favored company:

Whole Southeast Locked Together

Thirteen companies are associated, representing a geographical sweep from Kentucky to the Gulf, eastward to Georgia and Florida.

The 13 associate power companies are:

1. Tennessee Electric Power Company, Chattanooga.
2. Memphis Power and Light Company, Memphis.
3. Mississippi Power Company, Gulfport.
4. Mississippi Power and Light Company, Jackson.
5. Mississippi Delta Power and Light Company, Greenville.
6. Alabama Power Company, Birmingham.
7. Gulf Power Company, Pensacola.
8. Kentucky Utilities Company, Louisville.
9. Gulf Electric Company, Mobile.
10. Georgia Railway and Power Company, Atlanta.
11. Louisiana Power and Light Company, Monroe.
12. Arkansas Light and Power Company, Pine Bluff.
13. New Orleans Public Service, Inc., New Orleans.

The Tennessee Electric Power Company is linked (Poor's Public Utility Manual) with the Aluminum Company of America (Mellon interests) and with the Georgia Railway and Power Company (Electric Bond and Share). "Connection is made at Maryville with the power system of the Aluminum Company of America and at the Georgia State line southeast of Chattanooga with the Georgia Railway and Power Company which Company has high tension connection with the Alabama Power Company. These connections make the Tennessee Electric Power Company a part of the

great super-power system of the South-eastern States." (Poor's, 1925.)

Memphis Power and Light Company controlled by National Power and Light Company, and supervised by Electric Bond and Share Company. (See chart of interlocking interests in June, 1926, ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL.)

Mississippi Power Company controlled by Southeastern Power and Light, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company.

Mississippi Delta Power and Light Company, not cited in Poor's. Bonbright Survey (May, 1926) shows Greenville, Miss., power controlled by the Electric Power and Light Corporation, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share.

Alabama Power Company controlled by the Southeastern Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share.

Gulf Power Company according to published statement of Pearson, Enhard & Company, investment bankers, of Boston, owned by the Southeastern Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company.

Kentucky Utilities Company controlled by the Middle West Utilities Company (Insull) heavily financed by the American Super-Power Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company. (See chart, June, 1926, ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL.)

Gulf Electric Company, owned by Southeastern Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company.

Georgia Railway and Power Company, owned by the Southeastern Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share.

Louisiana Power and Light Company, controlled by the Southern Power and Light, and by the Electric Power and Light Corporation, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company.

Arkansas Light and Power Company, controlled by the Southern Light and Power Company, owned by the Electric Power and Light Corporation, a subsidiary of Electric Bond and Share.

New Orleans Public Service, Inc., controlled by Electric Power and Light Corporation, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share.

Once again, the public sees established the dominance of the Electric Bond and Share Company in the power field. Here it has been influential enough to swing both the Insull interests and the Mellon interests into its orbit of operation.

Huge Merger Completes Nation-wide Tie-in

As predicted in these columns from time to time, a privately owned nation-wide super-power system has become a reality with the merger of the Insull interests and the North American Power Company in the Middle West.

The North American was the last great regional system to lie outside the zone of influence of the Electric Bond & Share Company, the disavowed child of the General Electric. It has now been brought into the sphere of influence of the growing monopoly through contact with Insull's Middle West Utilities Company. The North American Light & Power Company serves 700 communities, dominating the St. Louis district.

The New York Journal has this to say of the transaction: "A large share of the common stock of the North American Light & Power Company will be taken over by the Middle West Company, and the North American Company, the oldest and largest utility stockholding corporation in the Middle Western states. The operating staff of the North American Light & Power Company will remain unchanged.

"The subsidiaries, Illinois Light and Power Corporation, Missouri Power & Light Company, and other operating companies, will not be affected by the reorganization, the announcement said.

"Certain new financing of the North American Light & Power Company is in prospect, Mr. Studebaker said, and this will bring the Middle West and the North American companies into the corporation with large common stock holdings. The plans for the new financing are not yet completed.

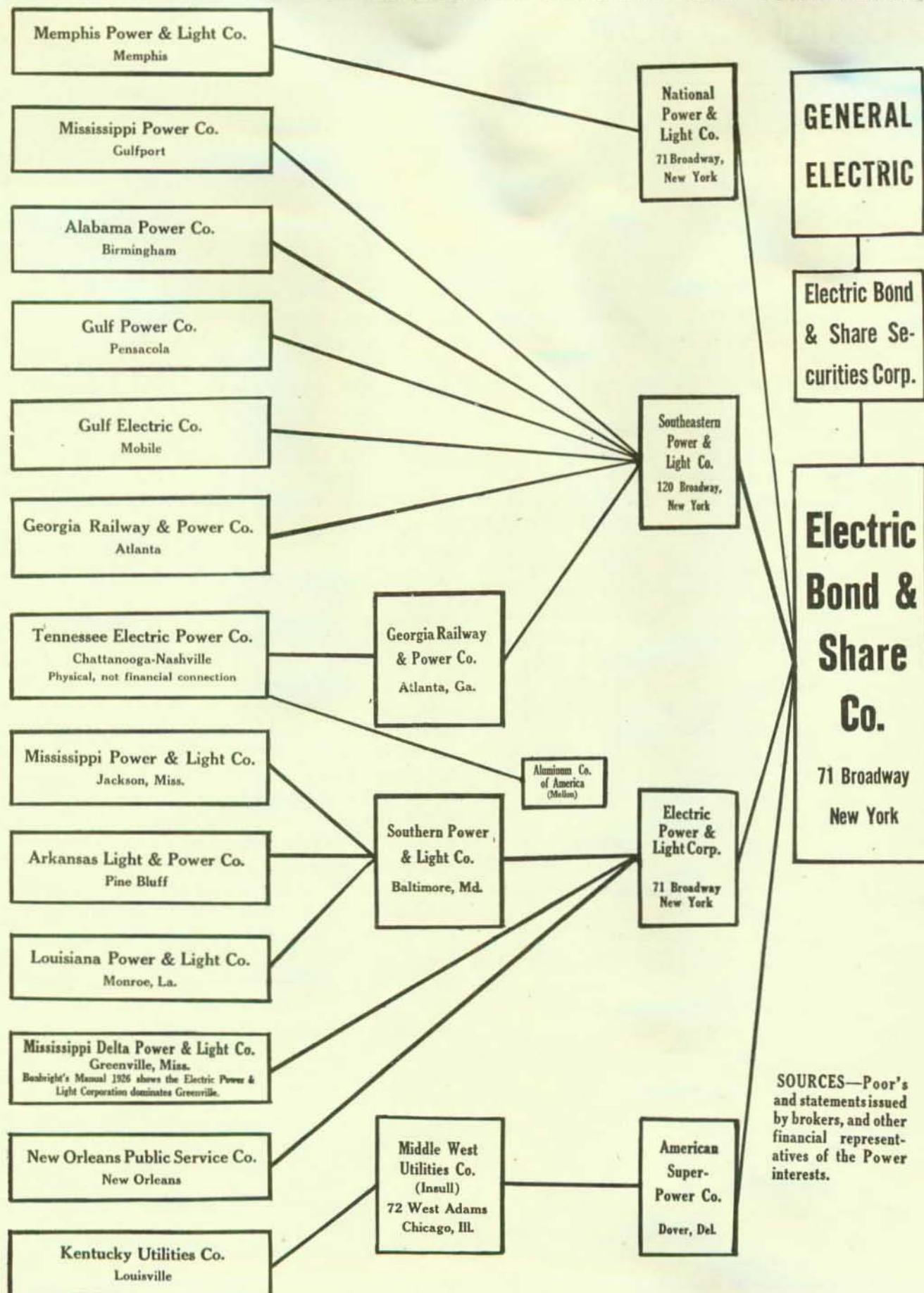
"Interconnection with power lines of the Middle West Utilities subsidiaries will be one of the chief benefits of the reorganization for the North American. The operating properties in many places now are close to each other, though none operate in the same places. The consolidation will enable the plants of the two groups to unite high voltage, long-distance transmission lines over a greater part of the Central West."



THE LONG SPOUT WITH NO TURNING

The August number of the Journal will carry a complete report of the Giant Power Conference held at Brookwood Labor College.

MUSCLE SHOALS POWER DISTRIBUTING COMPANY AND CONNECTIONS



SOURCES—Poor's
and statements issued
by brokers, and other
financial represent-
atives of the Power
interests.

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Devoted
to the
Cause



of
Organized
Labor

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Battle Shifts The Public Ownership League of America is carrying on a gallant fight to disprove statements of the Power Trust. That energetic group of corporations assert that municipal ownership is diminishing. The League replies this is a wilful error.

We note, however, that the May number of the Public Ownership Bulletin carries a plea to municipalities to retain their plants. "Here and there city officials are yielding to the blandishments of the high-powered salesmen of the Power Trust and selling their plants. There is the greatest possible mistake," it admonishes.

What is likely happening is this. Municipal plants are finding it harder to compete with private stations, when private stations are tied into regional systems and regional systems with power pools are created everywhere. The power monopoly may have cut rates for a time to make it appear that municipal ownership is not as efficient as private business. They may revise them soon after. Political influence is used on weak city officials. They sell.

We are in the midst of an enveloping attack on municipal ownership. The power monopoly expects to smother opposition—even in Canada. Friends of public ownership will have to fight twice.

This does not mean the failure of public ownership. It means the shifting of the battle-ground from local to national ground. And the sooner friends of public ownership realize this, the better.

Campaign Lies It is getting so that after an honest candidate gets through a campaign he must go to some moral dry cleaning establishment for renovation. The spite, dirt, curses, maledictions, canards, lies, and gossip that can be circulated by the high-powered employer press against a labor or farmer candidate is wonderful to behold. During a campaign all the falsehood factories work overtime, denouncing, insinuating, slinging mud and filth. Take Brookhart's case. Again the old "free love" lie was worked overtime against the staid Iowa farmer. Though a colonel in the U. S. Army, Brookhart was also charged with disloyalty. And Charles MacNider, banker and cement magnate, father of the assistant Secretary of War, declared that Brookhart once transferred property to his wife to escape liability. This last statement is to cost MacNider a \$100,000 libel suit.

Strange to say, no brave member of the American Legion called Brookhart out to a duel. Brookhart was instructor in marksmanship during the war.

Our Industry and Us During the 12 or 15 years preceding the Civil War, 20,000 miles of telegraph lines were built in the United States connecting all the great cities. This construction marked an enormous expansion of America's industrial life. Perhaps 40,000 men were employed to make this contribution to the nation's development; many of them, in fact the great majority of them, were electrical workers. Now what is left as their record of commercial achievement? Not a line. Not a note. Not a paragraph in history. The linemen who gave their time, strength and lives to hang the wires, that the nation might be locked in speech are forgotten, ignored.

There are a number of books, to be sure, devoted to this early history of the electrical industry. James D. Reid has written "The Telegraph in America" recounting the swift promotion and exploitation of the invention of Samuel Morse. But what does Reid tell us? He tells us the names of the capitalists and superintendents under whom the lines were built. Not once does he choose to mention the workers—the privates in the army—save when the big strike of 1870 paralyzed the lines. Is it any wonder that unsophisticated students reviewing this period, get the impression from such biased reporting that all workers are for is to strike?

From this point of departure, it is evident that what the workers had to do was to change employer psychology, and in changing this open the minds of historians. The workers were able to do this—slowly, through their organizations. Today it is impossible and remain honest to tell the story of the rapid expansion of the electrical industry without writing down the part organized labor is playing. This the union has accomplished. The union gives compactness, stability, longevity and direction of the workers' efforts.

And with responsibility to the union, with responsibility to advance the union as something bigger than themselves, the workers have assumed a bigger responsibility for the industry as a whole. They have learned that what truly advances the union advances the industry, and what truly advances the industry benefits the public.

The hopeful fact is that the workers have learned that the union strengthened gives a greater stake in the industry.

Preserve the Primary "LABOR", which is always intelligent, timely, and vigorous, heads a fight for the direct primary following the slush fund episodes in Pennsylvania. "Give the bosses credit for knowing what's good for them," it declares. "They know the primary isn't. That's why they are determined to destroy it. Every attack on the primary comes from the machine. None comes from the people. The primary is an American institution, absolutely necessary under American conditions. It is like the pioneer's rifle behind the door. He may not need it often—especially after the predatory interests learn he knows how to shoot—but when he needs it, there it is. The biggest task in state elections this fall is to preserve and improve the direct primary."

Our Nuisance Value One of the sympathetic foes of labor has coined a phrase to describe our own peculiar contribution to industry. It is: "the high nuisance value of trade unions." We accept the intended insult, and glory in our depravity. It is our business to be nuisances.

We recall that a certain powerful, bigoted, abusive group of slave-holders found the abolitionists great nuisances. We recall that a certain stupid, fat and illiterate monarch found the American patriots of 1776 high in nuisance value. Examples might be multiplied. We doubt if any social gains have ever been made without certain dispossessed people acting as nuisances to certain privileged groups.

The National Manufacturers' Association doesn't like to hear about child labor. It is a nuisance to hear about child labor. The Pennsylvania Railroad does not enjoy hearing about democratic trade unions. It is a nuisance to hear about real trade unions. A great many employers would prefer not to hear about the short working day, high wages, good working conditions, collective bargaining, sanctity of contracts, and participation in management. It gives them a headache. It takes the joy—maybe—out of world cruises on private yachts. Why don't the trade unions quit making themselves such a nuisance? Haven't they any sense? It is really bad breeding, don't you know?

Wickedness of Government Ownership "Government ownership has been tried since there were governments. It is an old and discarded policy. * * * Let

us tell the plain facts. The system is wicked; its advocates are enemies of society." This remarkable utterance is from the mouth of John B. Miller, president of the Southern California Edison Company, and was broadcasted to the membership of the National Electric Light Association. His serene heedlessness to facts no doubt will win for Mr. Miller one of several gold medals dished out by the Association for distinguished service. But because Mr. Miller, in his propagandistic zeal, has lost his head and his dignity, it is not likely that his superiors who really guide the offices of the electric industry have lost theirs. They know government ownership is not a failure, and if it were, Mr. Miller would not need to be making himself ridiculous by throwing vile epithets at it. Young and Swope and Insull know that the only real threat to the system of private exploitation is public ownership. They have the facts, and they don't make the mistake of trying to defeat public ownership by throwing naughty names at it.

These gentlemen have scanned the recent report of the Federal Trade Commission and know that the U. S. Government now owns 42 billions of property. The score is like this:

Dwelling houses, furniture and personal effects...	88 billions
Agriculture	64 billions
Mining and Manufacturing.....	49 billions
Railroads and public utilities.....	46 billions
Government property	42 billions
All other wealth.....	64 billions

These gentlemen also know that at times their own class

wants public ownership. Mr. Young has consented not to oppose government ownership of dams across navigable streams, provided the power generated goes to private corporations. Recently other members of Mr. Young's class have consented to inserting into the power and harbor bill an appropriation of \$11,000,000 to buy the defunct and bankrupt Cape Cod Canal, a canal out of which private capitalists failed to make money. Government ownership is a reality. The real issue turns on how it is to be used: (1) as a means of giving private capital a greater hold on basic industries; (2) or as a means of furnishing real competition to private business of a public nature.

J. Pierpont Morgan has deeded a house in London to the United States to serve as an embassy.

Canada Even the publicly owned Hydro-Electric Power **Fears** in Canada is in danger. The Toronto Telegram declares, "Hydro supporters are living in a fool's paradise if they believe Sir Adam Beck's triumph was beyond the power of attack when the grave closed over the Hydro leader." Another paper asserts "The first step in the process of linking up to a super-power chain is the contract with the International Paper Company for a supply of power from the Gatineau District. That was a blunder, but a blunder for which the Hydro commissioners should not be blamed, for they have been left to fight alone." Another enveloping attack.

How far American Colleges have gone over into the arms of Big Business is indicated by Northwestern University, a good old Methodist school. This commencement it dedicated the Elbert H. Gary Law Library Building and the Montgomery Ward Building. It already has a James Patten gymnasium.

Laurrell's Advice One of the men who had a great influence upon the life of Samuel Gompers was Ferdinand Laurrell, "strong and vigorous mentally and physically." Laurrell came to America from Sweden after early contacts with the European labor movement. One day Laurrell said to his pupil and protegee, young Sam: "Study your union card, Sam, and if the idea doesn't square with that, it ain't true." And Sam—years after—wrote: "My trade union card came to be my standard in all new problems."

Laurrell's advice, though given more than half a century ago, is good today. What squares with your union principles is good, what tends to hinder, hurt, or destroy your union card is bad.

The Senate talks a good deal about ownership and control of water power, but the Federal Power Commission grinds away stoically at giving sites away to private corporations. The second week in June saw four projects go—one, a 20,000 horse-power development in California. Incidentally the Commission has the power to give, and the Senate merely the power to protest, until more Senators like Norris are sent to Washington.

Labor Hails Farmer Brookhart's Victory

THE news from Iowa, capital of the Corn Empire, simmers down to this: The farmers have discovered a spokesman, who considers the ills of the farmer as economic ills. In this case, as in all others, when a leader arises in an industry and points out the economic cause of the workers' misfortunes, he is at once heralded as a malign revolutionary force. So Colonel Brookhart is again heralded. Should he attribute the farmers' bankruptcy to adverse weather conditions, to stupidity, to bad management, to land gambling, to human depravity, to secret and irremediable forces, he would be hailed as a brother to Butler and Watson. But to treat farming as any other industry; to survey its troubles with a cool and cynical eye, and then to demand a remedy similar to the remedy applied to manufacturing or to railroading, that is the sum of all political deviltry.

No one can doubt that the farmer is suffering. Pick up the bulletin (May, 1926) of the Federal Reserve Bank and turn to the report of bank failures for the preceding month of March. In the Minneapolis district, of which Iowa is a part, there were 18 failures; in the St. Louis district, 12; in the Kansas City district, 7. This has been the monthly story in this corn and wheat region since 1918. Failures—bringing all the readjustment, disappointment and poverty in their wake. The farmer's condition is no fiction and no joke. A continued decrease in farmer population goes on. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates that a half million people left the farms for cities in 1925 alone.

Farm Ills Affect Labor

(Digression: Right at this point, of course, labor is selfishly affected by the farm problem. These persons, dumped into the cities, without money, capital, and without a knowledge of the real conditions in industry, desperate for work, take jobs where they can find them. They furnish recruits for the mass production factories, and are the easiest victims of company union propaganda.)

To continue. Farmers draw little pay for long days of hard work. The U. S. Department of Agriculture reports:

"After paying interest, rent, taxes and money expenses, it is estimated that the net cash income of American farmers for the crop year 1924-25 averaged only \$510 plus an average consumption of food from the farm valued at \$336. This return represented what farmer operators received in interest on an average investment of \$5,043 and as wages for the labor of themselves and their families. An allowance for the labor of the farmer and his family at average wages of hired farm laborers besides what the farm supplies to the family living would leave no interest return whatever on the farm operator's capital. In fact, the average farm family would have lacked \$184 of having anything to apply as interest on their capital investment."

One of the insistent tolls upon the farmer is found in the tariff, with its concealed taxes on everything he uses from dynamite to blow out stumps to buckles on the horses' harness. Under the present tariff, it is estimated, the people of this country are paying on imports \$3,000,000,000, of which only \$420,000,000 is collected by the government. The rest—\$2,580,000,000—goes to barons like Mellon, paid for by the farmers and workers.



COLONEL SMITH W. BROOKHART

Rushing into cities, then to become victims of the industrial system, or remaining

"Wal—Wacha Gonna Do—eh?"



(Duffy in Baltimore Sun)

at home there to become tenant, is the farmers' lot. Herbert Quick warned two years ago that "our rural life is becoming Mexicanized—in the old Mexican sense. Our rural dwellers become more and more subject to our rental system—which is the worst in the world." Corporation ownership of vast farm areas with mass production of foodstuffs looms as a possibility.

Iowa Speaks Loud

It is the voice of these baffled, hampered and dispossessed farmers that is heard in the Brookhart victory in Iowa.

Brookhart's campaign slogan was: "Brookhart's voice is the voice of Iowa." It might be paraphrased: "Iowa's voice is the voice of the rural United States."

Brookhart's plan of relief is summed up by himself thus:

"The only immediate remedy for this situation is a governmental export corporation with enough government capital to handle the entire exportable surplus of agriculture in interstate and foreign commerce. This corporation must bid the average cost production and a per cent profit to the farmers themselves. The price level must be protected by the tariff in the domestic market exactly as industrial prices are protected. The surplus, an average of about 8 to 12 per cent of the total farm production, must be disposed of in the markets of the world to the best advantage, and if a loss is sustained it will not be great when distributed back over the production of each commodity. This governmental corporation should be changed to a co-operative exactly as the Federal Land Bank has been changed, and should be sustained by a complete co-operative credit system—a modification of the intermediate credit banks, for the benefit of labor equally with the farmers."

"This remedy cannot be accomplished without a fight to a finish with the forces in congress that oppose governmental aid for farmers but support such aid for railroads and other industries."

Labor has manifested a keen interest in farmers' ills and has rejoiced in Farmer Brookhart's victory. It conceives the farm situation as but one aspect of the industrial. Concentration of wealth in fewer and fewer hands, and control of industry and government by great wealth are forces that sway the balance against both farmer and worker. Matthew Woll, vice president of the A. F. of L., declares: "The consumers and workers of the cities and the farmers of the country cannot longer be kept ignorant of their mutuality of interests. Big business is only hastening the day of a new regrouping of powerful economic, social and political forces."

Ancient City Lighted

Electric lights for Jerusalem! Trolley cars, too, maybe! The ancient biblical city and a district that includes Bethlehem also will soon be electrically lighted, under a franchise held by an English group of financiers.

Thus historic glory and "atmosphere" fade before modern convenience.

Local newspapers are urging the granting of franchises for the building of street railways, but authorities think this is carrying modernity a trifle too far.

“Of Slogan, Through Hysteria, by Propaganda”

By PROF. O. F. KERLIN, *Syracuse University*

ON October 12, 1492, Columbus discovered a new world. His discovery was epoch-making. It was to completely change the conditions of life and the outlook of all European peoples. It was to put the final nail into the coffin of the old Feudal system of government. But Columbus did not know that. He thought he had discovered India. He did not realize that the world would never be the same again as the result of his discovery. Furthermore, none of the great statesmen of Europe at that time had any conception of the greatness or the far-reaching effects of this voyage.

Every man who is today 35 years old has seen a New World come into existence, a world which is radically different from the old one of, say, twenty-five years ago. But very few of us, I am sure, realize the importance of the change, and its possible effects upon the labor movement.

If we stop to think a moment, I think we will see that the customs and the lives of all of us have changed greatly within this period. There was a time, not so long ago, before life had speeded up so much, when most of us had lots of time to reflect upon things in general. There were no movies, no autos, no radios, and no jazz orchestras. In short there were very few substitutes for thinking and conversation as a means of passing away the time. Even the newspapers were small, and they devoted most of their space to summaries of the news. In those days a newspaper was considered to be a means of informing the public, instead of an agency for entertaining and influencing it. But nowadays most of us are too busy to think. Science has presented us with so many new toys to play with that mere thinking seems to be an awful waste of time. And, too, the high-speed methods of production brought in by the war, and intensified since that time, have contributed to bring about a sort of nervous hysteria, which demands that we spend our leisure hours in some sort of violent activity. I have found, in my experience, that the idea of sitting down to talk over some question of general interest is absolutely distasteful to most people. This is not merely an age of standardized cars, and standardized films, and standardized methods of production. It is also an age of standardized opinions and so dangerous, in a representative form of government, such as ours.

Cheers For Apple Sauce

Please do not misunderstand my intentions. I am not moaning for a return of the “good old days.” In fact, I am not so sure that they were good. Furthermore, they are gone forever, no matter how many people may moan for their return. But I do wish to point out the fact that organized labor in the United States is facing a very serious situation as a result of this change. New conditions must be met and the various manufacturers’ associations have already met them.

Once upon a time we had a government by thinking people. As a result of this change in national manners of life, we now have a government by propagandized people. And this propaganda is not directed by labor. We might call this a government of Slogan, through Hysteria, by Propaganda. Some of the slogans that all of us can remember are: “He kept us out of war,”

Lincoln’s famous phrase, “Government of the people, by the people, for the people,” has been paraphrased as “Government of slogan, through hysteria, by propaganda,” according to this keen observer of public affairs. Here is a new and impelling reason for Workers’ Education.

“BACK TO NORMALCY,” “KEEP COOL WITH CAL,” “ECONOMY AND TAX REDUCTION.” Did these slogans mean anything? Not a thing, except, perhaps, the next to the last one! But they sounded well, and one could get a cheer from most audiences when a campaign orator shouted them with the proper enthusiasm.

Now as to hysteria. Do you remember how excited people became in the campaign of 1916 when the orators dilated upon the ideas. And it is this sort of thing that is horrors of war? Do you remember how enthusiastic they became in 1920 when Harding wanted to take us back to the “good old days” of before the war? Yet I do not suppose that there really was one man in the United States who wanted to go back to pre-war conditions. No laborer wanted to go back to pre-war wages and hours. No manufacturer wanted to go back to pre-war dividends. No merchant wanted to go back to prewar profits. But all that talk about the “good old days” was something to make the great mass of voters excited and keep them from thinking about the real issues of the campaign. So they got excited. And then do you remember the campaign of 1924 when we got all “het up” over LaFollette’s wicked desire to destroy the Constitution? Yet we knew very well all the time that he never intended to do anything of the sort. We knew that the Constitution could be amended and had been amended at various times, as need for such amendments arose. But we got excited all the same. The idea behind this, you see, is to pick some phrase which has a sentimental interest to the voter in order that he will start getting excited and stop thinking.

Business Propaganda Universal

These slogans and this excitement find their natural medium through propaganda. It is hard to find an article of importance in our newspapers that is not colored in some way by propaganda. The world war brought the importance of this tremendous force to the attention of the entire world. By it, whole populations could be molded into standardized thinking and goaded into certain definite lines of action. The war taught American manufacturers and merchants the value of propaganda as an agency for the guidance of American public opinion as nothing had ever taught them before. In recent years this propaganda in favor of “business” has had an overwhelming effect in determining the conduct of national and state affairs.

This situation would not be so serious were it not for the fact that most industrial disputes today are settled largely by the pressure of public opinion rather than by

mere force. In the future I think this sort of settlement will become even more important than it is today. Therefore, in the future, if organized labor expects to get a square deal it must have some means of presenting its side of the case to the public. I think this is one of the outstanding issues which the New World presents to labor. If this problem is not faced squarely and solved, labor is going to suffer. To solve this problem labor is going to need men within its ranks who are trained not only in economics, history, sociology, and who have a broad grasp of world affairs, but these men must also be highly skilled in the art of presenting their knowledge and opinions in writing. This sounds like a big job. It is, but it must be done. Only when such men have been developed in sufficient numbers can you handle the situation. It is for this reason that I believe that the most hopeful sign in the labor movement is the stress that is being placed upon education, education for leadership within the union, and for the purpose of presenting labor’s side of the case to the general public, and education for the purpose of holding high office with honor and success.

100 Per Cent Scab!

No Fight About It

(Published at request of Brother C. C. Beverly, L. U. 176)

The Sponge and Brush

“Lo, Jess, do you belong to the union?”
“Yes, I carry a card around with me.”

“Where does your local meet?”

“It used to meet out in the West End, but I guess they meet up at some kind of a Labor Temple they have now.”

“Who is the president of your local?”

“Oh, I guess his name is Eric somebody. They had an election and I wasn’t there.”

“Do you ever hear from him?”

“Sure, and from the secretary, too. They’re always pestering me about paying my back dues and comin’ to the meetin’s. I got ‘em all sized up as bein’ a big bunch of bums and crooks.”

“Did you ever do anything to help straighten things out?”

“Not on your life, you don’t catch me bein’ mixed up with them.”

“Jess, if the officers are all crooks, who’s your business agent?”

“Search me. I suppose he is, too.”

“I ask you, why do you belong to a union if they’re all as you say they are?”

“Well, I have to. I couldn’t work on a union job without a union card, could I?”

“For the love of Mike, tell me, why do you want to work on a union job?”

“More money in it, and I ain’t a scab.”

“Like hell you ain’t! You’re 100 per cent one.”

(There wasn’t any fight about it!)—Ex.

The August number of the Journal will carry a complete report of the Giant Power Conference held at Brookwood Labor College.

Mary, Pack Your Toothbrush, Vacation's Comin'

A YOUNG man stood on a concrete road in Iowa. Two cars flashed by him speeding in opposite directions. The car speeding east bore a California tag, the car rolling west carried a Rhode Island license number. The young man didn't have time to note the occupants, and it wouldn't have made any difference if he had; he would not have known whom they were, nor could he have guessed their occupations. The fellow in the four might have been an electrical worker from Providence, and the fellow in the eight might have been a movie magnate from Hollywood. Then again, who can tell? The fellow in the eight might have been a business agent from Oakland, and the fellow in the four a big pistol and cartridge man from Newport. Automobiles have a funny way of forgetting the class struggle, and vacations are getting to be the privilege of almost everybody, though vacations with pay are still in the realm of bare possibility for electrical workers and their fellow craftsmen.

What we are saying is that when summer comes, and the open road calls, almost all of us find a day or two—if not the regulation two weeks—in which to sneak off for complete rest from the job.

The auto seems to be the best help to a vacation that is enjoyable and cheap, and if Tom hasn't one, then maybe his buddy Will has, and the two families can journey along together. Some neighborhoods are applying the principle of co-operation we hear so much about, and are buying a complete camping outfit, and rotating the equipment from family to family. Not so bad.

Summer School Vacations Popular

Many electrical workers, of course, will attend the Giant Power conference at Brookwood, in July. Brookwood is doing big things this summer with its labor institutes. The Railroad Brotherhoods will meet at Brookwood the first two weeks in August.

On your own trip you may want to make a call at Bryn Mawr University, just outside Philadelphia, the fashionable women's school, where a summer school is held each year just for working girls. This year it opened in June and will continue for eight weeks.

If you are anywhere near Pawling, N. Y., and have your youngsters along, be sure to visit the Pioneer Youth camp there, where children of unionists assemble for summer outings and learn that their daddy's union card is something to be proud of. The National League of Girls Clubs, formerly the League of Working Women, has a school and camp at Miller's Place, Long Island. Both these camps offer exhilarating sports and are delightfully located.

The Ladies' Garment Workers have three vacation homes for their own members, also open to other unionists. The principal camp is Unity House at Forest Park, Pa., in the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. Others are located at Orville, Pa., and Staten Island, N. Y. There are sports and educational lectures.

These are only a few of the educational and recreational vacation camps labor has provided for its members—there are many more, each with a generous gift of inspiration for you. And don't forget the locals in the cities you pass through on your trip. There are real Brothers in all of them, good fellows who will be glad to meet you, talk to you, and help you in any way they can. "Lodgings for Tourists"—neat white

Vacations with pay, that's the coveted goal many craftsmen are seeking. Until then, vacations will find a way of getting spent—on the open road, or elsewhere. Workers, like other folks, enjoy a rest from the daily grind, and deserve it!

houses with green shutters, weatherbeaten farm gates where the fragrant clover fields run down to the dusty roadside, log shanties high up in the blue mountain breeze, dobe huts in the desert where the air quivers in the noonday heat, tent camps under the green trees on the banks of lakes and streams—all are ready to welcome the tourist; ready to welcome each tired gypsy, to bathe him, feed him, shelter him, and send him on his way rejoicing in the fresh morning sunlight.

Dad puts another patch on the right front tire and fills up the gasoline tank, the engine clatters into action, the family scramble in—hey, wait a minute, Mary forgot her toothbrush—and we're on our way. We're out for a good time—we'll have it. We'll come back, browned by the sun, bright-eyed, eager, happy, with tales of adventure and far cities.

All America Traveling

Everybody seems to be going some place this summer.

Auto camping is breaking all records. Cities from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., are doing their best to make things attractive for the motorist who camps. In some places the municipal tourist camp is just a lovely stretch of grassy field with a creaking pump to furnish water; but farther along the road you may find a tourists' heaven, with electric lights, shower baths, outdoor cooking arrangements, firewood, and a grocery store with an extensive side line of souvenirs. You'll find camps you'll like so much you'll pitch your tent and stay for days, while dad fishes, the kids play and swim, and mother conceives a genuine liking for Mrs. Brown of Kalamazoo and other pleasant acquaintances.

There's scarcely a bit of equipment to make life more comfortable for the auto camper that manufacturers haven't thought of, from a bed that fits over the tops of the seats inside your car, right up to a complete canvas house on a trailer that opens up to reveal beds, stove, a table, refrigerator, and a pantry for the groceries and dishes.

Of course your equipment will depend largely on where you're going, how large and how "mixed" the party, how fast and how extensively you wish to travel, and how much "roughing it" you care for.

A tent will be first on your list. If you want to travel right along, no loafing at camps, you can get a cot tent, that is, a cot bed with a tent over it. The trouble with this is that if it rains you're out of luck—no place to cook, no place to go but to bed.

There are many convenient automobile tents easy to set up, often complete with a bed that rests at one end on the running board of the car, while the top of the car

forms the ridge-pole of the tent. There are large-sized auto tents that cover the car completely and furnish two good-sized sleeping rooms, one on each side. These are recommended for a mixed party.

If you're going into the mosquito country or any place where there are insects or snakes to be guarded against, you'll need a tent with a sewed-in floor and sewed-in mosquito curtains. A tent like this is very snug and tight in rainy weather, too.

Many campers take sleeping bags along, but if you have a tight, rain-proof and insect-proof tent with cot beds you can sleep under blankets and between sheets just as you would at home, and it's much more comfortable. Go in for comfort as much as you can—you can hardly expect to enjoy your trip if you are fagged out from sleeping poorly. There are many good beds that fold into a small space for carrying in your car; the folding canvas army cot will do if you prefer. An air mattress and air pillows take a lot of the bumps and trouble out of your trip, and, of course, take little room in the car.

Oh, Boy, Meals!

Now for the meals: In most of the country you will go through you can easily plan to take all your meals at restaurants and hotels along the way. But, say you, what's a camping trip without the delicious meals prepared over the open fire? All right, then you will need cooking equipment, provisions, dishes.

A strong metal grill with folding legs is the simplest kind of a stove and is fine where there is plenty of firewood and while the days are clear and dry. Many grills have windshields, reflector and oven for roasting or baking. Get it large enough so that you will have room for the coffee pot, the kettle of baked beans or soup, and the potatoes alongside the steak or chops on the grid top. Use dry, hard wood for your fires, of course—oak is fine.

Then there are the small stoves that burn solidified alcohol and may be used inside your tent. If you rely on an outdoor fire, better take one or two of these along, in case it rains.

Authorities on motor camping are giving a high recommendation to the gasoline camp stove. It burns fuel that may be drawn right from the tank of your car and gives a fine heat that is much like gas. And it can be folded into a small space.

For dishes, you can simply throw your picnic basket into the car, with its tin plates and cups, steel knives and forks, tin spoons, paper napkins and the rest, along with a frying pan, coffee pot and a couple of kettles. All these take up room, and if you can afford it, you'll prefer to get one of the folding outfits that "nest" together and fit into a small space. For their personal kit, many campers simply use the army mess kit with its tiny frying pan and plate, plus a knife and fork. Take plenty of cleansing powder—your pots will get blackened by the fire—plenty of cheese cloth or other inexpensive material to use for dish towels.

Thermos bottles are handy to have along; with a baby in the party they are almost a necessity unless you carry a refrigerator basket.

If you care to invest in a refrigerator basket, you can carry your milk, eggs, butter, cream and meat in it, and make camp meals a real luxury with fresh fruit and vegetables.



Courtesy Union Pacific System

Where towns are frequent along the route you can do without the refrigerator basket, but this means buying perishables in small quantities, just enough for each meal. For staple groceries that will keep without the ice, you may take crackers or hard cookies—there are many delicious sorts—hard sausage, bacon, boiled ham, condensed milk, coffee, tea, canned vegetables, canned soup, canned pork and beans, pancake flour, maple syrup, cereals, potatoes, lard and similar foods. Pack them in a pack-sack or a covered box to keep out the dust.

Any Old Clothes Will Do

As for clothes, you can buy a complete new outfit for each member of the party, with knickers, slickers, army shirts, mackinaws and boots; or you may fill out with some of your own strong, serviceable clothes. Women campers by the hundred have been finding out that tweed knickers are scratchy and uncomfortable—try khaki or linen knickers for warm weather and corduroy ones for cold. You'll want a sweater, too, for each member of the party, plenty of light, clean underwear, sox, stockings and handkerchiefs.

All this sounds like quite an investment for one vacation for one family. But you needn't buy it all in one year. Get the tent and beds first, of course, and leave the fancy cooking outfits, gasoline stove and refrigerator basket until next year. After you've made a trip or two you'll know better what you want. It's best not to buy too much equipment until you find out what conditions on the road demand.

And here's a suggestion: If your friends and neighbors are motorists and are thinking of camping vacations, too, why not get them together and buy an outfit cooperatively, to be used by each family in turn? In this way you can get a fine, complete outfit at a cost to each family comparatively small.

For people who make motor camping a hobby there are innumerable appliances and knick-knacks to make the trip enjoyable—gasoline lamps, folding canvas bathtubs, rubberized wash basins, collapsible canvas pails (that sometimes collapse at the wrong moment), folding tables, chairs, and radios.

There are many things like these that you can take along if you have space for them, money to spend for them, but which you can do very nicely without.

Experienced campers suggest that you try packing your car with your equipment several times before you are ready to start on the trip, to find the best way to carry each piece of luggage. Use the running-boards, a trunk or box in the rear of the car, all the space in the tonneau that the passengers don't need, lash a box to the front bumper if you need to, but don't carry a load on the fenders if you can avoid it.

Now that you're all loaded up and ready to go, why not make a visit to one of labor's summer educational camps? These camps are a comparatively new part of the labor-educational movement and are gaining in popularity every year.

Goodbye, and the best of luck. May your pathway always be free from tacks and detours!

Co-op Milk Plant Opened

Completion of a \$500,000 milk plant means that producers' co-operation will bring thousands of gallons of milk daily into Cleveland to cater to the needs of the Fifth City's million people. The plant is the property of 4,000 farmers who have substituted co-operation for cut-throat competition in the six northern Ohio counties on which Cleveland depends. They have signed five year contracts to market their product through the Ohio Farmers Cooperative Milk Association. From its central plant the co-

op will sell milk to independent distributors and use the surplus for the manufacture of dairy by-products.

The new plant has five storage tanks with 10,000 gallons capacity, a pasteurizer capable of handling 15,000 pounds of milk hourly, three ice machines of 210,000 pounds capacity, and two separators turning out 20,000 pounds every hour. Large scale production has brought real economies in other directions, for the plant will be powered from a 250 horse power steam station fired by pulverized coal, the only installation of its kind in the city.

The automatic weighing machine which receives the milk is also a bookkeeper, entering accounts of each producer and keeping his records straight for the month. Although co-operative creameries are widespread throughout the country and dominate in the dairy States of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the Cleveland dairy co-op is the largest yet organized. Its career is being followed carefully by dairy farmers near other large cities.

High Cost of Elections

In the little private contest in Pennsylvania the other day the election cost score stands as follows:

Pepper	\$1,046,000
(Mellon's favorite)	
Vare	596,410
Pinchot (dry)	195,000

This brought a storm of disapproval from the nation, and a recollection of the notorious Newberry scandals in Michigan in yester-years; scandals that brought many a senator down to defeat in other states.

The Illinois elections are now under suspicion where the power interests seemed to have backed two candidates, McKinley and Smith, and finally the primary election in North Dakota.



WOMAN'S WORK

WHAT PRICE CLOTHES?

Plain Talks by the Wife of a Union Man

"**T**HREE are some times I'd like to be a poor working girl again and right now is one of them," I said, as Lola came in just in time to catch me putting a large, durable patch over the place where it would do the most good, on Danny's play overalls. "Trying to keep youngsters inside their clothes and shoes and stockings is some job, the way they keep busting out of them! Two new pairs of shoes this week! And then I read in the paper that a working girl making \$1,200 a year can blow \$600 of it on clothes. I'd like to be a working girl."

"Where'd you see that?" Lola asked, with some interest.

"Why, the New York League of Girls Clubs says so and has published a budget showing how to do it. Some of those little New York working girls say it's not so, but what do they know about it?"

"Nothing, naturally, they just have to do it."

"It sounds like a nice budget, too. There's \$80 allowed for a winter coat and \$50 for a winter suit, and \$30 for a spring coat, all in the same year. I consider myself lucky if I can scrape up the price of one coat in a year, let alone two and a suit thrown in for good measure. Keeping in style must be an easy job for the poor working girl—why, what are you looking so mad about, Lola?"

"You wouldn't wonder if you could see the state of my wardrobe, woman. Why, one of the reasons I came over here, aside from the pleasure of your company, was to ask if I could run up a little summer dress on your sewing machine. Need some dust cloths? I'll give you plenty—my old wash dresses."

"The budget I mentioned allowed \$35 for summer dresses."

"Well, \$35 in a budget and \$35 in my little green underarm bag are two different things, and you ought to realize it, Mrs. Tom. And besides, I don't think there's a girl in the good old U. S. making \$1,200 a year who could spend \$600 a year on clothes. Unless, of course, she was living with her folks and paying not one cent for board and room."

"And in that case her actual income would be larger than \$1,200 wouldn't it?"

"Quite a bit larger. And I think it ought to be listed as unfair to organized labor for a girl to live at home and not pay board to her folks, no matter how little she makes. It's certainly unfair to the rest of us working girls. There wouldn't be so many working for \$12 or \$15 a week if they had to live on it. There's something so smug about a big, wealthy bank advertising for 'home girls'—they try to make out that the girls' morals will be better. But what they actually are doing is asking some poor old dad, worn out with the struggle to make ends meet, to contribute \$5 a week or more to the bank's payroll. Now I haven't the statistics to prove it, but I know that anything under

\$18 or \$20 can't be considered a living wage at all, for a single girl, paying her own way."

"Aren't there girls' clubs where the board is low?"

What Charity Gives

"Yes, and very darn low, if you ask me. A girl I knew lived in one where you could get board and room for \$6.50 a week. I wonder what they're doing now, when potatoes are so high—because potatoes figured largely on the menu. She shared a tiny gloomy room with another girl, both of them hating each other. That's what you get for \$6.50. And even that represents some charity on the part of the women's organization that ran the club. Of course these women—many of them wealthy—meant well, but it seems to me that any one who works should be paid enough to live on without accepting charity of any kind."

"Seems to me you're hot on this subject."

"Sure, I am, it makes my red hair sizzle. A friend of mine got fired last week because a girl stole her job. Ruth was just out of business college, but she's efficient and very conscientious. As this was her first job, they were paying her only \$18 a week. But in comes this other girl and tells the boss, 'I'm living at home and I don't need to work for money. I'm willing to work for experience for a while—you can pay me \$10 a week.' Nobody can resist a bargain like that, and he fell for her line. So Ruth's out looking for a job, and she's hard up; I happen to know that, because I lent her \$35 myself. And that leaves me just a bit short and, to come back to clothes, that's why I think I'll make a dress instead of buying it."

"But she'll pay you back, won't she? So that shouldn't come out of the clothes division of your budget at all—that's under the head of investments!"

"Say, old dear, don't kid me with this budget business. I know when I've got money to spend and when I haven't, don't I? Of course she'll pay it back, but I told her not to be in any hurry about it."

"Do you keep any sort of a budget, Lola? How much do you spend on clothes, if you don't mind telling? What part of her income can a working girl dress herself up in?"

"Well, for clothes I spend not more than a quarter of my income, and usually less. Personally, I wouldn't think it was safe to spend any more. I'd say, offhand, that clothes cost me \$400 a year instead of that hypothetical \$600—and I'm making \$1,800 a year instead of \$1,200. Board and room, carfare and such incidentals, soak up at least half of it. Clothes get about a quarter of it. Then I put the rest into savings of one sort or another, because I don't think there's any use working unless you save something. Vacations and Christmas presents always take a slice out of my savings—the two annual gouges."

"If you figure a quarter of your income

for clothes, a girl getting \$12, which is the minimum wage in some states, could spend \$3 a week for clothes."

"Well, personally, I think a girl getting \$12 a week shouldn't plan to buy clothes at all. In fact, I don't see how a girl making that amount could plan to live at all. Suppose she got sick and had doctor's bills to pay—and teeth are so inconsiderate about getting holes in them and dentists so darn expensive!"

"In other words, \$12 a week isn't enough. But how are they going to get any more—most of them just unskilled workers?"

What About Organization?

"Organize!" cried Lola, with fire in her eye. "Weed out these girls who live at home and work for pocket money. Educate girls to realize they mustn't work for less than a good, fair living wage. They make themselves cheap, and they make me darn tired. It's the clerical workers, in the white-collar jobs, who need organization most. But, horrors! Belong to a union? Oh, my, no! The trouble here in America is that poor people can't realize that they are poor."

"Until the office girls realize that they are poor working girls just as much as the women who work in a factory—usually a good deal poorer, too—they'll have to juggle their budgets around to find enough money for all their living expenses. I'm poor, nobody but me knows how awfully poor I am, but since I'm living in America I want to look as though my father had millions and I'd just stepped out of my limousine and dismissed the chauffeur with a careless wave of the hand."

"America is the land of opportunity—and competition. Women certainly do their bit with the competition. For instance, that Jones girl came down yesterday in the most marvelous-looking orchid linen, with a hat to match, new white kid pumps and chiffon hose—well, you know—and I looked like a wreck and felt like one when I saw her. Now I'm so darn poor I'll have to get a piece of cloth and butcher it into a dress."

"My, but that's a tale of woe! But there are some good sales on linen this week—you get some and come over Saturday and we'll make you look wonderful."

"That's mighty sweet of you, Mrs. Tom. I suppose Miss Jones is the girl who took Ruth's job?"

"Right the first guess."

"And Mr. Howells, that good-looking young junior partner, is so susceptible?"

"Right again."

(That's the way it is with women. Lola wouldn't trade her boy friend, Mac, for a dozen of Mr. Howells, but she felt that age-old prick of feminine vanity, and she couldn't resist getting into the competition.)

"When we get all the stenographers in this town into the union and wages go up a bit and I come driving down to work in my Ford coupe maybe she'll be sorry she high-hatted me," said Lola to herself, consolingly.



A Kasha Sport Coat

—one of the new American-designed models for fall, is reversible. As Pauline Starke so stunningly wears it, the outside is of black kasha, with lining, scarf and cuffs of multi-colored plaid.



Flowers From a Summer Garden

Fantastic flowers of every gorgeous hue lend their charm to this lovely garden frock of printed silk. It is trimmed, in a most original way, with white cotton crepe, and shows the new tight, full-length sleeves.



"Miss Simplicity"—Complete

—simplicity and comfort from head to toe, this cool summer outfit includes a tiny silk cloche, a straight-line frock of linen in blending hues; with hose to harmonize and opera pumps of plain brown kid.



Scarfs That Paris Features For Fall

Scarfs will be important once more in the fall wardrobe. These three come from Paris—the center one, from Rodier, is painted in gay shades; the other two by Drecoll, are sports types—the bright plaids everyone will be wearing when autumn comes.



Salient Properties of Electric Circuits

By PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY

ELECTRICAL energy is always transferred or transmitted from a point of its development to the point of its utilization along some fixed path, commonly called a circuit. In so far as the transmission of electrical energy for power or lighting is concerned, these circuits always consist of wires. Perhaps power will some day be transmitted through the ether by electro-magnetic waves, but no electric wireman need be apprehensive about his job on that account for some time to come. For power purposes, the energy must be directed along predetermined channels to specific points for utilization. It can not, as in radio, be merely broadcast so any one may pick it up.

The channels along which the energy is transmitted invariably consist of wires, and as such possess certain characteristic properties which must be considered in the design and construction of any transmission system. The three most characteristic and universal properties are resistance, inductance, and capacitance. These three properties of the electric circuit have analogs in mechanical devices for conversion and transmission of energy. While it is perhaps just as difficult to comprehend the mechanical analogs as the electrical properties, nevertheless their comparison makes the electrical properties seem more real.

Electrical Resistance.—Every wire, no matter of what it is made, interferes or opposes the free flow of electrons through it. This opposition is a sort of electrical friction which absorbs or converts some of the energy of the electrons into heat. This is plainly analogous to mechanical friction which likewise converts energy into heat. Two pieces of ice can be melted by merely rubbing them together by the friction, and the energy conversion in the one case is fundamentally no more mysterious than in the other case, but familiarity with friction has freed it of mystery. Again, electrical resistance is akin to frictional resistance in that it depends upon the material of which the conductor is made just as the friction between certain materials is higher than between others, and furthermore, electrical resistance like frictional resistance is both useful and wasteful. If the rate at which the energy is delivered is to be controlled, resistance conductors known as resistors are used, while if the conductor is to serve merely as a conveyor of electricity, the smaller the resistance the better. In any case, however, the energy wasted or converted into heat is proportional to the product of the square of the current, when expressed in amperes, and the resistance of the conductor or wire in ohms.

Two Ever-Present Problems.

The electrical resistance of conductors gives rise to two problems in electrical construction, the problem of heating and the problem of voltage drop. As some energy of the electric current is always, by virtue of resistance, converted into heat, all electrical machines heat when loaded. There are other sources of heat in electrical machinery besides that of resistance, but this is inseparably associated with any electrical machine, appliance or device through which an electrical current flows and it is the basis of the underwriters rules governing electric wiring. The rules which specify the safe current carrying capacities of wires are in-

tended to prevent overheating and thus increasing the danger from fire. These rules have no reference whatever to the voltage drop in the wire. Thus the current capacity of a number 10 copper wire is 25 amperes, but this does not mean that a number 10 wire is suitable for transmitting 25 amperes a distance of ten miles. It means that a number 10 copper wire will carry 25 amperes without becoming so hot as to make its use dangerous. If it were used to transmit 25 amperes ten miles it would require approximately 2,640 volts to force the current through the wire and no voltage would be available for the operation of lamps or motors. Or put it another way, it would require a 2,640 volt 66 kilowatt generator to supply the energy wasted in the wire. Thus in any wiring installation, it is not enough to merely know the safe allowable current capacity of the wire, but the resultant voltage drop must also be known, and if the current to be transmitted gives too high a drop, a larger wire must be used. Methods of calculating voltage drop and the size of wires to be used are clearly explained in the articles entitled "Arithmetic of Electricity," and will not be discussed here. The purpose of the foregoing brief discussion is to point out the importance of resistance in all electric circuit calculations.

That Mystery—Inductance

The second property of an electric circuit, inductance, is just as important as resistance and it is much more difficult to comprehend.

The resistance of a circuit depends upon the material, size and length of the wire composing it. These characteristic properties of wire have only a minor influence on the inductances of the circuit. The inductance of a circuit is determined more by its configuration, arrangement of wires and material enclosed by the circuit than by the material, length and size of the wires.

The energy delivered by a generator to a circuit is distributed in four characteristic ways as heat in the conductor, as potential or stored energy in the magnetic field associated with the circuit, as energy of the electrostatic field associated with the circuit, and finally some energy is delivered to the receiving apparatus such as lamp or motor. Each of these agencies for converting energy has its counterpart in mechanical process of energy utilization. It has already been pointed out frictional resistance converts mechanical energy into heat which is wasted in a manner analogous to electrical resistance, but what mechanical feature is analogous to the inductance of an electrical circuit?

When a steam turbine, or even a reciprocating engine with a large fly wheel, is started up nearly all of the energy of the steam is used in accelerating the movable elements of the machine. Some of the energy is wasted in frictional resistance, but most of it is converted into energy of motion of the rotor of the steam turbine or in the fly wheel of the reciprocating engine. When the engine has reached full speed, no energy is used in accelerating the rotating elements, but nearly all of the energy of the steam is transmitted to the machinery driven. That is why very little more energy is spent for the operation of a machine with a heavy

fly wheel than one with a light fly wheel. After the machine has reached full speed the energy supplied is used in overcoming frictional resistance and in doing work.

The energy that is stored in a fly wheel does not depend merely on its weight and speed, but upon the distribution of the mass of the wheel with reference to its axis of rotation. Thus a heavy cylinder or small diameter will not absorb so much energy as a fly wheel of large diameter with the mass concentrated in the rim. This property of a fly wheel which depends upon its mass and diameter is known as moment of inertia. The greater the moment of inertia the greater the amount of energy of rotation possessed by the wheel. The moment of inertia of a rotating element is thus analogous to the inductance of an electric circuit as will be next shown.

Every current carrying wire is surrounded by a magnetic field. This magnetic field is a seat of energy just as the fly wheel is a seat of energy. The energy is stored in the magnetic field while the current is increasing, for when no current is flowing there is no magnetic field, but it begins to build up just as soon as the current is started. This is not only analogous, but almost identical with the manner in which energy is stored in the fly wheel.

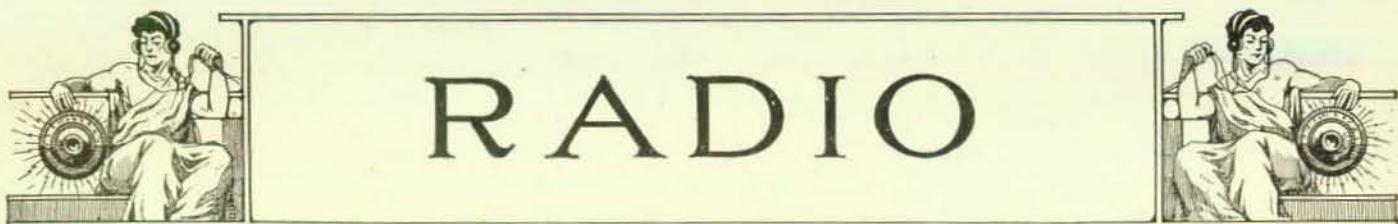
Furthermore, the quantity of energy that may be stored in the magnetic field associated with the circuit does not depend on the magnitude of the current but also upon the configuration of the circuit and the presence of magnetic material. Much more energy can be stored in the magnetic field surrounding a coil of large diameter and of many turns than in the magnetic field surrounding a straight wire even though the current intensity be the same. The presence of iron increases the stored energy still further. Thus the shape, number of turns, diameter of the coil, and the presence of magnetic bodies within its sphere of influence of the current are all elements of the coils inductance, just as the mass and its distribution are elements in the moment of inertia of a fly wheel. This subject of inductance of electric circuits is of such great importance, especially in alternating current circuits, that a further elucidation is justified.

Action and Reaction Again

In preceding articles it was pointed out that a fundamental and ever present law of all physical conversion of energy is the reaction of the recipient upon the acting element. The storage of energy in the magnetic field by the action of an electric current is no exception to the rule. The influential effects of inductance in an electrical circuit are due to this reaction, and to the energy stored in the magnetic field. The reaction opposes the building up of the current, just as the reaction of the fly wheel presents the sudden increase in its speed when the throttle of the engine is opened.

As a rule this has no serious consequence on direct current circuits, but on alternating-current circuits the reaction prevents the rise and fall of current with the rise and fall of the voltage causing it, and consequently less energy is delivered to the receiving circuit than would be were the circuit non-inductive. Any one can get some realizing sense of the effect that inertia has

(Continued on page 357)



ELEMENTS OF RADIO—PART 4

By JAMES E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute

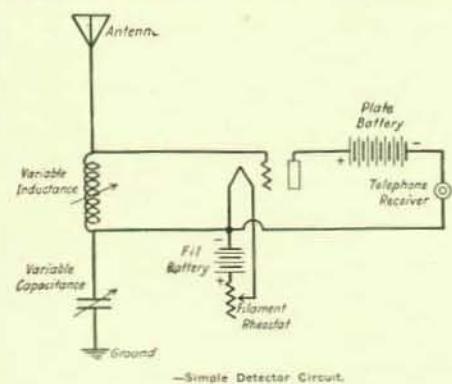
We know that certain crystals function as detectors of radio waves because of their property of unilateral conductivity of rectification; in other words, because they conduct current in one direction only. When such a crystal is included in an alternating current circuit it will conduct the phase of the current which is in line with its own conductivity and will stop the other.

Since the Fleming, or two-electrode tube, possesses this same property of unilateral conductivity the Fleming tube may be utilized as a detector. Inasmuch as the filament has a negative charge, should an alternating current circuit be connected to both filament and plate, current could pass across the gap only when the filament held the negative phase, at which times negative electrons would be attracted by the positive plate.

The Fleming valve, therefore, can be substituted for the crystal detector in any standard receiving circuit.

Operation of Fleming Valve

The filament of the valve is usually made of tungsten and is lighted from the A or storage battery in series with a rheostat.



The incoming radio frequency currents are impressed across the plate and filament of the vacuum tube. When the negative phase of the radio current flows into the negatively charged filament electrons are drawn across to the positive plate. However, at the positive phase of the negative electrons in the plate are repelled by the negative filament, and there is no passage of the current across the gap.

The Fleming valve proved to be considerably more sensitive than the crystal detector and had the advantage of being easily operated, the only adjustment being that of the A battery rheostat. However, it was soon superseded by the three-element, more generally known as the vacuum tube.

The audion or three-vacuum element was developed by Dr. Lee De Forest, an American radio engineer, in 1906. It differs from the Fleming valve principally in the addition of a third electrode known as the "grid." The addition of the grid greatly in-

creased the efficiency of tubes in radio work. To describe this third member, it is a lattice-like electrode placed between the filament and the plate so that electrons radiated from the filament pass through the grid before reaching the plate. The spiral or lattice shape of the grid is designed to admit free passage of electrons to the plate.

Tube Construction

The three-element vacuum tube is very similar in construction to the ordinary incandescent electric lamp. The vacuum of any three-element tube is far higher than that of an electric lamp. However, there are "hard" vacuum tubes, which have an extremely high vacuum and "soft" tubes, which contain a small amount of gas. Each tube has its own particular uses, although the hard tube may be used for all purposes.

Regardless of the degree of vacuum, a tube contains three elements—filament, grid, and plate. The grid is always placed between the filament and the plate.

The filament is usually a very fine tungsten wire in an inverted loop, the two ends of the filament being secured by two of the terminals in the base of the tube. The grid is a mesh or spiral, often of nickel wire, either placed to surround entirely the filament, or interposed in line between it and the plate. The plate may be molybdenum, nickel, or thin sheet steel. It is often cylindrical, but may be flat or a flattened cylinder. Whatever the shape of filament, grid, or plate, they are always placed in such a manner that electrons radiating from the filament to plate must pass through the grid. The grid and plate each are brought to a single terminal in the base of the vacuum tube.

On examining what we have just read, we find that the filament is brought out of the vacuum tube by two terminals, thereby offering current from the A battery a complete circuit when this battery is connected to the filament. The A battery, it will be remembered, serves the purpose of heating the filament so that electrons will be thrown off easily.

If, however, the B battery be connected to the plate and the negative filament terminal so as to impress a positive potential on the plate, the circuit must be closed by drift of negative electrons from filament to plate across the vacuum.

Likewise, if the radio frequency current be impressed across the grid and the negative filament terminal, the grid circuit can only be closed across the vacuum between filament and grid. It will be obvious that when the positive phase of the radio frequency current flows into the filament the powerful positive charge of the plate will tend to repel it back into the filament, but when the negative phase of the grid current enters the filament (the grid itself being positive) the flow of negative electrons toward the plate is augmented.

Since the grid is much nearer the filament than the plate, a small change of attraction

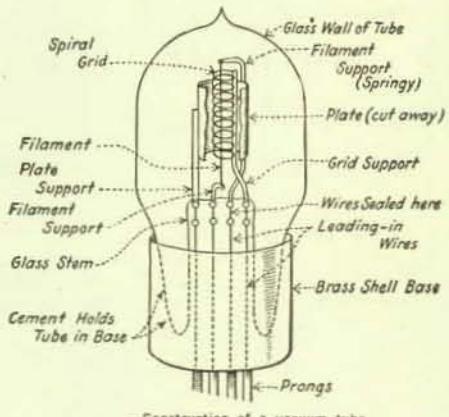
between grid and filament will have as much effect on electron flow as a much larger variation in the plate current. Due to this fact, the weak incoming radio waves impressed on the grid are able to control directly much more powerful currents in the plate circuit.

It will be seen that the grid is a governor, and the value of the vacuum tube as an amplifier is due to the fact that by the action just described weak currents can control strong ones, and the plate current always fluctuates exactly as does the grid current.

Types of Tubes

A great many different types of vacuum tubes have been developed by the leading manufacturers, who have been followed more or less by others. However, between tubes of one manufacturer and those of another a wide difference in performance is often encountered. Also characteristics of vacuum tubes vary widely, according to the particular purposes for which they are to be used.

Generally speaking, among the R. C. A.



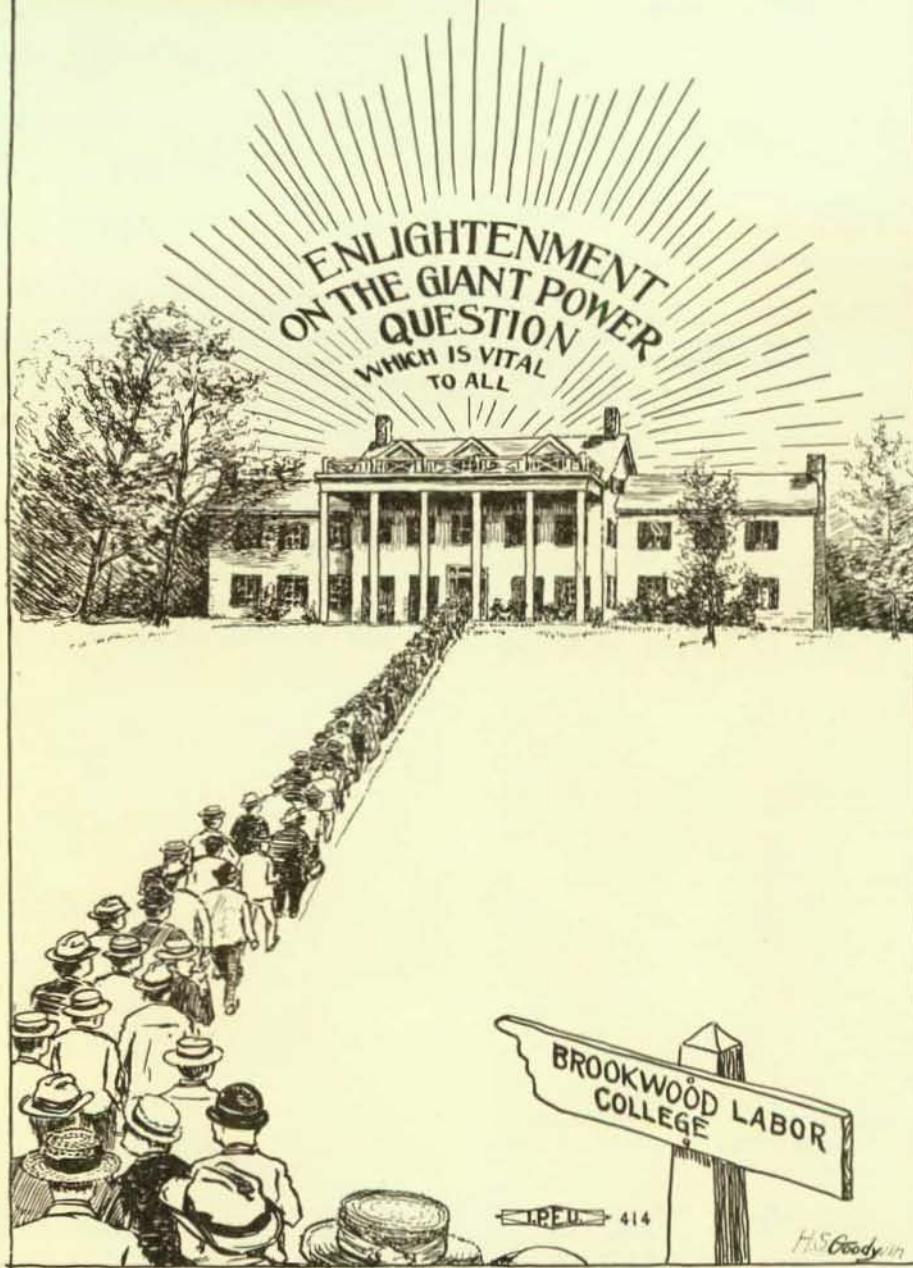
tubes, those whose description begins with a U have a pure metal filament, and the W tubes employ filaments coated with oxides. The X tubes are new Radiotrons designed each for its own specific use, and they do not supersede the older types of tubes. However, they do offer better performance for their own particular usages.

The UX120 tube is a new dry battery amplifier designed to provide increased loud speaker volume and improved quality of reproduction from dry battery operated sets. The UX199 is the new dry battery detector.

New tubes UX112 and UX120 are for use with storage batteries. The UX112 gives increased volume and better quality of reproduction. It stands about midway between the UX120 and UX210. The UX210 is a power amplifying tube and has exceptional merit, producing undistorted loud speaker volume considerably in excess of that obtainable with present types of tubes.

(Continued on page 357)

THE ELECTRICIANS' MECCA



In the Meat Shop

First Butcher—Come on, Ed, hurry and wrap up Mrs. Brown's ribs.

Second Butcher—All right, Harry, as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Smith's leg and weighed Mrs. Jones' liver.—*New York Central Line Journal*.

Too Heavy a Diet

An irascible old man came home to find that his wife had cooked some alleged dumplings for dinner. She was a poor cook, and she had done her worst. The dumplings were uneatable. They were as heavy as the burden of guilt on a murderer's conscience.

"Call these dumplings?" roared the irate husband. "Want to choke me with metal doorknobs?" And he hurled the weighty missile through the window. The couple kept ducks on the back premises, and the fall of the dumplings on the hard ground

shattering them, the ducks gobbled up the fragments.

Five minutes later a timid knock was heard at the door, and a pale-faced urchin, awed by the strange tale of disaster he had to tell, thrust in his head and gasped, "Missus, yer ducks has sunk."—Everybody's.

A scientist has just discovered that plants grow better if the day is prolonged with artificial light. Further investigations prove that the plant which profits most from this treatment is the electric plant—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

The August number of the Journal will carry a complete report of the Giant Power Conference held at Brookwood Labor College.

ON EVERY JOB

There's a Laugh or Two!

Wisecrack from the Wires

"Why're you all the time calling that fellow 'single phase'?" asked Bert Miller, press secretary of Local 340, Sacramento, Cal., of his buddy, "Fat" Lewis.

"Single phase" is a fellow who stands still, keeps buzzing around and never does anything," Lewis replied, adding a new word to "wire-patchers'" vocabularies.

Couldn't Fool Him

Here's a true anecdote from Nelson of Pittsfield, Mass., Local. He was on a job with a green helper.

"Say, boy, go get me my compass saw," said Nelson.

"Say, guy," said the junior, "I've heard all about left handed monkey wrenches, pipe stretchers and them kinds of connivators. I know what a compass is and you can't kid me."

Nelson says he had to go after the compass saw himself.

Do You Know That—

If you save one dollar a week, you will save up a million dollars in 20,000 years? The annual consumption of gasoline in the U. S. is stupendous!

If all the trolley tracks from Boston to New York were laid end to end, one end would be in Boston and the other end in New York?

Not all college students wear their trousers over their shoes? Only the men do?—Boston Beanpot.

TWO FROM NEW YORK

Here are two stories sent in by Brother W. L. McLean, of Local 106, Jamestown, N. Y.:

Lighting The Way.

He had invited a neighboring farmer to dine and spend the evening with him. The night was dark, and when it was time to go, the guest, who had done himself very well, begged to be allowed to borrow a large lantern in the hall to light him on the way.

The next day the host sent his servant 'round with the following note: "I shall be glad to have back my parrot and cage if you have finished with them."

Almost Eerie.

"I hear they have established a home for telephone operators."

"And what did they name it?"

"Listen Inn."

Politics of Giant and Super Power Explained

By ANDREW SCHMOLDER, Brookwood College

Third in the Series "Power—Chronicle of Economic Progress"

WITH all the recognized failings, what effect has all the development in the power industry had on American prosperity? It is an every day occurrence to hear of new machines and production methods, all of which require an addition of power and subtraction of labor. We in America are turning out in products more per man than any nation on the globe. In spite of the height of our wages as compared with European wages, and in spite of our distance from the markets, the American products in most cases are underselling the European products.

"The amount of power per capita," wrote Gompers, "is what makes the difference between poverty and affluence, and therefore the interest of the wage earner in any project calculated to increase the power at the command of the American people is manifest." Now the amount of H. P. used per capita in the United States is rated so as to increase the workers output 430 per cent over his own unaided physical strength, while in England by the same process of calculation the workers output is increased only 295 per cent, and in Japan the same process shows an increase of 145 per cent in the worker's output. Correspondingly the wage of the average worker in the United States is \$4.75; in England, \$3.20; and in Japan, 99 cents. Thus the American workers have a higher standard of living, a greater consumption, and on the whole a much more improved social life, all of which is correlated with our greater power consumption and our modern method of machine production.

Control and protection of our natural resources are two of our biggest problems. In coal generation the federal control is lacking, though in some states the power of the state is exercised to guide development. On the other hand, the federal government has the machinery for very effective control over water power development under the Federal Water Power Act.

Under the Federal Water Power Act, 80 per cent of the future water power development is thus controlled and regulated. This act was put across in 1920 after a fourteen-year fight by such public spirited men as Roosevelt, Pinchot and others equally notable.

The Federal Water Power Act

The Federal Water Power Act licenses developments for a maximum period of fifty years, at the end of which the government may take over the project by a payment of the actual net investment or renew the old license. States and municipalities are given preference over the other applicants.

The policy of the act regards power development under two divisions—high head and low head. The high head policy is to regard the license as a permit for the use of public lands and as storage of water. The low head policy is to regard the license as a permit for the use of water in aiding navigation.

The basis for the rates charged is on the net investment (cost prudently incurred, subject to approval). All profit in excess of a reasonable return is used as a partial amortization or in the form of an annual rent paid to the government. Nominal rent generally is to be charged in private de-

The politics of industry is more interesting and perhaps more important, than the politics of Government. In the electrical industry big issues are at stake—water power projects valued at billions of dollars.

velopment to defray administration expenses. State authorization for the use of the stream, its bed, and its bank, must be shown before a license can be issued. The licensee must submit to state regulation of his rates, service, and security issues, or forfeit his license. Here we have a very adequate law safeguarding our water power development with all the advantages to a state for regulation of state operation.

Operation: Who's Who?

When we study as to the future operation of the industry we are at once aware of two distinct interests working to get control of the industry and its future developments.

These interests stand for two clear-cut principles; one for profit—synonymous with private ownership; the other for public service—synonymous with public ownership. Private ownership proposes superpower development while public ownership proposes giant power development. In associating giant power with public ownership, I am doing so from several very definite impressions received while performing this research. Before taking this stand I have questioned others interested in power development on this viewpoint and their endorsement encouraged me on this issue. In this first place the term "superpower" is definitely advocated by the power trust in unmistakable terms as a private development and is widely accepted in this sense by the public, although I recognize that Carl Thompson and the Public Ownership League still advocates public superpower, which is confusing in the public mind.

Secondly, Pennsylvania, Giant Power Report, Survey Graphic's Giant Power number of March, 1924, and The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences number of March, 1925, leave one with the choice of private or public development, but preferably the latter. As for Governor Pinchot's statements favoring private development they leave me unconvinced; however, his stand may be necessary for political expediency. On the other hand, the Illinois Miners plan of giant power comes out positively for a form of public ownership development. In the last place, from a psychological point of view, giant power, the newer of the two phases and sure to be more appealing to the public and less confusing, ought to be definitely associated with public ownership. It will give the advocates of public ownership a battle cry not confused with private ownership. I, as a student of this problem heartily recommend the use of the test of giant power in conjunction with public ownership and that of superpower to be made synonymous with private ownership.

Private Superpower Plan

Essentially, the superpower idea consists almost entirely of the tying together of the existing facilities and the gradual elimina-

tion of all stations operating at a relatively high cost. By-product recovery in coal has only been hinted at. Some of the largest stations to be built, having a capacity for 200,000 to 500,000 K. W. H., are to be located at the tide waters and river streams. This in itself would still require the transportation of coal over long distances from the mine to the plant.

Smaller users, especially the farmers, are given little or no attention as to the possibilities of distribution and lower rates. Superpower has as its basis the welfare of industry and the railroads with the small consumer somewhat ignored. Superpower will be a regional system supplying power to the agencies that are most vital to American economic supremacy—industry and transportation.

Public Ownership—Giant Power

The aim of the advocates of public ownership and giant power is the development of the power industry on a national scale. The plan provides for the erection of large size stations, not smaller than 500,000 Kw. capacity, to be located at or near the mine, these stations in turn to supply power to a trunk system of transmission lines of 220,000 volts with a large capacity to carry power long distances. Provisions are also made for a large scale recovery of by-products.

Adherents of giant power recognize three specific functions: generation, transmission, and distribution—each of which to be operated as a separate unit, but guided and coordinated by central control.

The function of generation will be a problem of erection of power plants of large capacity near the mine mouth and at advantageous sites on the river so as to meet the growing demand of industry and the consumer. The management will be interested in the most efficient means of production of power and the rapid elimination of those inefficient plants located far from the source of coal.

Transmission, the second function, will be the problem of the erection of transmission lines of high voltage so as to deliver power for great distances. The transmission lines will be the pool into which all generation stations will pour their power for the distribution to the wide stretches of this country. The management's duty will be to form a network of integral transmission lines so that power can readily be sent from one section of the country to another.

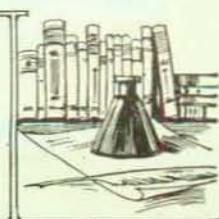
The function of distribution is a problem of supplying industry and the ultimate consumer with power. The policy must be one of wide distribution without any discrimination that would favor industry or handicap the suburban or rural section of this country. The management will be interested in providing the power at as low a cost as is consistent with efficiency. The power shall be drawn from the trunk of transmission lines according to varying demands of the community.

(To be continued)

The August number of the Journal will carry a complete report of the Giant Power Conference held at Brookwood Labor College.



CORRESPONDENCE



L. U. NO. 1, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Editor:

With the passing of a fair winter and the Bell building going up to a comfortable height, we may think ourselves thankful for the bright future ahead—Summer—fishing—basking in the sun—elections—and other trivial expenditures—eh-what. Vacation time is near at hand. Now from the ridiculous to the sublime.

The Bell Telephone Building

A romance of steel and concrete placed in St. Louis in the heart of a fast growing business section from 10th street to 11th street on Pine, and 143 feet deep will be finished about September, 1926.

This imposing edifice, to be finished in a warm gray Bedford limestone will not only be an object of inspiring beauty as it lifts its magnificent parapets 400 feet above the level of the street, but will be a monument to brighter and more beautiful cities, a pioneer in the field of skyscraper architecture.

This building will be practical in every respect. It will have a cubal content of 8,000,000 cubic feet and a total floor space exceeding 400,000 square feet. The wings of the building have been designed only 48 feet in width to provide the maximum natural light for all office space.

The Southwestern Bell Telephone Company has accomplished a multifold purpose through the formulation of plans for the structure and negotiations with the city concerning them. Besides winning praise for itself and the city of St. Louis and contributing beauty to the community's architecture, the company has set a precedent which is already being considered as a basis for law.

When plans for the building were being drawn, there was no thought of attempting to get around the existing ordinance, which prohibited the erection of buildings more than 250 feet in height, in order that light and air should not be cut off from surrounding property.

The company had to figure 25 years in advance growth and to have sufficient floor space the step-back style of architecture was decided upon. It was shortly after the step-back design was suggested that the architects, Mauran, Russell and Crowell, were approached with the company's problem. The tapering style of building has never attained its full artistic possibilities, for in New York and other municipalities it exists only as a necessity.

Besides being strikingly new in architectural pattern, the building, in its every detail, will speak the latest words in modern achievements of construction.

Upon bed rock 75 feet below the level of the street rest 135 cylindrical caissons of reinforced concrete, which support the massive weight of the structure. They are 10 feet in diameter. It is interesting to know that the 8,000 tons of steel is being manufactured in St. Louis, and will be erected by St. Louis firms.

The sub-basement floor, the lowest in the building, contains the boiler room, the storage batteries, the ventilation fans and

READ

"Organization With Teeth In It," by L. U. No. 65, Butte.

"A Story of a Traveling Card," by L. U. No. 39, Cleveland.

Some Suggestions from L. U. No. 7, Springfield, Mass.

Tributes to Brother McNulty, by L. U. No. 79, Syracuse.

Rebirth of L. U. No. 457.

"Overproduction," by L. U. No. 675.

"From the Crossroads of the World," by L. U. No. 677.

A new humorist appears. Introducing Uck Uckerson, by L. U. No. 377, Lynn.

After a Silence of Four Years, by L. U. No. 1099, Oil City.

A Live Local in an Open-Shop Town, by Local Union 292, Minneapolis.

Education vs. Trade Unionism, by Local Union No. 35.

Progress of American Plan Battle in Oakland, by L. U. No. 595.

—And all the other good letters.

take over all this rental space for its own use.

The auditorium, one of the outstanding features of the new home, will be used for lectures and entertainments. It will have a seating capacity of 500, and will have no columns to obstruct the vision and, in addition, will have cloak rooms and retiring rooms conveniently located. It will have a highly ornate ceiling, drapes at the windows and a marble wainscot below them. A moving picture booth will be located at the back of the auditorium.

The space between the 17th and 24th floors, inclusive, will be occupied by the various departments of the company.

Including the sub-basement, the basement, two intermediate floors and the pent house upon the roof, the building will have a total of 31 floors. The floor between the 24th and 25th and the one between the sixth and seventh floors, will be used for the distribution of heating pipes. The pent house, the highest tower in the structure, will house part of the elevator machinery.

Throughout the entire construction every known method of fireproofing will be used, and a fire tower or safety stairway will be provided. All the floors will be concrete, those of the executive offices and the corridors covered with blocks of rubber tile in contrasting colors. All the other floors will be covered with linoleum.

The roof of each offset will be made easily accessible by means of two doors opening out on it and will be finished as a promenade. A nine foot parapet surrounding each roof will be slotted, affording ideal locations from which to view the city. The roof adjoining the executive offices will be furnished as an outdoor conference room.

Air in the two basement levels and several other of the lower floors will be purified by the special air filters, and throughout the remainder of the building ventilating machinery will maintain constant circulation.

Investigation into the titles of the building site, previous to its purchase by the company, brought out many interesting historical facts concerning it. The block was originally part of the St. Louis Common, which was sold by order of the city government just prior to 1850, to provide funds for the public schools. It was at one time largely held by the Lucca estate. At the time of purchase by the Southwestern it was held by eleven owners. One plot of ground, owned by a Mr. D'Anchial, was secured with considerable difficulty, due to the fact that the owner was a resident of Tunis, Africa.

The site was selected partly because of its nearness to the New City Plaza, but chiefly because of the fact that the Main-Olive (Exchanges) building, at Tenth and Olive streets, was already a telephone wire center. Thus the cost of moving cable and changing the wire center would be relatively small. There was also the consideration the company already owned a plot of ground in the city block.

I believe this explanation will be the right expression of the "High romance of steel."

Ex PRESS SECRETARY.

L. U. NO. 7, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Editor:

Local Union No. 7 has dropped two meetings. We now meet the second and fourth Mondays of the month instead of every Monday. However, as there is no rest for the wicked, the executive board will meet weekly as usual. The reason for the change is the desire to get two fair meetings a month. Up to now we have had three poor ones and the last one of the month fair. It is compulsory to attend one meeting a month—one dollar is the penalty for failure to do so—and most Brothers put it off till the last meeting. Now their choice is limited and we hope they will split even and make two good meetings.

At the time the above change was passed, another important matter was disposed of. A misguided Brother thought that my efforts as press secretary were worth an officer's salary and he moved to that effect. A secret ballot was called for to settle this delicate proposition and the vote was almost six to one that the local could not afford to do it and also the "bullsheviki" stuff the press secretary was sending in wasn't worth anything anyway. I suppose the secret ballot was called for because the Brothers are afraid of my wicked pen. I can't blame the boys for thinking that my stuff isn't of much account. It isn't. That's because I am not of much account myself. But then, to tell the truth, neither are they, and most of the human family are that way.

Our B. A., Walter J. Kenfick, gave us something to think about. I don't think it's fair for Walter to do that. After a hard day's work all we want is rest or relaxation, and we are given something to think over. And that's work as you know, if you have ever tried it. It's all about the city trade school turning out about forty "electrician's" a year. We can't absorb them of course, and the question is, what will they do and what will we do? No doubt, other locals are faced with the same problem and we will be glad to read anything on this subject in future issues of the WORKER.

The WORKER has passed six months in its present form. It has fully justified the promise of the January number. It is full of important and readable matter (no, I'm not referring to my letter). Also the novel is a happy choice and I enjoy re-reading it. May I offer a suggestion that a column or two be devoted to books and reading? I imagine that there are enough lovers of literature in our ranks to supply a little discussion on books every month. Brother Bugnizet says that reading books of stale culture makes for pessimism. No doubt it would if read in stuffy rooms as he says they are. I always read in a well ventilated room. And that makes all the difference in the world. I am not a bit pessimistic, although I do not remember ever having any old faiths to lose. I am, however, full of optimism. The human race has made wonderful progress in the past fifty years, and I sincerely believe that in about a thousand years or so the world will have been remodeled nearer the heart's desire. The reading of good and wise books will hasten the process.

Once in a while some news comes that is encouraging; that brings with it a promise of a better day to come. I have in mind the verdict of not guilty at the Sweet trial in Detroit. When the ignorant, lying, cowardly mobs will know that they cannot lynch and intimidate better men than themselves with impunity, they will leave them alone. I have nothing but contempt for those who consider themselves superior to other human beings solely on the strength

of their colorless skin. The same color blood flows through the veins of all men and only achievement counts. The democratic idea is that the individual stands on his own feet and must be judged that way. Neither color, creed nor birth should have anything to do with your feeling to your fellow man. I, of course, know my fellow man well enough not to expect Democrats or Republicans to know anything about democracy or republicanism.

I. S. GORDON,
Press Secretary.

(Editor's Note: Such a department has been under consideration. The high cost of space has been the main factor in holding it up. Still it will come. We like the Brother's interest in books.)

L. U. NO. 18, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Editor:

We of Local No. 18 became enthusiastic during the month of June, as that is the month we nominate and elect officers. We sure had some office seekers. Any time you want an officer's job in this local, you have to have a box of cigars under your arm for at least three weeks prior to election, and then you have no assurance that you will be the lucky man. This job I hold down is about the only noncommissioned one where there is no competition. As I do all my writing in conjunction with my day's work, the worthy Brothers feel that they can at least put up with what I have to offer. I will give you the list of lucky ones next month.

We sure had a wow of a meeting last night. Several things of importance were discussed, among which was the organizing of the linemen's helpers. The woods are full of them in this district, and if we have the success to which we are entitled, we should double our membership in a short time.

The employment situation is very bad out here at present. It is always slow during the summer months, but is more so this summer than it has been since the year 1917. About all that any of the companies are doing is maintenance. There is no new construction to speak of. Old Ma Bell cut her forces down a few weeks ago and told her boys how sorry she was to have to let them go, and told them to keep in touch with the main office, so if she ever was involved in any labor trouble she could get in touch with them. About two months ago they had their rates increased 50 per cent. We have metered service now, and it sure costs money to enjoy the use of a telephone. Our Municipal Light & Power Company is enjoying prosperity at very low rates. I will try to devote considerable space in giving you the details of it in my next letter, as it is too lengthy to put in this time.

Our attendance continues to be very good, and as we are considering putting on an educational campaign in the near future we expect to have a much larger attendance. We have no kick coming as long as things are going on as smoothly as they are at present.

Now for a few personals! Brother Tip Reynolds, of hash-brown fame, your notice in the May JOURNAL was perused and thoroughly digested, by me. Will say I got my information, of which you speak, from a worthy Brother of Local No. 711 of Long Beach. I have confronted him with your notice to me. He now tells me you are not the Reynolds to whom he had reference. Be that as it may, I hereby offer my apologies to you for everything I said, though personally I think you should have

used a little more judgment and not so much sarcasm in your notice. Brother Lennox, of Local No. 418, I note you finally got back into print again. Your masterpiece was published about a year ago, the time you unloaded your wrath on me. So come back again, as I am a bear for punishment. Flea McDonald, of Local No. 83, seems to be sleeping at the switch, or his fountain pen is broken. Anyhow, there is no news from this wide-awake and hustling sister local of ours. Come on, Flea, I know you have plenty of news.

A few days ago the question came up as to how old the oldest lineman is in the Brotherhood at the present time. We of Local No. 18 claim a couple of the oldest tame apes in captivity. They are both too old to climb and too proud to grunt. Their names will be furnished on request by applying to

J. E. HORNE,
Press Secretary.**L. U. NO. 33, NEW CASTLE, PA.**

Editor:

Linemen of Local Union No. 33, employed by the P. & O. Electric Co., in this district, who came out on strike June 1 for \$1 per hour, and recognition of the union, are still holding pat for their demands; but one Brother broke the ranks. He is with the balance of the P. & O. linemen holding a job at 90 cents and two dollars per day board money. Their proper classification is well known to all the world. He eats in hotels now, but later when this is over he will eat at back doors. That is the place Mother Bell fed her army of linemen after the Pullman ride to the storm zone.

We lost one Brother (narrow back) who went West for his daughter's health. It is W. H. Webster, some man. He is traveling in a Cleveland Six, in series with his wife and two beautiful children. "Hen" is a good man at his trade and a union man by card, and in his heart, where he was first prepared. He is like all things connected in series, he starts out loud and the longer he goes the harder he pulls. May God bless him and family. We know that he is a man with men.

Our scale is nearly signed up for \$1.25 per hour, but we have not much work; things are slow to open this spring. Crepe is in demand here. No sane sheriff will lock a man's business when he finds crepe on the door. The curbstone contractors are cutting the ham thin, but don't get much money for their work. I have not smoked any cigars from proud fathers of new born lately, but we hope to soon.

CHARLES ALLEN,
Press Secretary.**L. U. NO. 35, HARTFORD, CONN.**

Editor:

The trades unionist movement has endured throughout the dark ages of historical conflict which are replete with the battles that severed the trunk from the root, yet those severe shocks have never been followed by a complete paralysis of the membrane, new members have constantly sprung up to give renewed impetus to the movement which today finds us soundly established and nationally recognized.

Through all the stages of turmoil, education has been our best ally; playing its important role by distinguishing the fundamental principles between right and wrong and thereby making possible the application of such knowledge according to its interpretation. No other factor deserves more praise,

or credit in our successful march of events and progress.

This illusion is well deserving of the serious attention of the entire ranks within the Brotherhood. Since the progress of the nation is continuous, likewise must our education be if we wish to maintain our status. We should not allow ourselves to become satisfied at the equalization of these two factors and then to repose in lethargy, rather let us become equipped with more and better knowledge so that we may not only attain a higher standard of proficiency in our trade, but that we may also be prepared to successfully ward off any future conquests against our principles, whether such are of local environment, or national scope.

Thrusts parried with language having the cultured edge of education are mightier than the sword. Hence let us employ this humanitarian principle and allow it to govern our actions within the Brotherhood, as well as with our adversaries, whether in negotiation, dispute or strife.

Ignorance may be bliss for those who do not care to exercise their God-given faculties and who choose to follow the path of least resistance which eventually leads to stagnation. This condition, however, should be brought to an irreducible minimum within our craft, and it behooves us gradually to bring into play the necessary elements to remedy this undesirable hazard, which has a tendency to imperil our national position with the body politic.

We cannot continue forever to expect better things and conditions from others, if we ourselves are lacking in these respects. If we want things better, we must make them better, but before we can make them better, we must be better ourselves. We should aim for a higher education, and endeavor to absorb and digest all the knowledge that we can grasp, such would not only elevate our distinction of craftsmanship but our morals as well.

Mental capacity has no limit for those who care to exercise their will, and though progress holds no brief for those who do not care to follow, it boldly invites new accomplishments and beckons to the alert of mind to reveal and unfold her unlimited opportunities which up to the present moment have been a continuous repetition of amazements and wonders. And as time will not turn backwards in its course, neither will the events of progress do so; what to expect from the future is beyond the present realm of the imagination to forecast, but we can be certain that education will ever remain a vital factor in the making, or undoing of any and all events.

Yesterday has passed onward to the depths of eternity and though tomorrow may never come, now, however, belongs to you and me; therefore let us cast off the yoke of shadowy influence which local environment may exert over us and proceed to employ our time and intellect in exploring the many remaining avenues of opportunities, whose hidden treasures lie slumbering at our feet, awaiting the approaching era when our education shall be sufficient to permit us to uncover and retain the golden harvest that Labor so justly deserves. This approaching era can be shortened by many a milestone, if each individual will devote his energies systematically to some form of education and submit himself to his chosen teacher; and this need be none other than the *JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS*, if one so wishes to choose. By the simple process of absorbing and digesting what is contained in its columns, you not only have the stepping-stones to an education, but you will find that the background is sufficiently solid to build permanent additions thereto, and these will

prove to be sound and seasoned investments, returning large dividends that cannot be computed in terms of wealth. Hence let us bury now, whatever animosity that may exist amongst us and unreservedly adopt for our slogan, Each for all—All for each, for more and better education in the rank and file of the Brotherhood.

H. F. GENLOT,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 39, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Editor:

Conditions in this city remain about the same. There is no material change.

We hear that the C & T are hiring some men, but they are making so many linemen of their own, that I don't think that a general invitation to card men is at all in order, so to the migratory Brothers, this would not interest you at all.

It is needless to say that probably, if there was an influx of linemen to our city and they were fortunate enough to be placed with this company, that before many weeks had rolled around there might be a possibility that their payroll would be increased, and their bonus plan might be shattered, and that they may be compelled to pay different rates for overtime work, and of course, with all of those old traditional traits of this modest corporation to be set aside, reluctant though they be, still probably those are the very things that might happen. So, you see, my brethren, just what chances there would be with this company.

We are all pleased to hear that our old friend, Al McIntyre, is convalescing rapidly, and that after taking a much needed rest he will soon be back on the job again. Don't be too hasty, Al, you know it takes longer to regain strength and vitality than it does to lose it.

Many of the old timers, particularly those who were personally acquainted with him, were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Brother McNulty. We hope he has gained his eternal reward.

Our local has been somewhat upset of late with Brothers coming in to town and not having a traveler. Now, Brothers, this condition is all uncalled for and makes endless trouble for the officers of the local and mostly for the business agent. We will have no further repetition of this, for this is just what this kind of work leads to; read on.

Along about the first of June, this year, one, George D. Schmidt, applied for a job as lineman, with the Municipal Light. The necessary questions were asked him concerning his card, and he replied in the affirmative that all was well; he worked one day, when Brother Sutherland, the business agent, asked him for his traveler and as he did not have one he presented a receipt showing his payment of dues. The business agent recognized at once something wrong and in questioning the Brother further informed Mr. Smith that the receipt was not bona fide and was not acceptable not only to the local union but to the Brotherhood at large. The writer had occasion to work with Mr. Smith for a few days and this is the information I obtained from him.

He joined Local Union No. 738 about November, 1922, in Hagerstown, Md. He was working for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Co., for two years. He left this company, and started traveling, but kept sending his dues regularly to a man named Connor, that is he sent them by mail up until December, 1925.

This Local Union No. 758 was a new local, organized back in 1922, but has since disbanded. Mr. Smith paid his dues and initiation fee to a Brother by the name of Cavan-

ugh and after Mr. Smith left Hagerstown, he never saw this man again.

So, Brothers, you see what trouble the officers of the local unions run into at times. Hence the necessity for such a drastic rule, such as laid down by Local Union No. 39, for Brothers coming in to our city without the proper credentials.

We also hope that our eastern locals and brethren, as well as district supervisors look this matter up and see if they can ferret out the counterfeits as parasites who are living off the credulous and right thinking people and after investigation and their findings are reported then let's apprehend those who are responsible and send them to the stone pile for a goodly number of days; let us hang their old putrid bodies on the gibbet of publicity until every honest to God Brother in the Brotherhood is fully informed of such niggardly small peanut stuff, and willingly lends a hand to abolish it from our ranks for all time to come.

It is the consensus of opinion with the vast majority of our non-union friends that graft is the principal doctrine of trades unionism, that the officers are constantly bartering with one or another to get all that is possible out of the organization, that they are always keeping the rank and file in a state of fear and that they have no control over their own affairs but are dominated by others than their own members. Now, Brothers, is not this absurd and preposterous? Is there, I ask you, anything further from the truth than for our unorganized friends to be laboring under such false illusions?

I have cited the financial standing of many of the foremost labor organizations in this country, the progress that they have made particularly in the last decade, and still, notwithstanding all of those facts and figures which are always so easy to obtain, seems to be of no avail with those people, regardless of positive proof. So, therefore, Brothers, you see that it behooves us when we do come in contact with dishonest, unscrupulous men or Brothers in our ranks, to see that steps are taken at once to eliminate them for the general welfare of all concerned.

JOSEPH E. ROACH,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 45, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Editor:

Time and tide wait for no man, and the end of the month approaches, so I must performe write a letter to the *WORKER*, or my friends Billy McLean and George Brickner will think I do not read the letters in the *WORKER*. Well, Billy, I would like to answer you as to conditions in Buffalo, but as long as the linemen want to play the part of Santa Claus and would rather make big dividends and pile up large surpluses for their employers than try and get just wages for themselves, there will be no conditions in Buffalo. It has always been a mystery to me why the linemen here, when you approach them on the subject of joining the local, should shy off from you, as if you had the plague. They look on the Brotherhood as an enemy, rather than as a friend trying to help them. If I expressed my real opinion of them I would need asbestos paper and the *WORKER* would not dare publish it. So what is the use? But it makes my blood boil to think that this, the pioneer and leading center of the electrical industry should be so poorly represented in our great Brotherhood. I only wish that I could let them gaze for a few moments through the glasses that our international officers seem to wear. I do not think that

even we, the rank and file, realize the structure that is being erected before our very eyes. It should make every man swell his chest that he is a member of the Electrical Workers.

Well, George, I hear you are moving north, but do not know your address, so if you will drop me a line will try to let you know how things are going in old 45. Wish that you were here to stir things up.

R. W.,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 62, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Editor:

As this is the first letter from Local No. 62 for a long time, I will try to let the Brothers know what is doing in Youngstown and will also try to tell you what is doing with Local No. 33, in New Castle, Pa., and Local No. 218, in Sharon, Pa. The three locals were working under a joint agreement with the Pennsylvania-Ohio Light & Power Company, and on June 1 we got into a difficulty with them. They flatly refused to consider anything at all, even the arbitration proposition, so I want to let the traveling Brothers know that we are not accepting any traveling cards just now, and if any of you blow in this way you had better look up B. A., as we have quite a few men out of work just now and cannot use any more. As soon as things clear up we will let the Brothers know, and then we will be glad to have them with us again. And I would also like to tell the members of the I. B. E. W. that they should watch out for the employment agencies, as they are shipping a bunch of "rats" in here, but very few linemen, so any publicity you Brothers can give them we sure will appreciate, as we are bucking a very big corporation and sure will stick to it. No matter what anybody tells you, don't believe it, as it is not settled yet. They are putting out a lot of propaganda and are bringing men here from all over the country.

The car that we raffled off was won by a Brother from Local No. 364, of Rockford, Ill. The Brother, Lou Harbough, came in yesterday to drive it home, and we sure wish him luck. We want to thank the members of the Brotherhood for all they have done to make the raffling of this car a success. It sure was a big help to Brother Opp. The lucky number was N-893.

I hope this will wise the traveling Brothers of the situation as it is in Youngstown, Sharon and New Castle, so by keeping away from here just now you will be saving yourself time and money, and as soon as things clear up around here I will let you know and then we will be glad to have you with us again.

EMIL MATTES.

L. U. NO. 65, BUTTE, MONT.

Editor:

Bill had just finished reading our May JOURNAL. Well, what do you think of it? "Fine." What do you think of the various subjects treated by our press secretaries? "Good." It is not as easy to write on any subject of merit, lending value and force to it, as it is to read and criticize, we ventured. "Why not?" said Bill. "Go ahead and write about the things we talk about—organization or the lack of it. At this time, organization in every line of activity is carried to its farthest degree of perfection, why should we not get in line?" Then flecking the ashes from his Clown cigarette he said good-night.

Local No. 65 may be indifferent in the matter of organization because we are practically 100 per cent organized and do not

**STICK TO THE STICKERS
(Co-operation)**

It isn't always what we do
That yields us our reward.
It's how we do the things we do
Which makes life seem less bored.

With The UNION as our helping
hand,
We'll surely meet success.
So if each man will do his bit,
We'll all reap happiness.

We must pledge allegiance
To our UNION strong and true,
Whose motto is to help us all,
Yes. You and You and You.

With leaders such as we have now,
We're sure to reach our goal.
But it's up to all of us
To live BROTHERHOOD within
our fold.

So let us get together,
And put our shoulders to the wheel.
Let each man do his very best,
And we'll get an honest deal.

For only through our efforts
Can we realize joy and cheer,
Combined with work and prosperity
For many and many a year.

Composed by Frances Farber, 201
Van Buren St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

appreciate its significance until it is pointed out to us.

We are sometimes criticized for being too strict in our examinations for membership, but we try to do the things we know we ought to do.

According to Brother Smoot's estimate of our membership represented at our last convention, it is obvious that many electrical workers are now out of our organization that ought to be in our organization. Many are returning and others will follow. The remaining few will have many alleged reasons, using every one as a peg on which to hang their excuses. What of it?

Nothing but the backing and filling in the tide of human affairs. It may make no difference in their young lives, but it did make a difference in the lives of the 300 old employees of the Morris Packing Company when that concern was recently taken over by one of its rivals. Vain hope, these old employees had been peeling the onion of experience, and now, in the bitter end, realize what failure means. History is human experience, and the importance of bringing the experience of the past to bear upon the problems of the present is obvious.

A better answer to our problem must be found. Without organization, co-operation is obviously impossible. The I. B. E. W. has done well in the past, both in policy and administration. These essential features are not to be lost. Much work still lies ahead.

We believe in "wages and conditions" as in the past, and we also believe in adding industrial democracy and education for our present and future needs in order to better meet the ever-increasing demands that industry makes upon us.

We live and we learn; we lose or we gain; and as we dance we pay the fiddler. But we do not, we cannot, remain stationary. We must expand both laterally and longitudinally. When our ex members,

upon whom experience has left its mark, will have made application for membership, treat them, if possible, as erring sheep restored to the fold.

Our labor movement believes in the principles of justice, fairness and equality. Sit steady in the boat. The "plan" is only a trial divisor. Our organized labor movement is greater than anything that works against it.

Not in your case, Brother Dealy, Local Union No. 303, but generally, we think the use of ye Editor's blue pencil is not only right but expedient. Speaking for ourselves, if we "get by" at all, we want to feel that there is a check over us, because, like the Irishman who wanted to "lick" the villain in the play, we become a little carried away by the all-absorbing interest in the subject before us.

There will be some important topics for next month.

L. M. M.,

Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 76, TACOMA, WASH.

Editor:

Not much to report in the local situation different from last month. The strike among the crafts who went out at the beginning of May is still on. A goodly number of our men are still out due to work being held up. A few have gone to work lately and one shop shows signs of coming into the fold. Brother Tom Lee, D. O. N. W., and Brother Bill Wolley, B. R. 46, were over to our last meeting and gave us some very good advice, and some encouragement. Brother Newton is still B. A. for the Building Trades Council and is having a strenuous time. Brother Art Heller, our B. A., is also having a time trying to put over a program in the face of heavy odds. It is most unfortunate that the situation developed here the way it has just as we were about to put under way a campaign to organize the town, and put Local Union No. 76 where it should be. A traveling Brother comes in every once in a while, but doesn't stay very long. One or two of them left town, but the situation as far as the membership is concerned keeps about the same.

Understand some of the Aberdeen boys were offended because I referred to their city as a small town. I apologize, as I did not mean it that way at all. I may say this, if some of the towns I know of had as good a bunch, and were as well organized as Aberdeen is, they would have reason to congratulate themselves.

Now, there is one other thing that should be referred to in regard to a practice existing in our smaller locals, not referring by any means to Aberdeen, but the thing exists no doubt in many locals, and that is, knocking the dear Brothers by one another. So and so is a poor mechanic, I knew him when he worked in a sawmill or a shipyard, and so on. Pretty soon the boss hears this and when wanting a man he begins to pass this Brother up. Perhaps no harm is intended, but such a practice is wrong and should be stopped. The employer will soon find it out if any of his men are poor mechanics, oftentimes this is only idle rumor anyway, and inflicts much harm on a worthy Brother. Sometimes, these selfsame knockers have a whole lot to learn themselves. Why not a little helping hand to your Brother, if he needs it? Does a Brother attend the meetings? Can you depend upon him in an emergency? Is he doing his best to further the welfare of the organization? Ask yourself these questions and do your knocking from another angle. We want harmony, not discord in our locals. Another thing if

a Brother has something against another, why not go to him and have it out? I lost a good friend just because he believed an idle rumor instead of coming and getting the straight of it.

Cushman is operating and the big noise is over. One thing in passing, all the press reports, all the movies, all the celebrations, and not once were the men who did the work mentioned or shown in the pictures. The moral is organize and get the money on these big jobs, all the same Omar, "Take the cash and let the credit go," somebody else gets the credit always.

Weather around here has improved again, has been colder and cloudy lately. A great year of berries, all the kids go out and pick berries for the poor farmers around here. They make a little change and get a coat of sunburn, many of them get only the sunburn.

May be visiting some of you fellow scribes this summer, as I contemplate a trip East. With best regards from Local Union No. 76

ANDY.

L. U. NO. 79, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Editor:

As is most natural in any well regulated family, where peace and harmony exist, at the demise of a parent, the entire household is cast in gloom, and this Local Union No. 79 as a member of the I. B. E. W., and a child of the parent organization, deeply regret the death of Frank J. McNulty, President Emeritus, and head of this institution. We therefore are extending our belated sympathy, and are offering such consolation as we are capable of—for we must share our loss with the rest of the Brotherhood family. In evidence thereof, and in token of respect, we shall have our charter suitably draped in mourning for a respectable period. The writer had a personal acquaintance with Brother McNulty, covering a period of more than twenty-four years, and feels a personal loss. Notwithstanding, the remaining units must carry on, till we, too, are called by the Omnipotent Master.

We hope not to disappoint the Brothers, who we suppose expect to see a letter from Local Union No. 79 in each month's WORKER. Last issue we mentioned some explanation about group insurance. Since that time, you have been sent, or have received literature and a circular letter, with an application covering quite thoroughly that explanation—if there are questions that are not clear to you, don't hesitate to make inquiries of your local insurance secretary. This group insurance plan has been given a great deal of discussion by your executive board, and its recommendation is that, as a body, and individually, we will have the advantage by accepting the proposition. If you concur in the opinion of the executive board show it by your referendum vote—Do it now. There is much to write about, deals of much interest to you all, but which until they become a reality, cannot be classed as news. That is one of the reasons why you have had seemingly brief reports from your executive board. We have in our jurisdiction, International Representative Brother J. E. McCadden who is running right into some of the situations where angels fear to tread (and that don't mean that Brother Jack is a fool). Our confidence in Brother McCadden leads us to believe that he is going to get results—or else. Further than that we would not quote at this time—only ask you Brothers to extend your patience, have a bit of faith, and offer a little co-operation, by so doing it is our belief that nearly all internal strife, rumblings, and outside difficulties

can be cleaned up to the satisfaction of the majority, which of course must govern.

By the time of the next issue of the WORKER, we sincerely trust that it will be unnecessary to veil anything from the Brothers—you will then have the news of today.

PRESS SECRETARY.

L. U. NO. 102, PATERSON, N. J.

Editor:

I would like to hold this article until next Thursday, when we install our re-elected and newly elected officials, but it would then be too late for the July issue of the WORKER.

Al Bennet, who was one of our delegates at the last convention, presided as judge of elections, and will probably be seeing ballots in his sleep for a month afterward.

The vote was the heaviest in the history of our local and proved to be a wonderful expression of confidence in the Brothers who have guided the organization during the past decade. Three o'clock g. m. found the last vote tabulated, and when President Raymond Clark announced the winners all the candidates present, defeated and victorious, shook hands all around and pledged their enthusiastic co-operation for the coming year.

Ray Clark, who was a delegate at the last convention, was re-elected as president, while John Pardoe sailed in as vice president.

Peter Muse, business agent, came in as usual with flying colors, while Jake Goodridge and Bob Sigler were unopposed for financial and recording secretaries.

Ernie Binks and Pete Hoedemaker came out on top for the executive board, while Dave Vogel and his running mate, Jake Goodridge, won the derby in the examining board finals.

Despite considerable opposition, Max Vogue proved a popular favorite in the house committee race, while P. Mulford was returned as foreman, with John Redmond and the unbeatable Joe Titterington as first and second inspector.

Arthur Robinson was re-elected as trustee, and in the wee a.m.'s hours in the mornin' it developed that yours truly had won by a nose in the race for press secretary. And so another year was gently laid away, and as we go forward once more, with restored confidence, hand-in-hand, in the great Brotherhood, the road to better our mutual needs becomes wider, the obstacles smaller, co-operation plentiful, and service above self as the slogan.

Small wonder then that we face the coming year with buoyant step and high courage.

We're getting all set now for the big blowout. Art Rockwell, chairman of the outing committee, is a busy man these days, scouring the countryside for location, getting bids on the chow, testing the ale, etc. I notice Titterington "getting in" on sampling the ale lately. Possibly Rocky needs an authority on this subject. The event will no doubt be well handled.

At this writing I learn that Brother Redmond is at home, seriously injured. It appears his Ford got tangled up with a trolley car, as Fords will do, letting John in on a rest between the sheets for a while.

So far business is normal, and normal times here in Paterson, with so many journeymen on the books, means that quite a few will continue decorating the mourners' bench. However, "What is so rare as a day in June," even if you're brick poundin'?

For the past two months the meetings of

the local have been well attended. It seems as though the members are becoming more interested in the meetings. Keep it up, fellows, for the more interested we all become in our local the more we'll get out of it. So be on deck, flash the smile and pass the old mitt around.

In closing, Mr. Editor, permit me to congratulate you upon the many new improvements in the WORKER. Every month's issue appears to be an improvement over the last. That's true progress. It reflects credit upon the Brotherhood.

JIM TRUEMAN,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 106, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Editor:

Work in and around Jamestown is not very brisk at the present writing, but the prospects are bright for the future. The Art Metal Company is just about to start on a large addition to plant No. 4, a structure 160 by 120 feet, four stories high, of reinforced concrete. Warren Construction Company has the contract. Have not heard as yet who has the electric work. Brother Jack Holzer, now president of Local No. 41, was foreman for the Lord Electric Company when the main building was put up, five or six years ago. Here's hoping we will have as good a union man as Brother Holzer on this one. The Y. M. C. A. is also going to put up a large building in the near future. We are hoping the contract will be let to a fair firm.

Local No. 106 had the misfortune to lose another one of our members by electrocution, Brother Dodge, a young man only 26 years old, a member of Local 106 a little over two years. He was doing much studying nights, so some of us did not become very much acquainted with him, as he only attended meetings occasionally.

Brother Chet McKey has gone to Butler, Pa., and is working down there. He will be missed at our meetings, as he is a fellow that will say what he thinks no matter who it hurts. Did you sell all the dogs before you left, Mac? Ha! ha! ha!

The agreement committee has drawn up a new agreement, the local has accepted it, and now it is up to the contractors. We are asking for \$1.25 per hour, five days per week. Mileage for use of our own cars when asked to go from job to job, etc. These are the most of the changes. So it behoves all the inside members to be at the next several meetings to take a hand and know what is going on. Next meetings, July 12 and 26.

Outside work is fair. The Postal Telegraph Company is laying ducts for underground cable on Second street, and the whole city is to be rebuilt. Bear Lake Sailor has charge of the underground digging gang.

The Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Power Company is building a high line from Salamanca to Jamestown, and also intends to light all the villages along the way. Brother F. J. Harding, of Randolph, has charge of that. Brother Barrows fell from a pole a couple of weeks ago and broke his collarbone. He was working for the N. L. & O. Power Company.

Brother Hans Herdenquist has left for Brooklyn to work. Our loss is some other local's gain.

Brothers Tom Crowe and Shorty Shears are still ailing. Neither of them will ever be able to work at line work again.

Last Tuesday five members of Local No. 106 went to Warren, Pa., as it was rumored around that they wanted to form a union. Brothers McManus, Ploss, Keller, Allen and

yours truly gave a talk, and they agreed to talk it over and asked us to come again on Wednesday night, June 30, for their answer. So probably fifteen or twenty will go down there and give them a good send-off. We also expect Brother Arthur Bennett there. Will give more details in next WORKER.

The writer was deeply affected on learning of the death of Brother F. J. McNulty, as I was personally acquainted with him when he was vice president of the Brotherhood. Here today and gone tomorrow! All of us can't be president of the I. B. E. W., but we can leave a lasting impression by doing what we can to better the conditions of our fellow workers in our own locality. Well done, good and faithful servant! That is what we all are striving for.

W. R. M.,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 120, LONDON, ONT., CANADA

Editor:

Here we are again, boys! Just got my WORKER the other day. It sure is getting to be a wonderful journal. It seems that every electrical worker can talk of nothing else. Surely we will be able to get some place in this world very shortly, for the correspondence must be very helpful to every member of the I. B. E. W. Just got home from our regular meeting, and we had a fair turnout at that, for the membership that we have here. What we want here and must have very shortly is an organizer. We have a large field here for organization, and 'now is the time to take advantage of it, not next winter. Work here on the P. U. C. is very slow, but the H. E. P. C. seems to have plenty of work, though the conditions are surely rotten. The inside men are surely sticking to the job and trying to line them all up, but they need help. I would like to see Brother Ingles come down this way and give us a hand. Things were never brighter, Ernie. A few months ago this local sold tickets for a raffle for a local, Erie, Pa., I believe, and this local would like to know if they received the money that was returned to them. We did the best we could for them for a good cause. Well, boys, it is getting late and I am going to ring off for this time.

D. L. NEWTON,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 145, TRI CITIES

Editor:

Yes, he is still alive—our last press secretary. But as we had election of officers and a few appointments at our last meeting, that accounts for the likes of yours truly placing before your vision these few phrases. Of course it sometimes looks as though it takes some nerve to be a press secretary, as some of our Brothers come forth with a few very interesting articles, and then we don't hear of them any more. Must be that some one's toes were stepped on and he showed the traits of one in anger. Nevertheless, when a fellow gets ridiculed, then he knows he has done something. But he must bear in mind that the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword and that words are sometimes full of dynamite.

At the present time this finds all the boys here working, but that does not mean in numbers what it would have meant a year ago, as a great many of our Brothers have left for other parts, owing to the long siege during which very little work was to be had. Conditions have just begun to

Organized labor is thus becoming a factor of growing political importance within modern industrialized states. Contemporaneously a sense of international solidarity is springing up among the working class group organizations. There is, for that reason, an increasing disposition to regard every industrial conflict of any importance within one state as a matter requiring the aid and sympathy of the labor organizations of other states. Eventually it will become impossible to act as if this sort of co-operation were without political significance. Just how it can be controlled or regulated is not evident, but it is clear that it adds a new complication to the many existing causes of international friction that create wars and rumors of wars.

—*The Journal of Commerce, Wall Street.*

show some improvement in the past few weeks. The increased work has been taken care of by the home guards and some real union men, and am sure that any local which some of these Brothers may happen to find to their fancy will profit by same.

The strike we had pending a new wage scale was settled after the Brothers had two weeks of rest, and as a result were awarded an increase of 6½ cents per hour, taking effect September 1. On the face of it, this does not seem like much of a settlement; nevertheless, closer co-operation and affiliation of the contractors seem to have been brought about, thanks to the efforts of our business agent, Hans Johnson, in conjunction with our executive board. And by the way, our present business agent has taken the office again for the present year and will continue to strive to convince the Telephone Company that we should pull all telephone wire that goes in a building.

E. L. SMITH,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 159, MADISON, WIS.

Editor:

The gang at the meeting had me on the pan the other night because there was nothing in the WORKER from Local Union No. 159. So here's a small donation for the July number.

Local Union No. 159 had an election of officers on June 24. Competition wasn't very strong, and after order was restored we had elected the following: President, Harry Fielman; vice president, Bill Breitenbach; financial secretary, A. H. Nelson; recording secretary, Art Bahr; treasurer, Neal Brown; foreman, Albert Dulhi; first inspector, Louis Paulson; second inspector, Bill Endus; trustee, Ev. Comfort.

Work is not so rushing here this year. Right at present, our men are all working, and we are able to handle everything here without calling for outside help. Quite a lot of the houses, and a few of the bigger

jobs here are non-union, so that lets us out of them. The men's dormitories at the U. of W. went non-union all the way through. We were unable to do anything with that job, but we made so much noise about it that non-union contractors did not bid on the Memorial Union Building to be built next year.

The Madison Labor Temple Association is putting on an All-Labor Picnic, June 27. The program consists of music, speakers, etc., and the giving away of two prizes to the holders of the lucky numbers. The first prize is a \$250 mohair living room suite, and second is a completely equipped Hoover sweeper valued at \$88. If any wire pusher is fortunate enough to win one of these prizes, I'll see that his name goes into the WORKER, so that every one will know about it.

A. W. BAHR,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 163, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Editor:

I have so many things I would like to talk about covering many subjects of labor and The ELECTRICAL WORKER in particular.

Our local union is getting along very nicely at present, with the efficient management of officers, and the business department under the efficient management of our business manager, Brother Mosely. He informed us last meeting of the necessity of closer co-operation through our Building Trades Council with the other trades to make our contractors realize that Local No. 163 is an organization to co-operate with, and through his department in conjunction with the Building Trades Council board of business agents they are assisting the union contractors to get work away from the open-shop contractors, and with this form of business-getting we are keeping our members more steadily employed and putting more money into the pockets of the contractors and members.

It has been brought to our notice that some locals, one in particular, when a good paid-up member from another local who works for an outside firm as foreman and followed out the requirements of the constitution and requested that his card be accepted, is refused and he is made to pay permit money. We ask the question, what good does it do a traveling Brother to have a paid-up card? Ask any Brother who has ever come into our local jurisdiction if he has ever received such nonunion treatment from Local No. 163.

I have before me The Lather, the official journal of the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' International Union. I see the reports in detail, of the general president and seven organizers, for the months of January, February, March, April and May. We see no reports from our organizers.

I have been a member of the Brotherhood for over thirty years, and since 1914 we haven't had a representative of the G. O. in the Wyoming Valley only in time of trouble, and some were not of much benefit, but we have not had or seen a sign of an officer of the G. O. for organizing purposes or the reasons for their absence, and I believe that if we could get a little bee buzzing for state councils and got the co-operation of the G. O. the same as the carpenters, painters and other organizations in the state of Pennsylvania, we would have a chance at Superpower. Pennsylvania is a dead state for the electrical worker so far as the outside worker is concerned. The linemen and power men in Pennsylvania are considered as a joke as far as union men are concerned. Inside wiremen the same.

I have no apologies to offer for these statements, and I am not making them for any other purpose than to bring the matter before the rank and file so that something may be done here in Pennsylvania by the G. O., or we are going to lose out. Pennsylvania is the largest manufacturing state in the Union, and we are turning out more electrical workers and more contractors than any other craft, we believe, and we have no national policy to meet the situation. I don't want it to appear that I am a knocker, but from the experience I have had in the varied fields of our local union, Building Trades Council and Central Labor Union, and personal contact with business men, business organizations, and the improvements I see are produced with ordinary common sense and co-operation and a constructive policy.

I believe that if our general executive board was to work out an organization plan and plot out a district of any one of the vice presidents of, say Lackawanna and Luzerne counties, which now has three local unions, covering a territory of about three hundred miles, with some of the largest electrical interests serving thousands of homes and industries using electric current and employing in the service they would receive thousands of electrical workers who are not members of the union.

We have a local of about 120 members, where there are on the outside, registered with the City Electrical Examining Board of Wilkes-Barre, not in the union, working for open-shop contractors, mines, mills and other industries, over 500 so-called electricians, not counting linemen.

Linemen working for public service companies and private line contractors run into hundreds of men who should be in the union.

I want to be understood as believing that our JOURNAL is for the purpose of advancement of our trade, and any local that can suggest something to improve our general organization as an organization either through suggestion or criticism, as they see it, should do so, as that is the only way to make our organization one of labor that meets the conditions of co-operation and absorbs the incoming electrical worker as he comes into the industry.

To be frank, we of Local No. 163 can't see any improvement in local or state conditions as a result of the policy advanced by the G. O., since we were members of the Reed and Murphy faction, under the district council plan as encouraged and assisted by the then G. O.

Again I want it to be understood that we want to assist in any plan to improve the welfare of our International, but we must understand that the only way we can do that is to improve our local unions through our international officers' co-operation. You can't help any man or organization that won't try to help themselves. No business will build itself, and when it is built it must be maintained with just as much intelligence and sometimes more than it took to build it.

In closing, we wish to hear from some of our hard, conscientious oldtimers in this game, which is worth playing if we play to win, who will express themselves through the WORKER of a zoning system worked out from the I. O. This is not a district council plan. This is a zoning plan under the control of the vice president or some one appointed by the G. O., and under the supervision of the G. O.

As to the financing of the work in the zone, that could be worked out with the local unions and the G. O. As conditions vary in different parts of the country, the

same plan of attack and procedure would not be practical for all localities. And to keep everlastingly at it!

W. F. BARBER,
Press Secretary.

(Editor's Note: Officers and representatives are kept busy assisting locals which request assistance, and if locals co-operate, results are obtained. Officers and representatives have no spare time to make social visits or play politics. If a locality is helpless, how can an outsider overcome such a condition?)

L. U. NO. 169, FRESNO, CALIF.

Editor:

Here goes another letter from the little-big Local No. 169. We are still on the job, after the boys that are right. I wish I could throw out my chest and boast and write a big line about us fellows going to take an agreement up to the big generals to put their John Heneryson. But no such luck just now. Hell's fire, wouldn't the rats and scissor bills tear up to get a yellow slip! It would do some of them some good and others none, but it would liven things up for a time.

We are having fairly good meetings and are getting some of the boys interested in our work, so we can't kick much, if any.

The WORKER surely has some good letters and editorials in it every month. Let's do more good work. Say, fellows, how about the union label? Do you demand it on everything you buy? Let's watch more closely about that. It is every union man's part and principle to demand it.

K. R. HALL,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NOS. 210 AND 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

Summer was vociferously ushered in at 4:30 this Sunday morning by a gang of soosed sun dodgers, who awoke the entire neighborhood with their rendition of "Sweet Adeline." The beer tenor was about four keys too wet and the barrel-tone a couple of octaves lower, while both sopranos had the cryers on, which about wrecked the concert.

Living so close to the boardwalk has its drawbacks to a certain extent, as most of the cabaret hounds feel a song coming on just as they pass these apartments. The synthetic juices have not died out and they are still charged with high-powered frivolity, as my friend Urban Eger might say.

A party of six, four women and two males, crashed the side gate to the steel pier the other day, and after eating their lunch which they had brought along, the girls retired to an empty coal bin to put on their bathing suits. Knowing how they had gotten on, I offered to get them some rain checks to get back on again after bathing, so they could change to street attire, but it was too deep for them to grasp and went over their heads. Now the pier was out three bucks and some one had to clean up the crumbs and leavings of the lunch. Just three guesses as to their nationality!

Speaking of cleaning up reminds me that I just did that little thing for a wonderful cherry pudding, replete with whipped cream, and my fireless cooker has promised a cherry pie and a good old-fashioned home-made strawberry shortcake for later on this week. Gee, ain't love grand? What possibly could be sweeter?

Now Mister Butte, if the meaning of the term "mooing touch" isn't too awfully bad, please translate. I have heard of the hasty

touch and quick get-away, and I know of a certain party who has a two-dollar touch when inebriated, but the brand you write about is unknown to me unless it is one of an ancient vintage camouflaged.

While we are not going to quarrel about the rest of the things you had to say, I reckon I'll just drop you a few lines under the cover of a stamp in behalf of my cigarette assertions. Don't believe in wasting the WORKER'S space on personal matters like that. However, please remember that despite the ravages of Father Time, I still retain my boyish figure and schoolgirl complexion, thanks to Mr. Fleischmann and Palm Olive shaving cream. In fact, Edna Wallace Hopper wanted to sign me up when she was playing here in "The Eternal Flapper."

By the way, Dunnie, did the Rube take on with the Anti-Saloon League? Why not have him try out with the Y. M. H. A. or K. K. K? Send him down here to manage our ball team. The season is half over and the boys have only lost nine games. How many did they play? Just nine.

That Thomas boy of Local No. 303 wields a wicked pen, only at times he seems to have the pessimistic blues. But this time he has ditched them, and I truly hope, forever. How about it Dealy, old boy? My best regards to Old Man Pale and Mrs. Stout.

Who said they never come back? That guy was all wrong. For instance, just take a slant at the signature on the bottom of the letter from Local No. 39 for June. Glad to see you in print again, Brother Roach, and be sure to keep the good news coming.

Well, Speed the Lotz, I have often wondered how you got by with all those pet names you had for the members of Local No. 723. To be perfectly frank with everybody, I would hate to tack some of those nicknames on any of the gang in this burg, because in about fifteen minutes after the WORKER reached here I would be listed among the casualties of the day. You sure have a good-natured bunch of cash customers or else have most of them buffered.

Now for a little home-town news and then the dead-end. Saltzman, of Local No. 211, is doing his bit again, and thanked me most cordially for the chariot ride, but it didn't bring the candy back.

Bert Martin, of Local No. 211, is on the side lines, due to a bum knee. At present he is hobbling around via a crutch and cane. Nothing very serious, but mighty inconvenient.

Al McDevitt, of Local No. 210, is still in the hospital, but is improving each day. We hope to see him out before this reaches the public eye. He must have been born with a horseshoe in his hand, to be able to sit up and take notice after doing a bodie of 30 feet and landing on the old bean. Either that, or else the devil didn't want him. How about it, old kid?

About six months ago the linemen asked for an eight-hour day with the same pay they were receiving for nine. The general manager, the Hon. Clifford Howell, would not receive any one who was acting for Local Union No. 210, but did consent to talk with a committee of employees. After haggling over the subject for quite a while, it seemed to die a natural death until some of the boys virtually took the bit in their teeth and demanded a dollar an hour and an eight-hour day. Quite naturally it didn't take with the company, and after some more delay the latter came back with an offer of 90 cents per hour for linemen, \$1 for foremen, and 57½ cents for grunts: nine hours per day and every Saturday aft-

ernoon off without pay, with two ways on the company's time. After due consideration and many wordy battles, the majority voted to accept the increase, which amounted to 12½ cents per hour.

The old rate and working conditions were as follows: linemen, 77½ cents; foreman, 87½ cents; grunts, 45 cents; nine hours, "four" ways and every other Saturday afternoon off with pay, so I am durned if I can see where they gained so much. Personally I believe that they sacrificed a wonderful opportunity to grab the eight-hour day, something that we have all been fighting for ever since I can remember. This company is spending \$4,000,000 for extensions of high lines and local improvements, and anybody with but half an eye can see that the last thing they want is a labor war. But the spineless dime snatchers spoiled everything just when the eight-hour day was within reach of all who had guts enough to battle with Howell and his first looey, Bert Lewis.

Sometimes I scratch the old bald spot and wonder just why half of the members of Local No. 210 carry cards. They never come up to meetings except to growl or to accept a lousy two-cent raise or reduction. If the company starts a nice little union of its own, I reckon the F. S. of Local No. 210 will be right busy making out traveling cards or rearranging notices, but will the company union accept the T. C.? On the level, it's enough to cause a regular guy to fall off the water cart, only if that happened yours truly would lose the pies and shortcake rating.

Thus endeth the July installment. Yours for a good season.

BACHIE.

P. S.—The underground department at the Light, which is about 99 per cent organized, also received the 12½-cent increase with the same working conditions, and thank heavings! none of those boys were satisfied, but had to take it and like it.—B.

L. U. NO. 212, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Editor:

Amid the clamorous appeals of the Brother members soliciting support for the ticket to which they had pledged themselves, our annual election was put across Friday night, June 25, 1926.

Once more, upper Vine Street was brought back to life and reminded the old timers of days gone by when such occurrences passed by almost unnoticed. That our elections are becoming more spirited and offices are more eagerly sought than ever before can not be denied. It is a swiftly moving age, however, and the man who holds the crown must be on his toes every moment. This may be one of life's little tragedies, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

Our elections are under the Australian Ballot System. Polls are open from 5:30 to 9 P. M., and this year the remainder of the night was taken up by the Election Board, counting the vote. Official count was not given out until 7 o'clock the following morning.

Most of the boys must have voted a split ticket as victory awaited both sides. The official returns which were hurriedly given me to use as copy for the WORKER were as follows:

President—

H. Fitzpatrick (present president), 160.

F. Guy, 149.

Vice President—

J. Donaldson, 161 (J. Raymond, present vice president); G. Olsen, 141.

Treasurer—

M. Weisenborn (present treasurer), 155.

E. Simonton (The Copyist), 155; still to be decided.

Recording Secretary—

W. Mittendorf (present secretary), 159. C. Foster, 147.

Financial Secretary—

A. Liebenrood (present secretary), 165. J. Raymond, 145.

Business Agent—

J. A. Cullen (business agent for 16 years until 1924), 171.

C. Voellemecke (business agent since 1924), 139.

Foreman—

Dan Johnson 170 (present foreman, E. Fuerstine); M. Ackerman, 54; A. Wakefield, 53.

Chairman Sick Committee—G. Schwoepple, 259 (no opposition—present chairman same).

Press Secretary—

E. Simonton, 264 (no opposition—present secretary same).

Inspectors, two—

J. E. Cox, 173; Leo Becker, 166; G. Huber, 134; A. Wolf, 131. (present inspectors, E. Quinn, A. Wolf.)

Trustee, one—

W. Wagner, 164 (present trustee, L. Groene); H. Laux, 129.

Executive Board, five—

C. Goetz, 186; L. Toumey, 189; W. Crawford, 178; T. King, 178; E. Rebanus, 146; F. Marty, 172; E. Carauthers, 134; W. Trosky, 120; V. Feinaner; A. Wolf, 87.

Four wiremen and one fixture man to be elected. The five highest best men were all wiremen, which forces Brother F. Marty to retire with 172 votes in favor of Brother Rebanus, fixture man with 146 votes. (Present executive board: W. Crawford, C. Foster, J. Donaldson, F. Marty, E. Simonton).

Examining Board for Wiremen, five— C. Goetz, 278; B. Jansen, 263; E. Quinn, 256; J. Eschenbresmer, 192; C. Perrin, 190; C. Fagley, 153; V. Feinaner, 134.

Examining Board for Fixture Hangers, three—A. Kramer, 222; C. Foster, 199; W. Linnehan, 156; G. Serger, 131; C. Hatke, 126.

The term "present officer" used above applies to the office just prior to this election as the newly elected officers have not been installed at time of this writing.

I must note a word of congratulations to Brother J. Raymond, in his effort to secure the office of financial secretary. Opposed by Brother A. Liebenrood, who has held the office for years and always was considered and known to be the hardest man in Local Union No. 212 to defeat and losing by only 20 votes, was a wonderful record and does not in anyway warrant discouragement. Leave it to Jack to spring the agreeable surprises, this year it was an official L. B. E. W. lapel button presented to each and every member before he entered the voting booth, and we had 310 members voting.

I am inclined to believe that Brother Harry Becker thought he would get away with something when he quietly slipped away a few weeks ago. But it is just this time of year when a "young man's fancy turns," etc., and if Scotty hadn't loosened up one night when we dropped into "Dutties" it might still have remained a secret. But after about four rounds of "Dutties" private stock, Scotty hands me this bit of news for publication. It was then we unanimously agreed "poor little gel."

I don't know how many were remembered, but I happened to be close by when Krimm passed the smokes in honor of his tenth wedding anniversary. Now that is what I call a real fellow, one who has made ten years of it without even meeting Judge Hoff-

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Town _____ State _____

man, and is willing to invite you to help celebrate.

In closing, I wish to refer back to the incoming official body of Local Union No. 212, by wishing them all the success possible and also extending my sincere regrets to many personal friends who made sacrifices to enter the race for office and experienced defeat. May we come back twice as strong in 1927.

THE COPYIST.

L. U. NO. 230, VICTORIA, CANADA

"The Trail"

The lineman sat in his easy chair.

He was crippled, and old, and gray,
He watched the smoke curl in the air
From a blackened pipe, but far from there
His thoughts ran a trail that day.

Far from his home on the Western Shore
Eastward the trail ran true.
He left behind the surges' roar
Crost mighty forest, dim and hoar.
And snow-capped mountains whose summits soar
Into the skies of blue.

On, on o'er the prairies' boundless plain,
Where the bison once roamed free,
With its long, deep field of yellow grain,
That the cry for food may not come in vain
From the Motherland over the sea.

He saw o'er Muskoka's boundary line
The snow-clad, lumbermen's shacks,
He heard the lance tooth's savage whine
As it tore through the heart of the ancient pine,

And the measured stroke of the axe.

He heard the rivermen's ringing shout
In answer to dangers' calls
As they cleared the whirling eddies out
Of the logs that twisted and churned about.
And broke the jam at the roaring falls.

The Trail led on to an Eastern scene,
Earth clad in a crystal mail.
The dying sun cast a blood-red gleam,
That blazed on the sight like a fairy dream
Or a glimpse of the Holy Grail.

He joined the linemen—a hardy band.
The sleet storms wreck to repair.
They deftly jointed each broken strand
Of the myriad wires prostrate o'er the land
And strung them again in the air.

The Trail led on and as touched by a wand
Bare-footed he trudged along,
His trusty fish rod in his hand,
He envied no one in all the land,
And on his lips a song.

Once more he followed the winding brook.
Where the wary fish did play.
And cautiously baited a cunning hook
And many a lusty trout he took
On a misty summer's day.

At evening mild when weary with play
He knelt at his mother's knee,
She taught his childish lips to pray.
And often he heard her softly say,
Lord, from sin keep him pure and free.

The world has many trails today,
Few lead to the gifts from above,
But many a wanderer old and gray
When friends and fortune have stolen away,
Harks back o'er a long, forgotten way,
The Trail of a Mother's love.

SHAPPY.

L. U. NO. 271, WICHITA, KANS.

Editor:

It is again necessary for me to say "howdy" to the Brothers and Sisters of the I. B. E. W., and I hope everything has been lovely amongst you during the past month.

We are still getting by, sometimes a

"The responsibility for some of the worst evils from which wage-earners suffer rests with the consumers, who seek the cheapest markets, regardless how cheapness is brought about. It is, therefore, the duty of consumers to find out under what conditions the articles they purchase are produced and distributed, and to insist that these conditions shall be wholesome and consistent with a respectable existence on the part of the workers.

—FLORENCE KELLEY.

little better and sometimes a little worse, but always hoping and looking for something better, so I guess I can report progress.

Brother Campbell, of the City gang, got hold of a hot wire, had about 4,100 on it, but outside of having a few fingers tied up we are glad to say that he is O. K.

Brother Norris drifted in from California last week. He said the scenery out there was sure keen, but you had to eat to be able to enjoy it. Men sure are funny.

We had a little storm out here since my last letter, but it didn't amount to much; about the only things out here that seem to be working for the linemen are the woodpeckers, and say did you ever watch one of those babies work? If we used our heads half as much as a woodpecker does we might some day be able to stop boring holes in somebody's dusty attic or hiking poles on a hi line, and when we got old instead of keeping busy untangling our whiskers out of a wire reel or the cogs of an old angle brace, we might be able to sit on our own back porch and squirt home grown tobacco juice at the neighbor's chickens.

And, while I am thinking about it, now that we have our own insurance association, why can't they get busy and dope out some kind of a sick and accident policy to sell to the locals, then instead of a guy getting notice of an assessment to help some needy Brother, he would know just how much he had to kick in every month. Think it over and let me know what you think of it.

There is a piece in "Servicescope," which is a magazine put out by the Kansas Gas and Electric Company for its employees, that set me to thinking. The article was taken from "The Silent Partner," and is as follows: "If you fail to be loyal to any organization to which you belong, and in which you believe, you are not loyal to yourself."

Now I think that comes right at us. It takes in the whole works. I don't suppose it was intended exactly for the I. B. E. W., but it fits us. If we are loyal to the I. B. E. W., we are going to be loyal to the organization that employs us, because it is up to us to prove to our employers that the man who has enough faith in himself and his trade and the future of that trade to form an organization like the I. B. E. W., which stands and works for better conditions, better education and closer, friendlier feeling among the men that work at the electrical trade, is a far better man to hire than the man that just drifts along unattached, working at the trade when he can but doing any kind of work between times and not enough interested in the work to give a

little time and effort to help advance this, our vocation, to the level where it belongs.

I can not see any reason why a company or individual should object to a man belonging to an organization like this one. Organization is the keynote of American success. I have been in some form of electrical industry all my life and expect to stay in it from now on and with those intentions, I am forced to be for anything that tends to promote the industry, no matter what it is, or what it is called. At present, I believe that the I. B. E. W., with its educational features, its insurance and fraternal benefits and the firm stand it has taken against radicalism is one of the great agents of today.

I notice that some pretty good locals that I have belonged to in the past are very conspicuous by their absence of letters in the WORKER. Why don't you come to life and get busy? It doesn't cost anything. I wonder, for instance, where Coffeyville has gone to. It used to be red hot with old Doc. Wright looking over his glasses if somebody happened to break a parliamentary rule.

Well, I am going to the local meeting tomorrow, and I may have something else to write about. In the meantime stay right in there and fight them and drink lots of ice water, this near beer won't help any.

I certainly have something to write about since going to the local, we initiated six new members and had three applications. Somebody must have slipped a little prone pressure to the old local and she is beginning to show some life. Don't stop the good work, boys, just because the patient starts breathing, keep right on pumping.

We received a communication from Local Union No. 15 informing us of the death of their friend, Mother Stewart. Local Union No. 271 wishes to extend its sympathy to Local Unions Nos. 15 and 233 for the loss of a true friend.

Brother Gravel is with us once more after a stay in Florida. We are glad to have him back.

PRESS SECRETARY.

L. U. NO. 291, BOISE, IDAHO

Editor:

In reading my last WORKER I was quite interested in an article from Local No. 1154, written by Brother H. C. Norgard. His subject was the identification of members, and I certainly think his idea about right. There should be some method of identifying our members, both the good and the poor ones. But I believe there is a better way of doing this than by photographs. We all know that a man can change both his name and appearance in a very short time and make it nearly impossible to identify him. However, there is one way that is positive at all times, namely, that of finger prints. I do not believe that the finger-print system would require as much expense, time or space as the photographs. It would be possible to use the three-finger system and place the prints on the back of a small card and leave the front for the necessary data. One card could be sent to the I. O., one filed by the local, and a third carried by the Brother. A complete record of the member's name, address, age and relatives, could be kept by the I. O., and in case of accident or death, the Brother's prints could be taken and sent to the I. O., where identification could be made at once and the proper persons notified. I think it might also be well to take prints of all applicants for membership in order that they might be investigated as to whether they are in bad with

any of our locals. I would be glad to hear what the I. O. or any of the Brothers think of this idea.

If the I. O. or any Brothers are interested in this, I will be glad to put them in touch with a brother member who has made a complete study of the science of finger prints, and is thoroughly competent and working part time at it now. This Brother will be glad to answer any questions in regard to this work. So speak up, Brothers, and give us your ideas.

We are all working together to one end—a bigger and better I. B. E. W.—but we do not want the slackers, and I think the above suggestion is one way to get rid of them.

BERT SMITH,
Recording Secretary.

L. U. NO. 292, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Editor:

From the rumors and gossip it appears that the Brotherhood is making progressive advances in one way or another generally throughout the country; and while Minneapolis does not stand out as a shining example in the foreground of these advances, still with all the others we have not been stagnant in our activity, or indifferent to the advantage of a progressive movement.

In fact, if one has a clear and intimate grasp of the conditions, which are, and have been prevalent here, one must concede that Local Union No. 292 has put forth some very commendable efforts and has obtained some very satisfactory results.

I will briefly touch on a few of the things we have to contend with here, that you may in some measure acquire an approximate appreciation of the real value of the advances we have made.

In the first place, we have been and to some extent are, the victims of the open shop drive. This, of course, has been the fate of many other places, but there have been few localities where the attack has been so violent and so long (we have had it with us for seven years), and where ordinary conditions have so contributed to its success. Furthermore, the electrical workers have been the bull's eye in the target of the trade unions upon which the guns of the open shippers are trained.

Another thing we have here, is the production of electricians through various educational agencies; first among which is the Dunwoody Institute, an industrial school that gives a very practical electrical course. Also we have a vocational high school in addition to the usual vocational training given in the various regular high schools. So you see in the electrical factories, both in number and efficiency, we have a serious problem.

These are but a few very lightly touched upon of the many serious disadvantages we have been laboring under and struggling to overcome the effects of, in our battle to keep up a measurable degree of advance. During the past two years that advance has not been rapid; but at least has been more or less steady, for we have built up our local very considerably.

We have during the past year, been able once more to separate the offices of the business agent and financial secretary, and while we still retain Brother G. W. Alexander as financial secretary, we have elected Brother Lee R. Miller, as business agent. Also we have an executive board, whose earnest efforts and disinterested endeavors on behalf of the local are equalled by few and surpassed by none, and same may be said of the rest of the officers.

Need I say that since building this splen-

did organization of officers, we have during the past year improved our conditions approximately one hundred per cent? To any one conversant with our difficulties and measuring our successes in the light of these, I think our results will show up as well as some that appear to shine more brightly.

In fact, what I have said about our officers was not merely handing bouquets; but giving a plain statement of truth, the proof of which is in the fact that at our last meeting they were all nominated for re-election practically without opposition. Brother Ed Smith, one of the International Office men, has been with us for some little time; that is, between here and Fargo, and with Brother Miller, our business agent, has been doing very good service in organization work.

The building program here is not developing as promisingly as we expected. In fact, things don't look as good now along that line as they did two months ago.

W. WAPLES,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 303, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Labor Day.

Editor:

Please make the above title in good, thick ink. Today the thought of Labor Day came into my head, and I wondered if at any time neighboring locals had invited members of locals that had no celebration to join them. Seems that to show numbers in one place would have some effect. So if our neighboring locals will just send a few invitations or one for all, maybe Local No. 303 will parade with you this year.

This little piece of internationalism

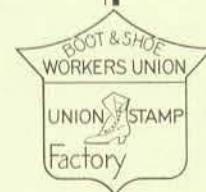
reached me the other day: President von Hindenburg sent a telegram of felicitation to the Westphalia's commander, Captain Greely replied simply: "There is a universal law by which every seaman helps his fellows in trouble, even at the risk of his own life." Isn't that just the spirit we would have on land as well as sea? I hope we will think of our internationalism more and more when our incompetent politicians are rushing the nations into war.

Those of us who live near or along the border of the United States and Canada can't help but notice that the different national holidays fall on days when one side is at work. But when Labor Day comes around both sides from the Atlantic to the Pacific are on holiday on the same day. That's something to have gained. And it took labor to do it. Many other gains could be made with proper fraternity. So all you locals along the border, let your fraternity be shown this coming Labor Day. I have heard the story of how the pioneers of this holiday movement had their struggles, but am unable to tell it. However, it has come about with this addition: Parades are made up of merchants advertising their goods, either union or nonunion, and I don't think that is in line with the idea of a Labor Day parade. Then again there is in some places a constant dread that if a big meeting is held somebody will say something that will border on our economic inequalities. You know there is a time and a place for all things, and to my mind, Labor Day is the day to talk these important questions over, when we are assembled for review and for future consideration.

Have you ever thought since you grew older that the history lessons in our school

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COLLIS LOVELY
General President

CHARLES L. BAINE
General Secy-Treas.

days never told us anything about the economic, or shall I say inhuman, brutal and most unequal treatment of the worker? You will notice that the histories give a hint that the poor were badly treated, but it is told in a way that we never could understand, and some of us never know about it until we hear from some one who is constantly delving into facts. We speak very irreverently of those scholars as being agitators, but the older I get the more I admire men and women who give their lives to this exacting history. Let me point out once more that the real history of the worker commonly called labor is never told only by ourselves. So make Labor Day a day of review of thought that will make you think the rest of the year. To my mind, all this bamboozle on Labor Day telling the useless stuff that you read on the "ads" and underneath reminding you to buy their goods is so many white herrings across the path of the worker. Personally, I am amazed at the leaders ever tolerating the like. It is this unwise practice that is the forerunner of what you have seen lately in Great Britain. Could anything be more traitorous?

Put a halo around your festival of labor. Make it one of our holy days. And with sober, honest thought, being true to ourselves and to the other fellows who depend on our guidance.

The worker today is so eaten up or so obsessed with his getting on "higher up" and such other humbug, that when you meet him on the street, at a wedding, baptism, wake, or funeral, or anywhere else, he will rush right at you with the question, "Wer'e yer workin'?" Truly there is much to unravel, so very much that need not have been tangled up, before the worker can have what is due him. I often think of the big gap between the \$16-a-day mechanic and the laborer in the same district getting \$6 or even \$5. These are questions that surely could be taken up at the Labor Day celebrations. It seems to me that almost every good institution has been cursed by commercialism. We simply can't get away from what is it worth and what will it cost. Some one has to pay dearly when we are born in fee simple. While we are alive it is a constant battle to get hold of some coin, and when we die some one has to pay high for putting us away. We all think about this root of all evil, but we don't think deep enough. One law that has made America great and will bring about a better life for all the world is a realization of international good will. Nations and folks with the same ideas and hopes! I have often heard it said that there are good and bad everywhere, but have you realized how parrot-like we say that? If more was said and done toward an international understanding we would have a better world all through.

Capital is international, and for years one nation has business dealings with another nation. We see each other, learn the language of the other, have cables laid one to another, and in a thousand ways become part of each other. The only part of each other's national life that is not, or very rarely, considered is the part lived by the workers of muscle and brain. Then all of a sudden the whole relationship is upset and we are fighting each other, and strange to say, for freedom and liberty (for whom?). When the halt is called, have we ever thought about that freedom and liberty?

Before going any further, let me say that I don't include revolutionary wars. There are some who read my effort on this great ideal of internationalism who will begin to point out the Civil War and the War of Independence. Another thought,

leaving war out of it. There are the boys and girls, the men and women, all with their ideals, with their joys and sorrows, all so like our own. Wouldn't it be grand if we could enter into their lives and they into ours with the same understanding? We all gloried in the thought that the nations would have a league or a parliament of war as a result of the great war. And perhaps it will come if we insist. Politicians and governments sometimes carry out the people's will. They sure do when the people force them. So many thoughts crowd me at this writing, but this internationalism is, in my opinion, what is going to save the world. When asked, "Why are you a union man?" my answer is, because I'm an internationalist. "What I've suspected," say some of the cronies, knowing so little about either.

We are all pleased to read so many remarks about the success of our JOURNAL. Once again a triumph of labor's effort! Of course, some will say, "Isn't everything done by labor of some kind?" Sure, Brother, but this JOURNAL is the result of deep thinking of men who are pointed out as labor men (not leaving out the women).

Seems as if I have a lot to write this time; my pen is so full of eagerness as soon as it starts on this subject. Why? Because the writer feels for all the anxiety endured by the poor worn-out bodies, the nearly starved-to-death humans that are meekly waiting for the end. Let me close with:

Labor, fickle Labor, is this to be your fate?
Your destinies settled for years to come,
By this grasping, inhuman Council of Hate?
O how they must laugh, O how they must
pun!
I'm sure you give them excellent fun,
This grasping, inhuman Council of Hate.

With best wishes for Labor Day,
THOMAS W. DEALY,
Financial Secretary.

L. U. NO. 348, CALGARY, ALTA. Editor:

Business in this section of the country is fairly quiet. While we have no men loafing at present, the immediate future does not hold out great hopes. The Spray Lakes hydro development seems just a little farther away than ever, and so far as this year is concerned, a dead issue. We are right now on the eve of a provincial election, and pre-election promises are flying fast and loose. The Canadian Labor Party has a fine slate. Here's hoping they are all elected. The oil bugs are right now on the tiptoe of expectations, with two wells on the verge of production. Let's hope they ain't dusters.

HARRY A. BELLINGHAM,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 349, MIAMI, FLA. Editor:

In looking through the May issue of the JOURNAL I notice that Local Union No. 18, of Los Angeles, gave Florida another boost. Thanks, Brother Horne.

A few words about our agreement with the contractors. The matter is still in the hands of the committee, and now with Brother Hull, our I. V. P., in town, an early settlement is expected.

We wish to announce that the opening of the Cromer-Cassell new department store on North Miami avenue and Northeast First street took place May 28, and over twenty thousand home-owners came down town to see it. Escalators being the

chief amusement in the new store, was one reason why all the children were downtown. This store was built at a cost of over \$5,000,000. It was completed in about nine months, having all the very latest modern, up-to-date features a department store could have. There are over 30,000 feet of conduit in place and it has the tallest electric sign on it in Florida. Dade Electric were the contractors.

We also wish to announce that the new Capitol theater will open about June 7, and is a beautiful theater for its size. It is on North Miami avenue, near Third street. Coral Gables theater will open June 4. It is on Ponce de Leon boulevard.

Work on the University of Miami has started, and some of the buildings will open this fall. The old Catholic school back of the church has been torn down, and a new one is being built in its place.

Palm trees now line both sides of Venetian causeway, and a new pier is being built on the first bend of the old causeway.

The Rapid Transit car line is running to Coral Gables now.

Newspapers came down to 2 cents but gasoline went up to 28 cents. There is a state tax of 4 cents per gallon on gas, so riding is not so cheap here. There are over 90,000 cars in Dade county, as shown by a recent check-up, and that doesn't include out-of-the-state cars.

Brother Page and "Red" Whitmore were seen at the graduation exercises of the nurses from the Jackson Memorial Hospital held at the Masonic Temple. It was well worth the time to attend these exercises, as there were good speakers and a good many nurses. Now there's something about a nurse that's good to look at, so I guess I won't go into details too far, as I'm sure "Red" and Page know their stuff.

With a full moon rising over Biscayne Bay and the slowly swaying palm trees in Royal Palm park, the public witnessed the initial concert of the Miami Elks' band. As one sat there in such a beautiful tropical setting and with the air full of melodious tunes from the band, it was hard to realize one was in the city of Miami.

The feature of the evening was the playing of "The Anvil Chorus," from "Il Trovatore," and they had six anvils decorated in purple and white, the Elks' colors, and they also had these anvils charged.

This arrangement was installed by the Biscayne Electric Company, under the guidance of Harry Sargent, shop foreman. Eighteen resistance coils taken from small electric heaters and placed in sign receptacles were used to make a good spark when the hammers were struck across the top of the anvils.

As for the local, we had a membership of about two hundred in the winter a few years ago, but can now boast that at present we have close to four hundred, and had over eight hundred and fifty members here last winter.

Our conditions are the best, barring no other local in the country. We have the five-day week, \$14 a day, and \$10 a day for first-class helpers. We have no compensation law in this state, but that's no crime, as there are other states without it. Also we have bathing 365 days a year in this section of Florida, and that's no crime. We have various amusements with which to entertain ourselves, although we invite more. We who have lived and worked here or those who have visited here can honestly say conditions are ideal.

New officers elected for the coming year are: Brother Shaw, president; A. Wilson, vice president; R. S. Morgan, recording secretary; J. W. Elder, treasurer; Felix Zeiger,

inspector; R. D. Silknitter, foreman; George Clawges, W. H. Dunn, W. A. Mitchell and T. E. Stadig, on the examination board; E. S. Drew and J. Paul Scott, trustees; George Bowes, business agent; Harry Albrecht, Edwards, Salter, Slattery and Schaffer on the executive board.

An addition to the Everglades hotel is being built on the south side. Good progress is being made on the courthouse, and also on the new Catholic school on Northeast Second street and part of the University of Miami.

CLAUDE S. MORGAN,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 354, SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH

To the Brotherhood:

Things have changed considerably since last month. The Saltair is completed, and though that released about twenty-five men, the shops seem to have absorbed the surplus. Except for a couple of helpers, every one is busy, so we haven't much to crab about.

Saltair was some job while it lasted—straight conduit job throughout, which is truly remarkable in this country, where BX and Romanex Cord are considered standard. All crafts were fair all the way through, too, which may surprise some, considering that this is supposed to be an open-shop town. Some time when you haven't anything else to do, go out and try to find a straw hat with the label in it. I'll guarantee you'll have some fun. Out of 18 stores I tried I found five hats with the label. The main alibi was that they were all the very best imported straws. What the deuce do we care whether the hatmakers of Tahiti get in a full week or not unless they put a label in their product? Then there's the time-honored chestnut about they all being union-made but they forgot to put the label in them. I always get a kick out of that one. In my travels I talked to several union men—a barber, a street-car man, a carpenter and a wireman. They all told me it couldn't be done. A couple of them were wearing straw hats, too, but that didn't seem to bother them at all. I know it can be done and can produce the evidence any time.

It's surprising to note how many union men never think of unionism except as it applies to their own craft, yet the prosperity of one craft is dependent wholly on the prosperity of the other affiliated crafts, but that never seems to have occurred to them.

Another type of union man I can't figure is the one who insists on telling every one he meets how poorly organized we are. He seems to gloat over our failure to accomplish our purpose. It seems odd that he doesn't take a hunch from the signs in any prosperous business house. "This is Our Busy Day," "Business Is Great," and such signs don't mean a thing in his young life. He goes on his way singing the Unorganized Blues and defeating his own purpose. One crepe hanger can undo the work of a dozen boosters.

Time to sign off for now. Let's do a lot of boosting for our JOURNAL, our town and our organization.

PYNX.

L. U. NO. 358, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.
Editor:

The members of Local Union No. 358 are still holding their own. At present all hands are working. There are some changes from one contractor to another. There is no great rush at present, and I believe the prospects

are not so good in the city for work this coming winter.

Local Union No. 358 was very sorry to hear of the death of our late grand president, Brother Frank J. McNulty, who died on May 26. Local Union No. 358 paid their last respects by sending a representative to the funeral, also a floral piece and a set of resolutions as a memorial. The Brotherhood lost a loyal and lovable member and officer.

Our meetings are not so well attended as they should be. Some of our members would rather pay the one dollar and stay away two meetings a month. Just so long as they are working steady. But let these mem-

bers get out of work for a few days or a week and they will be around to see and tell us who is running the local.

We have to look for a new presiding officer. Brother John Orsøe, our president, went into the contracting game with others, and wishes to resign. Brother John made a very good president and kind of followed in the footsteps of the preceding one, Brother Boll. Brother O'Connor, our vice president does not want to be president of the local or of the U. S. A. We have a very good set of officers and would like to hold them all in.

I note in the June issue of the JOURNAL, the scribe of Trenton Local Union No. 269



Twice the freight in half the time



You may never need an electric locomotive; but somewhere in your home or factory there is a task that electricity can do. Whenever you buy electrical equipment, ask for the kind that is marked G-E.

This Mexican railroad electrification is very significant. It replaced steam locomotives with G-E electric locomotives and hauled twice the freight in half the time.

This eliminated double-tracking, and is so economical that it probably will repay its cost in five or six years.

Some day all the railroads will follow industry's example and electrify. Cheaper transportation and cleaner cities will result.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

came back at me for my article in the May issue in regard to the card man who came in here on the Woodbridge Creek in the foreign end of the state. As I attend about every meeting of our local, sometimes the executive board meetings, and never paid the one dollar to stay away from a meeting in the last 15 or 25 years, I know about what is going on, and that is how I get some of the news. Local Union No. 358 is still waiting for that member of Local Union No. 269 to appear before our executive board, having sent two notices to Trenton for him to appear. I hope this is the truth as reported.

The city aldermen of Perth Amboy, have a resolution laid on the table to place two of our journeymen in the electrical department of the city. This promise has been going on for about ten months. Politics seems to be in their game; three aldermen wish to put them on; three aldermen vote against it, then the mayor decides the tie vote which is against it.

June 24 was one grand day of celebration, on the dedication of the new victory state bridge between Perth Amboy and South Amboy. Big parade, fire works, banquets, dancing and speeches. This bridge was, I believe, built almost by union labor, but union labor as a unit was not in the parade. Two of our local members at present are operators on the draw of this bridge. I hope they will continue, as it is an electrical workers' job.

We have changed business agents, Brother Bachman having resigned to take another position. Brother Edward Sofield is now acting business agent and is following up very well; keeps things moving.

This city is agitating for the commission form of government, and will hold an election July 6. I do not know whether it will be for better or worse. I do hope if there should be a change that they will not cut out any of the points we have gained for the interest of the electrical worker, such as: city electricians, inspectors, license and municipal lighting plant.

There is something that I would like to put before the membership at large, or to each local, regards to communications coming in every once in a while for aid to assist some worthy Brother or other cause. I believe these cases should be sanctioned by the International Office or a fund created in the I. O., so that any of these causes, if worthy should be taken care of. Local Union No. 358 has been very good at donations, but they come too fast, for a small local.

WILLIAM H. McDONOUGH (No pro-tem.)

L. U. NO. 369, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Editor:

A bit of news from these parts may help out some, so will say that things are running along pretty smooth, although a few men out of work which is an unusual thing at this time of the year.

We have been successful in putting over the agreement for the coming year. It carries a slight increase in the wage article, 8½ cents per hour. All of the boys wanted more, but the party of the first part felt different in regard to this item, so we got as much as we could without walking. We figured in this way that we could raise a yowl out of the Ya Ho's that work in our wonderful American plan shops. This it did, when one of the open shop bosses promised their men more money on the first of May, providing they would not rock the boat, and remain leeches on the backs of the union men. But the big blow came up when the owner of this shop found out our

agreement called for the increase to go into effect the 1st of July. Then this big American planner told his willing slaves their raise also would not take effect until the 1st of July. This started the men to thinking and several of their best men could not stomach same and quit. Last, but not least, all members of Local Union No. 369 wish to thank Brother Arthur Bennett, international representative, for his assistance in putting over the new agreement.

The local now has a red hot executive board, for at a meeting of this board, several weeks ago, it was decided to call an open mass meeting of all the electrical workers in this vicinity, which was done. In the past the local at these meetings spent quite a bit of money laying out a spread for these nincompoops, and then when these fellows would get their stomachs full their brains refused to function properly and as a result the local would have quite a few bills to foot and no applications to help offset this added expense, so this time it was decided to have nothing but ice water and d—— little of that with no lunch. This plan worked out very well as there were 70 non-union men who attended this meeting. We again were honored with the services of Brother Arthur Bennett, who addressed these men in a fiery address of the Henry Clay type, and the result of this meeting was 15 new applicants and a lot of promises of others besides our message going to all the non-union jobs in the city. So, Brothers, get 'em hungry and their brain is working and they can figure out on what end of the horn they are, but when you wine and dine 'em everything in the world looks beautiful and their minds just won't function as you want them to. We are going to follow this meeting up with a real organizing campaign and get old Looieville lined up 100 per cent for the electrical worker.

L. C. K.,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 377, LYNN, MASS.

Editor:

For this month's WORKER your humble servant had for a title the elastic currency of Bulgaria, but owing to the fluctuation in the price of leatherheads, a change was made at the last moment because it might promulgate another discussion a la evolution.

I was very much interested while said discussion was going on and was anxious to join in the melee, but no breach appeared, however, big enough to allow my omic brain a safe passage through.

So, dear Editor, after diving into the ephemeral and coming up for the third time, methought 'twere best when writing to the WORKER to send a plain ham-and-spinach letter, and then you won't be accused of having copied your stuff out of an almanac, or have some dear Brother say, "I wonder if he knows what he's talking about."

Why do the Brothers, when they get their WORKER, turn to see if Bachie has an article in? Because he writes only the human stuff, picturing incidents that might happen to any one of us; no high-hat stories. Who didn't laugh when he told of his wife going to get an electrician to fix the bathroom light? Every one who hasn't had a fight with his wife over a broken bathroom light or door bells that won't ring, say nay. If you're single, you'll have it with that sweet little thing you intend to make yours.

The WORKER is sure the tie that binds, around the 22d of the month. Yours truly, after a strenuous day in the field, will gal-

lop around the house where the mail box is and see if it has arrived yet. No; then go up the stairs three at a time and rescue it from the baby, who is looking through it for funny pictures.

I showed the WORKER to a painter, and he said, "A lot of nuts, the electricians." I said, "What do you mean?" and he said, "They want to be the leaders in every movement going." Perhaps what he meant to say was they were progressive, and they are, because coming from an organization that maintains the greatest element in our daily life, they must adapt themselves to new conditions constantly. A man, to be a good electrician, must have a live, active mind, and that, perhaps, is why he is ready to take the lead in any progressive movement.

Now a word about local conditions. A new zoning law has been put into effect in this city, greatly restricting building. There are so many restrictions that many of the builders are afraid to go ahead. Although all men are working at the present time, the future does not look any too promising. Labor opposed not the zoning law itself, but it is too strict. Today a new traffic law was announced. In it is a clause that will stop peaceful picketing.

Last meeting we decided to go in on the joint picnic with Salem and Lawrence, to be held at Ferncroft Inn, sometime in July or August. Last year Lynn didn't win a prize in the athletic events. As work here had been quite steady, the boys were eating regular, and were a little heavy. Mebbe this year a few surprises will be sprung. Well, Editor, old top, as Chick Curtis would say, happy Fourth of July!

UCK UCKERSON.

L. U. NO. 427, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

My letter in June's JOURNAL seemed to be worded in such a way that a few read it and took the wrong view. We had a good meeting the 23rd, and my letter had the floor for a few minutes. I am glad it did; it shows the boys read the JOURNAL.

To all international officers and Brothers of the I. B. E. W., I hereby wish to apologize to one and all for my statements as contained in my June letter in regards to the help given each local by the I. O. Local Union No. 427 has always received service on every request to date. I did not mean to imply that the I. O. was laying down on their job and only giving us a receipt for the money.

I asked why didn't the I. O. have a trained man in the district to help the locals along when the road is bumpy, by that I meant that this trained man need not be a L. V. P. Why couldn't some member, who is well posted on union matters, be kept in touch with the I. O., by weekly circulars or letters of what to do and say when talking to members or contractors in order to keep peace in the family; oftentimes it would be a big help to receive suggestions at our meetings on subjects that are common to all locals; by-laws, working conditions and wages are issues that could be compared and those best suited to local conditions followed. I believe if there were a visitor member scheduled to talk at a certain meeting that it would stimulate attendance.

Hoping that this will help to clear up my June letter, I remain

H. H. WEAVER.

L. U. NO. 455, MIAMI, FLA.

Editor:

From the Land of Palms and Sunshine, Greetings: Well, this is fine weather here, and things are going fairly well, but could be a great deal better. Things in general are on the up trend; our members are all working at present, but our conditions could be better and we look forward to bettering them in the future. Well, we had a member from L. U. No. 382, Brother W. L. Odom, and family for a few days on a sight-seeing trip through Florida and they enjoyed the trip very much. We have a menace with us. It's the member that won't put his card in our local and we have a few of those members here. But we have given them plenty of time to come across so we are going to work on them this month. It's either deposit your card in our local or take the consequences, as we don't intend for them to come here and get the cream and pay their dues in their home local. As we have several of that kind of members; Brothers, if you contemplate coming this way have your green ticket with you, as it's time we had a cleaning here.

Brother R. S. Fowler has left us for a short stay up in the Carolinas somewhere; luck to you, Sam, and come back to Driftwood Inn. If any of the Brothers are thinking of taking a vacation, come to Miami. You'll not regret the trip; this is not only a winter resort, but it's a year around resort; so come on down, boys, and stay with us a while. Miami Beach is calling you. Nuff sed.

E. H. CHARLESWORTH,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 457, ALTOONA, PA.

Editor:

Toot! Toot! Local No. 457 back on the right track of the I. B. E. W. road. Yes, suh! After six years of idleness, the charter has been opened and a new drive for members is going on. As yet the membership is small, several shops not being represented at all, but we will get 'em eventually, for no one will put up forever with the conditions that have gradually been handed down to us.

Brother McCadden, international organizer, started Local No. 457 rolling and then handed it over to our elected president, John Kelly, who is aided by Vice President Joseph Betto and Recording Secretary Harold Caum. Chaos reigned at our first meeting under new heads, but now the organization is running smoothly.

This is all for this time, as little has been done in the way of meeting the contractors.

JOE BUSER,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 494, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Editor:

The instinct of self-preservation prompted the organization of the workers. Beset on all sides by hardship and injustice, the down trodden toilers realized their pitiful plight and determined to seek a remedy.

Standing alone they were defenseless. Organization was the weapon of defense against unjust and cruel task masters. Mass action was the only way to secure redress for their many grievances.

The instinct of self preservation prompts the workers of today to organize in order to improve working conditions and keep in check those who would exploit them.

We must all strive to improve our organization and we must make a success of the striving. The more we exert ourselves, and take an interest in this work, the stronger

will our movement become. We must not grow indifferent, because indifference will eventually reduce our powers of resistance and we will then become easy prey to unfriendly forces organized for our destruction.

The enemy never sleeps and has many agencies at work trying to disband the army of organized workers. All these agencies will fail when used against an organization whose members stand shoulder to shoulder, working harmoniously and effectively to resist all attacks. Such an organization is not brought about by chance. Anything of real worth is never achieved haphazardly. To accomplish anything of value there must be an objective, which must be maintained, not for a day or a week, but for years.

A good organization is composed of members who use their brains and think. Lack of thought on the part of the workers will always weaken their organizations. The workers must be made to think, and they must be taught to think right.

An organization, to be successful, must not stand still. It must progress. To progress we must help each other and forget our petty differences. If we resolve to do this we will grow and prosper.

When the land is dry, the fourth of July,
Is hardly a day for a Jubilee,
They've perverted the laws, and upset the
cause,
For celebrating a country free.

The foregoing article covers the spirit that prompted men like our beloved Brother Frank J. McNulty to carry on to the end. At this time, I wish to express the heartfelt sympathy of Local Union No. 494 in the loss of a member whose company I shared on the return trip from Seattle. I will never forget his wise counsel, also his humor.

E. P. BROETLER,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 584, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

If the Brothers at large will promise not to take these few lines as a severe shock, as your humble press secretary, I will to the best of my ability give you an outline of what is happening in the electrical way in this part of the country known as Tulsa, Okla.

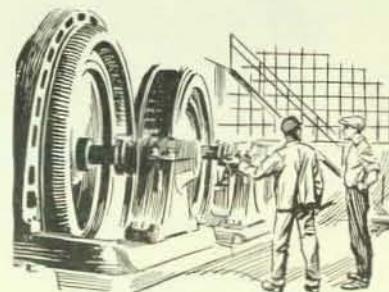
We think we are safe in claiming the best working conditions in the state at present, but due to the fact that we have the hardest working business agent in the I. B. E. W. we are planning on improving conditions from time to time.

At present all of the boys are getting in a few days a week, as the fan season is getting under way in real style. We hope to keep all of the boys working most of the time for the next few months.

During the last winter season things were quiet up here, though a number of our members got the Florida blues and traveled that way.

I almost forgot to mention the fact that along with having the best working conditions in the state, we also have the best I. B. E. W. baseball team in the state. I want to say something more about this ball team. If any of the L. U.'s near here don't believe what I have said, I will give you the name of our manager, Mr. G. C. Gadbois, 1532 N. Boston, Tulsa, Okla. Just a few lines to him will get you all the dope you desire.

The committee to arrange the annual picnic program for Local Union No. 584 was appointed at the last meeting, but the able assistance of Brothers Drummond and



Former Conductor Now Big Man in Electrical Field

How Stanley J. Beebe Became Superintendent of Mechanical Department of Endicott-John- son

When Stanley J. Beebe enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools he was a street car conductor. His friends scoffed as they saw him studying—said it was folly for him to think that a man of his position could ever get anywhere in the electrical field. But Beebe had the right stuff in him and he kept right on.

Soon he got a position as an electrical worker with the Lackawanna Steel Company and in a few years was made night superintendent of the electrical department of the entire plant. His work attracted such attention that he was called in to carry on the electrification of the model Endicott-Johnson plant under the title of superintendent of the Mechanical Department. His salary is many times what it was when he enrolled with the I. C. S. because "he knows his business." He's trained!

Why don't you take up a course with the I. C. S. as so many other men have done and prepare for a better position and a larger salary? You can do it if you really try.

All we ask is this: Mark and mail the coupon and find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It will not obligate you in any way to do this; it may be the means of changing your entire life. Do it now!

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Electrical Draftsman RAILROAD POSITIONS

Electric Machine Designer ILLUSTRATOR

Telegraph Expert DESIGNER

Practical Telephony BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

MECHANICAL ENGINEER Private Secretary

Mechanical Draftsman Business Correspondent

Machine Shop Practice BOOKKEEPER

Toolmaker Stenographer and Typist

Gas Engineer Cert. Pub. Accountant

CIVIL ENGINEER Traffic Management

Surveying and Mapping COMMERCIAL LAW

Mining Engineer GOOD ENGLISH

ARCHITECT SITUATION ENGINEER

Architectural Draftsman CIVIL SERVICE

Architects' Blue Prints Railway Mail Clerk

PLUMBING AND HEATING Textile Overseer or Supt.

Sheet Metal Worker AGRICULTURE

Navigator Poultry Raising Spanish

Automobiles RADIO

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Business Address _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

Whitworth on this committee will be greatly missed, and most of all, the chicken, pies and cakes that the good wives, mothers and sisters of our members will have on this occasion sure will miss them most of all, for, believe me, the two Brothers can get on the outside of as much of these kinds of eats as any two wire fixers I have met in my time. I say these few lines as a hint to Local Union No. 349, as I have been told that these Brothers are stopping with you. All I ask is, if you have a picnic and these two Brothers attend, don't forget the eats.

JACK WHITENER,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 595, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Editor:

As I get the dope, our Editor does not want long stories, so like the flapper's skirt, I will make my story "short enough to be interesting but long enough to cover the subject."

The situation in the carpenters' drive and test against the "American-plan" shop in the San Francisco Bay district remains the same. The center of the fight is in San Francisco. The industrial relations outfit is using every known method to beat labor. A permit system has been adopted by these people that requires contractors to operate on the "American plan" before any material will be delivered. Union contractors are refused material delivery by the material dealers belonging to the association, although union contractors have been receiving some material.

The effect of the carpenters' test has placed a great many of the electrical workers on the unemployed list. And this is not altogether the cause of unemployment, as this depression started long before the carpenters' trouble. In the country crops look fine and a bumper yield is in sight.

There has got to be an adjustment with labor sooner or later, and the sooner capital and the industrial relations people get that into their heads the better it will be for us all. Why can't they show a little get-together spirit in the way of sitting down and putting their feet under a table and conciliating matters in some kind of co-operative agreement?

I wonder if we could not have some of "The Spirit of '76," as our forefathers had when they sat down 150 years ago and drew up the only American plan. When those 13 colonial states came together and adopted the one flag under union conditions—why, that's not different from our labor union principles. So fellows, here's the poem, and good luck:

"Tote Fair."

There's an awful lot of happiness
In this old world I find,
If we think well of other folks
And treat 'em middlin' kind.
If we meet 'em glad and honest,
Any place an' anywhere,
There's a heap of satisfaction
In just "Toting fair."

There's a powerful lot of gladness
In bein' true to men,
In carryin' out your promises
Every time—and when
They don't seem to appreciate it,
Why, don't you never care,
You're more ahead than they are
By just "Toting fair."

There's rules and regulations
For bein' happy here,
But honest, you don't need them,
And don't you never fear—
You'll be happy and contented
If you treat your neighbor square,

For the best way to be happy
Is to just "Tote fair."

—By GEORGE P. KEEBERGER.

L. U. NO. 596, CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

Editor:

Although I have not received a WORKER through the mail since last October issue, I will try to drop a few lines to let the Brotherhood know that Local Union No. 596 is still carrying on. It has been some time since there has been anything from No. 596, mostly owing to the objections of some members to the truths that are told regarding their method of living up to the by-laws and working agreements. And the same things are still being done, and then some of us stand around and wonder why there isn't any more work, while helpers are working without permits or without even making application for membership. We now have an ex-member working in another ex-member's nonunion shop. What? Oh, yes. C. R. Conners still has the R A T shop. Only one in town! And he turns out a new electrical and plumbing contractor about every three months. The person in question has joined every civic organization he could get into for business reasons.

Our largest shop has moved to a better location, with four times the floor space. Here's hoping that business increases accordingly. J. A. Callighan is doing the estimating. Go to it, Jack, and get the biz!

The Barnes & White armature shop has gone unfair, and is doing everything it can to get house wiring, repairing, etc., without regard to hours, and wages anywhere from 35 cents per hour up to 75 cents. The state has no inspector and the city is in the same boat. If some of the state senators should have a nice, personal fire because of some of the cheap skates they get to do their work we might be able to get some protection. The power company will hook up to any kind of job if the service suits their inspector, when the job wouldn't pass the back door of the fire underwriters' code.

Jim, old scout, was glad to hear from you. Come again. Things must be all to the good down there. If I was not chained here, expect I would be with you. The boys who are here are hardly making half time.

The members of Local No. 596 wish to express their sympathy to Brother J. E. Callis in the sudden death of his wife, Saturday evening, June 5, while he was away at work.

H. HATHAWAY.

L. U. NO. 611, ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.

Editor:

Our little old local here is holding its own pretty well despite the organized onslaught conducted by the chamber of commerce and the real estate men. We have got the only scab shop in our midst where we want him—on the jump towards the rocks.

The writer was one of the committee to draw up a new agreement to present the fair contractors. And if we get it over, it will mean some progress in the way of conditions, though the scale remains the same. From an unofficial poll of the "bosses" it appears to be in a pretty fair way to go into effect. Not so bad for the outlook of the only local in the whole Sunshine State—what?

Brothers, we've simply got the best climate on the map! Sun shines on an average of 7 hours 22 minutes per day—so the U. S. Weather Bureau report showed for 1925. No wonder we call it the Sunshine State! And Albuquerque is only six hours'

hard drive from snow. How many of the Brothers can take the family flivver on Sunday morning, load in the wife and kiddies, and a lunch, together with plenty of blankets and overcoats, drive out for a picnic, have a snow-ball fight, and be back home for late supper?

And have you noticed the vast improvements in the WORKER? Since it has put on its new gown, it is surely doing its stuff. The editorial staff is to be congratulated. Let the "Radio Column" continue. Every page from cover to cover is a storehouse of keen interest.

KLIN P. LIERS,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 675, ELIZABETH, N. J.

Editor:

Realizing the hardships imposed upon the Brothers during the summer months, Local No. 675 has decided that during the months of June, July, August and September there will be only one meeting. Don't forget, Brothers, only one meeting during these months, so try to be present.

Who is the executive board and what does it do is a question that has been asked innumerable times. For the benefit of those who do not know, it is advised that they look up the by-laws and become acquainted with the rules that govern our organization. What business is transacted at the meetings of the board is inserted in the minutes book and read at the regular meeting. If you don't hear the minutes read out, ask; that is your right. The board will hear all complaints and pass on them accordingly. However, it is advised that you be able to verify any complaint or charge you make. Complaints and charges are very important. Nevertheless, the board is always ready to hear from a needy Brother. In fact, they are there to help you out in any way possible, but if you don't come up and talk it over, they certainly can't help you.

Come on, Brothers, look into the affairs of your local and see what's going on. Don't sit back because you hold no office. Realize you can do more good by getting up on the floor and expressing your opinion. We all have ideas, some good and some otherwise, but anyway, let's hear them. If you think there's a clique and it has something up its sleeve, come out with it. Maybe they are trying to pull the moon over. But whatever you do, do it for the good of the union. It's a true saying that some men render their local a great service, while the only service others render their local is when they die. Try to be one of the men who render their organization a service while living. And never get discouraged because some one gives you the laugh. Remember, he who laughs last knows what he is laughing at.

Speaking of laughing brings to mind the Brother who made the motion to have inserted in the by-laws and agreement a clause whereby each member be allowed to install only a certain number of outlets. The brace-and-bit jockeys gave him the ha! ha! but before he got through a committee was appointed to look into the matter. Think it over, Brothers. Some of you are installing 30 to 40 outlets a day. That is why you have no work in the winter. You have over-produced, and over-production is the employer's deadliest weapon, and incidentally, it is doing him harm. What are its effects on you? It not only gives you a longer slack period, but the older man is gradually being pushed out. It is impossible for him to keep up with the pace the younger man is setting. The older Brother

isn't getting an even break and is breaking his health trying to keep up with the pace. Look into the future, Brothers. You are making conditions that some day you will have to answer for. Remember, you can't blame the contractor. You're the one who's doing the work and you're the one who's going to suffer.

Don't forget the outing, August 14. Come and get acquainted.

At the last regular meeting eight candidates were initiated. The degree team—Brothers Conk, Knapp, A. Stillwell and Dawes—did great work. It was one of the best initiations in a long time and the committee deserve praise for their hard work and the way they put it over.

Brother Nelson is still on the sick list. Here's hoping you will be back with the boys soon, Harry.

Brother Colton has thrown his hat into the ring and is running for Councilman. Let's hope Carteret appreciates a good man and you come out victorious.

V. J. TIGHE,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 677, GATUN, C. Z., PANAMA

Editor:

Greetings, from the cross roads of the world to our Brothers in the North.

Last Tuesday evening, we held an election of officers with the following results: President, A. B. Lord; vice president, W. H. Nellis; financial secretary, A. R. Lane; recording secretary, C. H. Bird; treasurer, W. L. Roberts; press secretary, A. R. Lane; inspectors, C. V. Reese and E. L. Smith; foreman, L. F. Hauss; trustee, A. M. Horle; executive board members, E. J. Brophy, B. W. Hall, Jack Ward, L. F. Hauss, and A. M. Horle; delegates and alternates to Metal Trades Council, W. A. Nash, A. B. Lord, A. M. Horle, E. J. Brophy, W. H. Nellis and F. L. Cunningham. With the above officers, Local Union No. 677 looks forward to a very pleasant and busy year.

We extend a welcome hand to any Brother who may be traveling this way with a traveling card. Those travelers will find a local union working under a great handicap—because we are all working for the U. S. Government—nevertheless we are doing our best to keep conditions where they should be. Needless to say, we fall short of our mark at times, but, after each case taken up, there has been a step gained.

I said that we all work for the U. S. Government. I was mistaken there, because we have one member, Brother C. F. Swanson, who is working for an oil company in Columbia, and another, Brother C. K. Benedict, who is working in Kingston, Jamaica. There are no locals in either of these two countries, so the Brothers are keeping their cards in L. U. No. 677. They may be back with us at any time. Even though we do not see them at the meetings, we are glad to receive letters from them, telling us of conditions in their part of the world.

We have several members on vacation in the states, as this is the time of year we like to go back and see the old home or friends, knowing that when our ship pulls into one of the many ports of the U. S. of North America, we will not see a blanket of snow resting on the ground, or feel the cold north wind biting into our thin tropical blood.

As my Brothers have put their trust in me, and given me the honor of press secretary, I will try my best to explain conditions, the country, our life and the people of Panama, in my letters to the WORKER. Kindly tell me if I make mistakes and I will then do all

in my power to put them right. We can help ourselves by helping others.

A. R. LANE,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 696, ALBANY, N. Y.

Editor:

It gives me great pleasure to write from here. There sure has been some hustling around among the boys in this locality of late due to the presence of Art Bennett, the boy with the goods.

He has been with us and gave a talk at a C. L. U. meeting, which set a good many otherwise lax heads to thinking a little along the lines of organization. Art is a man with an explanation which is clearly put exactly where it can be understood to its utmost. Things look different here since he made himself known in this neck of the woods, especially among some of the wolves in our midst.

Things are now on a paying basis and must come our way soon as the siege has blown over.

The miners in England got support for their worthy cause, and won to a certain degree.

It seems there should be more loyalty in our own ranks than there is at present.

Where there's a strike there must be a noise in the echo. Conciliation has come into its own and what may we expect if our side cannot be heard in our way of putting it before the ones really concerned, the public?

We all want the same and just treatment which is not always given us, and without organization we can never expect anything different.

The ranks of the Brotherhood are being the object of attack from a great many angles, which need not be named here. With the one intention and persistent purpose in view, the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers should get what belongs to them, through strength of organization alone.

I would like to read something along these lines from other locals and get this idea impressed upon the many that look otherwise at our fight.

PRESS SECRETARY.

L. U. NO. 705, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Editor:

At this time there is some work on Florida's west coast, but it is being done by the Hoosier Engineering & Construction Company, subcontracting from the Pinellas Power Company. These companies will not recognize union labor, neither will they pay a fair wage, and we are asking all Brothers to keep away from this southern state, for supply and demand are what counts here now. There is and will be the demand, and if the supply is curtailed, perhaps we may be able to get some better conditions. If the Brothers and members of our southern locals will keep the facts in mind and advise any linemen traveling to stay away from any branch of the Pinellas Power Company, they will do us a favor.

L. M. WILLIAMS.

L. U. NO. 716, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Editor:

Geography is a fine study, whether you get it in box cars, in a flivver, or from books. I enjoy it most in the correspondence section of the JOURNAL, where I get views of the whole jurisdiction in a few hours that would take months to get by any other method, with no worry about where I am going to eat and sleep. When it comes to descriptive writing, some of our press secretaries wield a fluent pen and have the real estate people basted when stressing the fine points of their various localities. All of which is well and good, though probably not so important as the news regarding wages and working conditions, but certainly better reading than all that "evolution" chatter with which we were afflicted a few months ago.

The main question in Houston right now, outside of union business, is whether a Missouri blacksnake can whip a Texas rattlesnake. That will be settled this week. Next comes the July primary election for state and county officials, then back to union business again with the annual picnic of Local Union No. 716. In the meantime, our business manager, Brother I. T. Saunders, is negotiating a new agreement with

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1225 •

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ADDRESS, G. M. BUGNIAZET, I. S.

the contractors, calling for an increase in wages of a dollar a day.

The question of the five-day week does not seem to be of general interest here, from what I can learn. A good move, no doubt, but looks like a building trades proposition if it is to become effective, since all crafts employed on a building job would be affected and if the other crafts worked the electrician in many cases would be required to work. On shop work and jobs where other crafts are not represented the problem would be more simple. No doubt, but that the majority would like the five-day week, once it became established. Also, it might help members employed by power companies on shift work, some of whom now get only two days off each month. The contrast between this and five days a week might stimulate enough interest to get them at least one day off each week, which is certainly no more than any self-respecting man has the right to expect even though his employer is too greedy to grant it voluntarily.

OTTO DEAN,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 723, FORT WAYNE, IND.

Editor:

Another issue of the new *WORKER* has been published and has sure been a wonderful improvement over the old style. There is most anything imaginable in its construction, stories and patterns for the women folks, international affairs, radio, constructive hints on electricity, and our famous correspondence from our press secretaries.

We held election of officers our last meeting in June and the following were elected to the seats: Brother Guy Hall, president; Brother Frank Tetlow, retiring. Brother Erwin Stout, vice president; Brother Merle Teters retiring. Brother Anthony Offerle, recording secretary, succeeds himself. Brother Harry Lotz, financial secretary, succeeds himself. Brother George Morrow, foreman; Brother Harry Sutton, retiring. Brother Sam Evans, treasurer, succeeds himself. Brother Cloyd Weikart, first inspector; Brother Henry Wright, retiring. Brother Justin Bickel, second inspector; Brother John Lorraine, retiring. Brother Harry Pickett, trustee; Brother Guy Hall, retiring, long term. The new press secretary hasn't been appointed by the new president, but he will probably be with you in August and let's all hope he puts in his story each and every month and keeps the good work going, as I have been with you all thirteen straight months without a miss. In that time I have taken plenty, but at the same time I knew my story was in and that I wasn't laying down on my job. But it is a hard job of satisfying all the boys and if we ever get a secretary that can, I will apologize. Trusting our new scribe gets along smoothly and keeps a clean slate for his year, I remain to all the boys, the same old Speed.

HARRY LOTZ,
Outgoing press secretary.

L. U. NO. 734, NORFOLK, VA.

(Continued from June Issue)

If our good Editor will allow me the space I would like to give an account of an incident that occurred several weeks ago with me, it was a question that was asked me by a very close friend of mine and as it was concerning labor, I would like to first give the question, then partially my answer, and last the effects of that answer. To begin with, I would like to give my readers a slight idea of the friend in ques-

tion, then they can better judge why I answered him the way I did. He is a well educated man in moderately wealthy means, holding a highly lucrative position in a large banking institution in the city. He is quite a student of science and a variety of other subjects and we often have long talks together due to the fact that he and I are in a great measure interested in the same things, the only difference being that I have made a longer and greater study of one or two subjects that he is not very much interested in, one of them being philosophy. As I have read the lives and the philosophy of the greatest philosophers since Socrates' and Plato's time, down to the last, but not least, Frederick Nietzsche, so after about fifteen years of such study I suppose I have retained a certain amount of the whole mass, and am in a way a philosopher myself, anyway I have thought deeply and seriously on the subject of the eventual result to mankind of organized labor and have evolved a form of philosophy which I think will very nearly some day come true. The question my friend asked me was, "Why did you join a union?" My answer was this, "For several reasons, one being the final benefits to mankind that organized labor will bring about and in which I would like to be an active worker, even though I will be dead by several thousand years before it comes about." He said, "What do you mean?" "I mean just this, that in my opinion it will form a land and a people that will be as near the ideal Utopia as it is ever possible for man to rise to." Then I told him that my philosophy on the subject was just this, that long though this trail of progress has been, (since the beginning of man) it has been traveled by our ancestors, and we ourselves are going along its course. And every one of us as we look upon the long course of progress in the past, and the difficulties which beset the human race, today is forced to ask himself the question, what next with man? We've come thus far, where do we go from here? The only way by which we may arrive at a satisfactory answer to that problem is by a study of the human animal as he is at present organized. Such a study reveals the fact that man has just about gone the limit of bodily development. His body is about as complex as it can be and remain serviceable for all the uses to which it is put; his brain and nervous system is dangerously near to the maximum of elaboration, for it is a well-known fact that among the more highly "intellectual" classes of people, those who do almost all their work with their brains, nervous disorders are far more common than they are among peoples of inferior mental attainments.

All of this therefore leads us to the conclusion that man is at the end of his physical evolution, so far as important matters are concerned.

Of course, he may lose some of his hair, his teeth may degenerate a little and he may eventually lose the nails on his toes, but big changes will not take place. Man is man and will remain so for the rest of his existence.

We say, "for the rest of his existence," just what does that mean? In other words, will man go on indefinitely as the highest animal on the planet or will he eventually disappear and be supplanted by some other form, as yet unknown?

In seeking the answer to this question, let us examine the status of man at the present time. It is not hard to determine, for on every hand we see evidence that he either controls, kills or tolerates every animal with which he comes in contact,

while his rule over plants is gradually becoming almost absolute. Even the tiny bacteria, perhaps his most deadly and important enemies, are slowly being worsted in their fight with man. The logical conclusion therefore is not only will man remain man so long as he exists but that his existence will not be cut short by any known group of animals of their descendants. Man because of his superior intelligence will not tolerate interference with his activities and before any such interference could possibly become dangerous he would have wiped out all or nearly all of the opposing organisms.

And so we see that so far as other animals are concerned the pathway of man is free from obstruction, the world is his, he can do with it pretty much as he pleases, and it is with his activities as ruler of this planet that his future evolution will be concerned. Human evolution has left the realm of the physical and entered that of the social and before we can proclaim man as the most successful creature in the world, we must see how he is attacking the new problems that confront him and what he must accomplish in their solution before his place is secure.

The first glance I grant is not reassuring. Everywhere around us there is inefficiency, dishonesty and lack of progress. Men go to their grandfathers and great-grandfathers for ideas; they rob, cheat, and oppress their fellow men, and anyone who advances a new idea or holds up a new standard of fairness finds himself attacked by the very ones whom he would befriend.

Yet, Brothers, even these failures serve some purpose, for they help us to define what must be done by man before his position as head of animals be secure. Obviously so long as the world is filled with little but avarice and greed thinly disguised as diplomacy, business, patriotism, and what-not, the socially disintegrating influences which have made modern man a thing of mere flotsam and jetsam unattached to any institutions which promise permanence and undirected by any strong inner impulse, which must eventuate in life upon a higher plane. Mob at the top, mob below, is the condition of the present social order. Each class seeks only its own interest, having no organic sense of the whole. The rulers of status instead of governing for the good of the organism, use place and power for private and speculative ends, thereby destroying in the people that higher life desire. Social evolution is not a success so far. Only when we have a world "Union" of peoples with the fundamental principle of fairness to all, and the avowed purpose of utilizing to the advantage of all mankind the resources of the entire earth, can man really accomplish much. This, I grant you, is a stupendous undertaking. How can it be handled?

Well, Brothers, I will leave the rest of that conversation and its result to some future issue of the *JOURNAL*. There is lots more I would like to write and in the early part of my letter I stated that I would give the question, the answer, and its result, but as I say I will have to keep my promise in some other issue, maybe the next, as I think I have written enough for this time, sufficient to say that the "world union of people" that I speak about will be created directly through the actions and doings and efforts of our present day union organizations even though the ultimate accomplishment of that condition is probably a few thousand years off.

J. N. EDMONDSTON,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 825, CLEARWATER, FLA.**Editor:**

Hope to get this letter there in time. Am trying to send it via air mail to be sure that it goes through.

To begin with, Clearwater is still rather slow. Most of our men are at work, but there is little chance for a newcomer to get a job. We have hopes for a lively summer, but don't see it coming yet. At any time things may start and go big. In this state booms come and go for no apparent reason. Foretelling them is a poor job.

Local Union No. 825 just had another open meeting, and all the gang were highly pleased with the evening. Refreshments were served and consisted only of soft things. As always, they carried the label. For speakers, we had Mr. R. A. Blood, electrical inspector; Mr. Hartwick of the Building Trades Council and Mr. Johnson, also of the Building Trades Council. They gave very enjoyable talks and all the boys united in making the evening a success. A number of prospective members were present and expressed their appreciation of the evening and a desire to take the obligations as soon as possible.

Organization is progressing favorably in this neck of the sand. Word has been received of the settlement of the old disagreement between carpenters and sheet metal workers. That gives us hopes of persuading the carpenters to join our Building Trades Council. At present, they are the only ones on the outside. We made an effort to organize the linemen, but so far are unsuccessful. The Pinellas Power Company is putting the old company union over on the crews under the head of a social club. We are still trying and hope for the best.

Brother Scherdtfeger has been laid up for several weeks with a badly sprained knee. He wedged it in a tight place and tried to leave it there. Being hitched firmly, he was not successful and was forced to quit in pain. After his protracted rest, he will not try the same stunt again.

Brother Dodds has a new Ford. The last one caught fire and burned from an unknown source. Being flush, Red called in the Ford dispenser, and a bargain was struck. Red drove a new one home. He fed the motor castor oil, and so expects to keep to keep it in health for many years to come. Some one suggested cascara, but Dodds is rather old fashioned.

The past month saw a new shop established. The partners of the Economy Electric split and Mr. Goselin and Mr. Hayden are now in the game as the Springtime City Electric Company. We wish them success in large gobs. Mr. Goselin is a stanch supporter of union labor and is assured of our support where and when needed.

A great deal of White Way is being installed here and the boys on that work are getting so proficient that they speak of how many miles per day each crew installs. The more cable they lay, the better liars they become. Some day, they will break the record.

Yours truly, having applied for and received a license to contract electrical work in the city of Clearwater, is now established as night clerk in the Cleveland Hotel. Two shop foremen, three helpers and five journeymen have applied, without success, for the position of assistant night clerk. The plot thickens. Three sisters run and own a news and cigar stand in the hotel. Hence the desire to become night clerks.

Warm weather is with us, for fair. The days are hot, but not dangerously so. Owing to the humidity, there is no danger of sunstroke. However, people don't slap a stranger on the back unless they expect a fight. Sunburns are easy to get, and are

plentiful all year round. The nights are rather cool and not what one would expect of Florida. Temperatures of both day and night are no higher and sometimes lower than other parts of the country. We enjoy good fishing, swimming and all the social activities.

A line or two from any of the Brothers in the craft will be appreciated.

SKY.

L. U. NO. 850, LUBBOCK, TEXAS**Editor:**

What is the matter with Amarillo Local No. 602? We never see anything in the WORKER from that bunch. You are not dead, are you, Tex? Or maybe you are too busy to write. Well, any way, just drop the WORKER a line or two once in a while and let us know how your oil well is coming along.

Things are very quiet in the building line here now, so that spells nothing doing along the electric line. The Texas Utilities are building a large addition to their power plant here, but as there are none of the boys working for the Utilities with enough backbone to join the union, they are working for starvation wages and scared to death that they will get let out next.

The city plant here is about as bad, for that matter, for there is not a union man at work for the city except the inspector. We are in great need of a live organizer to come out here and herd these poor "stick-walkers" into the fold. I have advocated that for the past year, but the boys all say it will cost too much. Now it looks to me like that is poor policy, and I think that the I. O. makes a great mistake in requiring the locals to put up the expenses of an organizer. Take this local as an illustration: We need the organizer here, and I, for one, am in favor of getting him even if we have to foot the bill and may have to levy a special assessment for the purpose. We need some one here who can talk to these poor, benighted souls—some one with experience. This local is willing to open its charter and give the boys all the advantages it can to induce them to do what they should have sense enough to do without so much encouragement.

Well, this is enough of the sour stuff, so I will try to hit a brighter chord for my next tune.

Say, boys, haven't we niftiest little old JOURNAL ever? It gets better all the time, and if it keeps up its present pace we will have the worth of our money in paper alone, let alone the insurance and other benefits. Go to it, Brother Editor, we are all for you and we press secretaries will do all we can to put you up the breeziest letters we can (I am getting brighter, ain't I). Well, I have my June WORKER, and that is enough to knock the blue out of the sky. It makes me glad to see so many bright, breezy letters from the other Locals. Take Bachie's letter as an example. Why that letter would sweeten up an old Monday morning sour stomach and make its owner forget the night before.

I can hardly wait for the next issue, and if it happens to be a day late then I get all fussed up and want to "cuss" somebody out.

"HANK" KING,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 1099, OIL CITY, PA.**Editor:**

Although I am not the scribe who was appointed to the office, I am taking the liberty of sending in a note. This local has been functioning for four years or more, but I

don't think there has been one letter sent in.

We are suffering along pretty well for a small local. For the third year, we have the yearly agreements signed, with the following scale:

First year—apprentice rate optional.

Second year—apprentice rate 50c.

Third year—apprentice rate 75c.

Fourth year—apprentice rate 85c.

Journeyman—rate \$1.00.

The town is almost a closed town, there being one contractor here who was so rotten every union man left his employ. He is carrying on with a couple of rats, his work being mostly all Deleo and Frigidaire, but they manage one in a while to get a job where other crafts are working, or at least the carpenters, who don't care since they pulled out of the Building Trades Council.

We have a membership of about 30 to 35 but the same old ten or twelve (if we're lucky) carry on the work. It seems most of the members would rather patronize a dentist than spare a few hours a month to the union, which might conflict with their amorous or other pursuits.

Business is not rushing yet this year as this is an oil town and when oil is down we're down. A couple of the boys are laid off now.

One of the reasons why I am sending in a letter is to disagree with the Editor or whoever wrote the junk about General Butler.

I would like to know if the author of that trash knows Butler personally?

I was in Butler's outfit in France and saw quite a bit of the old man, and feel free to say that I can't recognize the disgusting portrait, by some one too lazy or afraid to sign his stuff.

Butler, in France, was well liked, as he meted out punishment, when needed, alike to officer or enlisted man.

It was this trait of playing no favorites which compelled him to arrest Col. Williams, who of course, had no right to be drunk. If he had not arrested the Colonel it would have been noised all over the country, that as soon as Butler got out of Philadelphia, he forgot himself. As far as his work in Philadelphia was concerned, he was sent there to do a job, and did it to the best of his ability. I really don't believe that he paid much money to get his name in the paper, regardless of his critic, who, I suppose is perfect and flawless. As for military organizations being cursed with bombastic, blustering cads, I suppose we should all be ashamed of being Americans, as the United States Army had a little, at least, to do with making this country what it is.

Nick Carter (not the detective, but our cook) says it is not true about Patsy Burke getting married, although he is still looking around.

Wallace has found that the only thing to keep falling hair in, is a box.

Bittenbender still thinks the Chamber of Commerce has a handle on it.

Fred Garmong says, "Just let me know, I'll meet you any place."

I always read and enjoy the message from Brother Joe Winter, Local Union No. 56, Erie, Pa., as I was up there for a few months and know most of the hyenas he flogs with his pen, and I know Joe always tells the truth.

I think the educational suggestion from the Panamanian is worth taking up, and although I have no sons or any prospects, would be willing to do my share.

GEO. H. POULSON,
President.

CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

ARITHMETIC OF ELECTRICITY

ELECTRICAL EXAMINATION QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What is electricity?

Electricity is now generally thought of as being extremely minute particles called electrons, which are normally part of the atoms making up all known substances. A definite quantity of these electrons is taken as the unit of measurement of electricity.

What is an electric current?

Under certain conditions electrons become detached from the atoms and move or flow about. This flow is an electric current. Electric currents are measured in "amperes," an ampere being the rate of flow of electric current represented by the movement of one unit of electricity per second.

What causes an electric current?

Normally the electrons are evenly distributed throughout a substance, and a force of pressure called "voltage" is required to detach them from the atoms and make them flow in an electric current. The greater the voltage is the more electrons will be moved; that is, the greater the voltage is the greater the current will be. Voltage is measured in "volts."

What is an electric conductor?

The electrons in an electric current can flow through any material, but they flow very easily through some materials such as copper, aluminum, iron and other metals. These materials which conduct electricity easily are called electric "conductors." Other materials such as rubber, mica, porcelain, fiber, oil, dry wood and air, let almost no electricity pass through them. Such materials are called nonconductors or "insulators." The tendency of any material to oppose the flow of electricity is called "resistance" and is measured in "ohms."

A good conductor surrounded by insulating material will let electricity flow through it without allowing much to escape just as a good pipe will conduct water without much leakage. If the pipe is rough and irregular inside, the water will flow with difficulty; in the same way, if the conductor has considerable resistance the flow of current will be hindered. A large pipe will carry much water and a large wire will carry a heavy current.

How does a generator produce a voltage?

The generator produces a voltage through the action of magnetism on moving electric conductors.

Are more than three phases ever used?

Machines could be built for almost any number of phases, but there is no advantage in it, so that more than three phases are almost never used.

What are the advantages of alternating current?

Alternating current is best suited for long-distance transmission because it may be easily generated at high voltage and can also be readily reduced by means of a stationary device known as a transformer to a

voltage suitable for general use. The higher the voltage or pressure, the smaller the wire required to carry a given amount of power, hence the advantage of high-voltage transmission. For example, an alternator may generate power at 2,200 volts. Part of the current through the use of transformers may be supplied at 110 volts for lamps, some at 440 volts for motors, some at 2,200 volts for high-voltage motors, and some may be stepped up to 110,000 volts for transmission to distant points, where it is stepped down to any desired voltage before it is used.

What is a transformer?

A transformer is a device by which the voltage of an alternating current system may be changed. It consists of an iron core surrounded by coils of insulated copper wire. Usually both core and coils are immersed in oil, which serves as an insulator and helps cool the transformer. The voltage is changed in exact proportion to the number of turns connected in series in each winding. For instance, if the high-voltage winding has 1,000 turns and is connected to a 2,200 volt circuit, the low voltage winding of 100 turns will give 200 volts.

Transformers are usually wound for single-phase circuits and groups of three used for three-phase transformation, although three-phase transformers can be built and are often used. In either kind of transformer the high-voltage and low-voltage windings are completely insulated from each other.

In an "autotransformer" there is only one winding, part of it being for low-voltage and all of it being connected in the high-voltage circuit. In this transformer the high-voltage circuit is not insulated from the low-voltage circuit.

What is a "direct" current?

In alternating current systems, the voltages and currents reverse regularly and are continually changing in value. In direct-current systems, however, the voltage usually remains at a constant value and the current always flows in the same direction.

What are the advantages of direct current?

Where adjustable-speed motors are required, as in machine-tool service, direct current is necessary, as alternating-current adjustable-speed motors are not satisfactory.

There are certain chemical processes such as battery charging, electroplating and electrolytic refining, which require direct current.

The direct-current generator may be made complete in itself while an alternator requires a small direct-current generator called an "exciter" to furnish current for its field magnets. Since a direct-current generator generates direct current, it can be used as its own exciter.

How does a generator produce a direct current?

A direct-current generator produces a voltage in the same manner that a single-phase alternator does. In the direct-cur-

rent machine a mechanical device called a commutator is used to reverse the connections to the revolving conductors in the generator at just the instant the current in them is reversing. Each end of the loop of wire is connected to one segment of the commutator, each segment being insulated from the others. The sliding contacts or brushes are so placed that the current always flows from the loop into one and from the other into the loop regardless of which relative direction the current in the loop itself flows. In this way the brushes carry current flowing in one direction only. The brushes or terminals are designated by the terms "positive" and "negative" or "plus" and "minus," simply to distinguish the direction in which the current flows.

What is a multipolar machine?

A multipolar machine or generator is one having more than a single pair of north and south poles. Most electric motors and generators have four poles or more. The number of poles is always even because for every north pole there must be a corresponding south pole.

What is a revolving-field machine?

A revolving-field machine is a motor or generator in which the steady magnetic field revolves. The poles making up the magnetic fields have been stationary on the frame of the machine and the armature in which the voltages are produced moves. This arrangement is followed universally in direct-current machines, but alternating current motors and generators usually have revolving fields, because it means that only two slip-rings need be used. These two carry the low-voltage exciting current to the field, while for a three-phase machine at least three slip-rings would be required for the armature current which is often generated at a high voltage. Of course the result is the same whether the field or the armature revolves, since in either case the conductors cut across the magnetic field. Machines are built whichever way gives the best construction.

How is electric current measured?

The number of amperes indicates the rate of flow of electricity through wires, just as the number of gallons per minute indicates the rate of flow of water through a pipe, or as the number of cubic feet per second indicates the rate of flow of water in a river, and the less resistance (ohms), the more amperes there will be in a circuit for a given voltage or pressure, just as when water is flowing through pipes by pressure.

A device called an "ammeter," when connected in a circuit, indicates the current in that circuit in amperes. Ammeters for alternating current and for direct current are different in construction, and should be used only on circuits for which they are intended.

How is voltage measured?

Voltage, or electrical pressure, is measured in volts by a voltmeter, which must be connected between two points of an electric circuit, across the terminals of a motor.

(Continued on page 358)

SCARAMOUCHE

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By RAPHAEL SABATINI

CHAPTER XI

THE FRACAS AT THE THEATRE FEYDAU

Leaving his host to act as his plenipotentiary with Mademoiselle de Kercadiou, and to explain to her that it was his profound contrition that compelled him to depart without taking formal leave of her; the Marquis rolled away from Sautron in a cloud of gloom. Twenty-four hours with La Binet had been more than enough for a man of his fastidious and discerning taste. He looked back upon the episode with nausea—the inevitable psychological reaction—marvelling at himself that until yesterday he should have found her so desirable, and cursing himself that for the sake of that ephemeral and worthless gratification he should seriously have imperilled his chances of winning Mademoiselle de Kercadiou to wife. There is, after all, nothing very extraordinary in his frame of mind, so that I need not elaborate it further. It resulted from the conflict between the beast and the angel that go to make up the composition of every man.

The Chevalier de Chabrilane—who in reality occupied towards the Marquis a position akin to that of gentleman-in-waiting—sat opposite to him in the enormous travelling berline. A small folding table had been erected between them, and the Chevalier suggested piquet. But M. le Marquis was in no humour for cards. His thoughts absorbed him. As they were rattling over the cobbles of Nantes' streets, he remembered a promise to La Binet to witness her performance that night in "The Faithless Lover." And now he was running away from her. The thought was repugnant to him on two scores. He was breaking his pledged word, and he was acting like a coward. And there was more than that. He had led the mercenary little strumpet—it was thus he thought of her at present, and with some justice—to expect favours from him in addition to the lavish awards which already he had made her. The baggage had almost sought to drive a bargain with him as to her future. He was to take her to Paris, put her into her own furniture—as the expression ran, and still runs—and under the shadow of his powerful protection see that the doors of the great theatres of the capital should be opened to her talents. He had not—he was thankful to reflect—exactly committed himself. But neither had he definitely refused her. It became necessary now to come to an understanding, since he was compelled to choose between his trivial passion for her—a passion quenched already—and his deep, almost spiritual devotion to Mademoiselle de Kercadiou.

His honour, he considered, demanded of him that he should at once deliver himself from a false position. La Binet would make a scene, of course; but he knew the proper specific to apply to hysteria of that nature. Money, after all, had its uses.

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a footman appeared at the door.

"To the Théâtre Feydau," said he.

The footman vanished and the berline rolled on. M. de Chabrilane laughed cynically.

"I'll trouble you not to be amused," snapped the Marquis. "You don't understand." Thereafter he explained himself. It was a rare condescension in him. But, then, he could not bear to be misunderstood in such a matter. Chabrilane grew serious in reflection of the Marquis' extreme seriousness.

"Why not write?" he suggested. "Myself, I confess that I should find it easier."

Nothing could better have revealed M. le Marquis' state of mind than his answer.

"Letters are liable both to miscarriage and to misconstruction. Two risks I will not run. If she did not answer, I should never know which had been incurred. And I shall have no peace of mind until I know that I have set a term to this affair. The berline can wait while we are at the theatre. We will go on afterwards. We will travel all night if necessary."

"Peste!" said M. de Chabrilane with a grimace. But that was all.

The great travelling carriage drew up at the lighted portals of the Feydau, and M. le Marquis stepped out. He entered the theatre with Chabrilane, all unconsciously to deliver himself into the hands of André-Louis.

André-Louis was in a state of exasperation produced by Climéne's long absence from Nantes in the company of M. le Marquis, and fed by the unspeakable complacency with which M. Binet regarded that event of quite unmistakable import.

However much he might affect the frame of mind of the stoics, and seek to judge with a complete detachment, in the heart and soul of him André-Louis was tormented and revolted. It was not Climéne he blamed. He had been mistaken in her. She was just a poor weak vessel driven helplessly by the first breath, however foul, that promised her advancement. She suffered from the plague of greed; and he congratulated himself upon having discovered it before making her his wife. He felt for her now nothing but a deal of pity and some contempt. The pity was begotten of the love she had lately inspired in him. It might be likened to the dregs of love, all that remained after the potent wine of it had been drained off. His anger he reserved for her father and her seducer.

The thoughts that were stirring in him on that Monday morning, when it was discovered that Climéne had not yet returned from her excursion of the previous day in the coach of M. le Marquis, were already wicked enough without the spurring they received from the distraught Léandre.

Hitherto the attitude of each of these men towards the other had been one of mutual contempt. The phenomenon has frequently been observed in like cases. Now, what appeared to be a common misfortune brought them into a sort of alliance. So, at least, it seemed to Léandre when he went in quest of André-Louis, who

with apparent unconcern was smoking a pipe upon the quay immediately facing the inn.

"Name of a pig!" said Léandre. "How can you take your ease and smoke at such a time?"

Scaramouche surveyed the sky. "I do not find it too cold," said he. "The sun is shining. I am very well here."

"Do I talk of the weather?" Léandre was very excited.

"Of what then?"

"Of Climéne, of course."

"Oh! The lady has ceased to interest me," he lied.

Léandre stood squarely in front of him, a handsome figure handsomely dressed in these days, his hair well powdered, his stockings of silk. His face was pale, his large eyes looked larger than usual.

"Ceased to interest you? Are you not to marry her?"

André-Louis expelled a cloud of smoke. "You cannot wish to be offensive. Yet you almost suggest that I live on other men's leavings."

"My God!" said Léandre, overcome, and he stared awhile. Then he burst out afresh. "Are you quite heartless? Are you always Scaramouche?"

"What do you expect me to do?" asked André-Louis, evincing surprise in his own turn, but faintly.

"I do not expect you to let her go without a struggle."

"But she has gone already." André-Louis pulled at his pipe a moment, what time Léandre clenched and unclenched his hands in impotent rage. "And to what purpose struggle against the inevitable? Did you struggle when I took her from you?"

"She was not mine to be taken from me. I but aspired, and you won the race. But even had it been otherwise where is the comparison? That was a thing in honour; this—is hell."

His emotion moved André-Louis. He took Léandre's arm.

"You're a good fellow, Léandre. I am glad I intervened to save you from your fate."

"Oh, you don't love her!" cried the other, passionately. "You never did. You don't know what it means to love, or you'd not talk like this. My God! If she had been my affianced wife and this happened, I should have killed the man—killed him! Do you hear me? But you . . . Oh, you, you come out here and smoke, and take the air, and talk of her as another man's leavings. I wonder I didn't strike you for the word."

He tore his arm from the other's grip, and looked almost as if he would strike him now.

"You should have done it," said André-Louis. "It's in your part."

With an imprecation Léandre turned on his heel to go. André-Louis arrested his departure.

"A moment, my friend. Test me by yourself. Would you marry her now?"

"Would I?" The young man's eyes blazed

with passion. "Would I? Let her say that she will marry me, and I am her slave."

"Slave is the right word—a slave in hell."

"It would never be hell to me where she was, whatever she had done. I love her, man, I am not like you. I love her, do you hear me?"

"I have known it for some time," said André-Louis. "Though I didn't suspect your attack of the disease to be quite so violent. Well, God knows I loved her, too, quite enough to share your thirst for killing. For myself, the blue blood of La Tour d'Azyr would hardly quench this thirst. I should like to add to it the dirty fluid that flows in the veins of the unspeakable Binet."

For a second his emotion had been out of hand, and he revealed to Léandre in the mordant tone of those last words something of the fires that burned under his icy exterior. The young man caught him by the hand.

"I knew you were acting," said he. "You feel—you feel as I do."

"Behold us, fellows in viciousness. I have betrayed myself, it seems. Well, and what now? Do you want to see this pretty Marquis torn limb from limb? I might afford you the spectacle."

"What?" Léandre stared, wondering was this another of Scaramouche's cynicisms.

"It isn't really difficult provided I have aid. I require only a little. Will you lend it me?"

"Anything you ask," Léandre exploded. "My life if you require it."

André-Louis took his arm again. "Let us walk," he said. "I will instruct you."

When they came back the company was already at dinner. Mademoiselle had not yet returned. Sullenness presided at the table. Columbine and Madame wore anxious expressions. The fact was that relations between Binet and his troupe were daily growing more strained.

André-Louis and Léandre went each to his accustomed place. Binet's little eyes followed them with a malicious gleam, his thick lips pouted into a crooked smile.

"You two are grown very friendly of a sudden," he mocked.

"You are a man of discernment, Binet," said Scaramouche, the cold loathing of his voice itself an insult. "Perhaps you discern the reason?"

"It is readily discerned."

"Regale the company with it!" he begged; and waited. "What? You hesitate? Is it possible that there are limits to your shamelessness?"

Binet reared his great head. "Do you want to quarrel with me, Scaramouche?" Thunder was rumbling in his deep voice.

"Quarrel? You want to laugh. A man doesn't quarrel with creatures like you. We all know the place held in the public esteem by complacent husbands. But, in God's name, what place is there at all for complacent fathers?"

Binet heaved himself up, a great towering mass of manhood. Violently he shook off the restraining hand of Pierrot who sat on his left.

"A thousand devils!" he roared; "if you take that tone with me, I'll break every bone in your filthy body."

"If you were to lay a finger on me, Binet, you would give me the only provocation I still need to kill you." André-Louis was as calm as ever, and therefore the more menacing. Alarm stirred the company. He protruded from his pocket the butt of a pistol—newly purchased. "I go armed, Binet. It is only fair to give you warning. Provoke me as you have suggested, and I'll kill you with no more compunction than I should kill a slug, which after all is the

thing you most resemble—a slug. Binet; a fat, slimy body; foulness without soul and without intelligence. When I come to think of it I can't suffer to sit at the table with you. It turns my stomach."

He pushed away his platter and got up. "I'll go and eat at the ordinary below stairs."

Thereupon up jumped Columbine.

"And I'll come with you, Scaramouche!" cried she.

It acted like a signal. Had the thing been concerted it couldn't have fallen out more uniformly. Binet, in fact, was persuaded of a conspiracy. For in the wake of Columbine went Léandre, in the wake of Léandre, Polichinelle; and then all the rest together, until Binet found himself sitting alone at the head of an empty table in an empty room—a badly shaken man whose rage could afford him no support against the dread by which he was suddenly invaded.

He sat down to think things out, and he was still at that melancholy occupation when perhaps a half-hour later his daughter entered the room, returned at last from her excursion.

She looked pale, even a little scared—in reality excessively self-conscious now that the ordeal of facing all the company awaited her.

Seeing no one but her father in the room, she checked on the threshold.

"Where is everybody?" she asked, in a voice rendered natural by effort.

M. Binet reared his great head and turned upon her eyes that were blood-injected. He scowled, blew out his thick lips and made harsh noises in his throat. Yet he took stock of her, so graceful and comely and looking so completely the lady of fashion in her long fur-trimmed travelling coat of bottle green, her muff and her broad hat adorned by a sparkling rhinestone buckle above her adorably coiffed brown hair. No need to fear the future whilst he owned such a daughter, let Scaramouche play what tricks he would.

He expressed, however, none of these comforting reflections.

"So you're back at last, little fool," he growled in greeting. "I was beginning to ask myself if we should perform this evening. It wouldn't greatly have surprised me if you had not returned in time. Indeed, since you have chosen to play the fine hand you held in your own way and scorning my advice, nothing can surprise me."

She crossed the room to the table, and leaning against it, looked down upon him almost disdainfully.

"I have nothing to regret," she said.

"So every fool says at first. Nor would you admit it if you had. You are like that. You go your own way in spite of advice from older heads. Death of my life, girl, what do you know of men?"

"I am not complaining," she reminded him.

"No, but you may be presently, when you discover that you would have done better to have been guided by your old father. So long as your Marquis languished for you, there was nothing you could not have done with the fool. So long as you let him have no more than your fingertips to kiss . . . ah, name of a name! that was the time to build your future. If you live to be a thousand you'll never have such a chance again, and you've squandered it, for what?"

Mademoiselle sat down. "You're sordid," she said, with disgust.

"Sordid, am I?" His thick lips curled again. "I have had enough of the dregs of life, and so I should have thought have you.

You held a hand on which to have won a fortune if you had played it as I bade you. Well, you've played it, and where's the fortune? We can whistle for that as a sailor whistles for wind. And, by Heaven, we'll need to whistle presently if the weather in the troupe continues as it's set in. That scoundrel Scaramouche has been at his ape's tricks with them. They've suddenly turned moral. They won't sit at table with me any more." He was spluttering between anger and sardonic mirth. "It was your friend Scaramouche set them the example of that. He threatened my life actually. Threatened my life! Called me . . . Oh, but what does that matter? What matters is that the next thing to happen to us will be that the Binet Troupe will discover it can manage without M. Binet and his daughter. This scoundrelly bastard I've befriended has little by little robbed me of everything. It's in his power today to rob me of my troupe, and the knave's ungrateful enough and vile enough to make use of his power."

"Let him," said mademoiselle contemptuously.

"Let him?" He was aghast. "And what's to become of us?"

"In no case will the Binet Troupe interest me much longer," said she. "I shall be going to Paris soon. There are better theatres there than the Feydau. There's Mlle. Montansier's theatre in the Palais Royal; there's the Ambigu Comique; there's the Comédie Française; there's even a possibility I may have a theatre of my own."

His eyes grew big for once. He stretched out a fat hand, and placed it on one of her's. She noticed that it trembled.

"Has he promised that? Has he promised?"

She looked at him with her head on one side, eyes sly and a queer little smile on her perfect lips.

"He did not refuse me when I asked it," she answered, with conviction that all was as she desired it.

"Bah!" He withdrew his hand, and heaved himself up. There was disgust on his face. "He did not refuse!" he mocked her; and then with passion: "Had you acted as I advised you, he would have consented to anything that you asked, and what is more he would have provided anything that you asked—anything that lay within his means, and they are inexhaustible. You have changed a certainty into a possibility, and I hate possibilities—God of God! I have lived on possibilities, and infernally near starved on them."

Had she known of the interview taking place at that moment at the Château de Sautron she would have laughed less confidently at her father's gloomy forebodings. But she was destined never to know, which indeed was the cruelest punishment of all. She was to attribute all the evil that of a sudden overwhelmed her, the shattering of all the future hopes she had founded upon the Marquis and the sudden disintegration of the Binet Troupe, to the wicked interference of that villain Scaramouche.

She had this much justification that possibly, without the warning from M. de Sautron, the Marquis would have found in the events of that evening at the Théâtre Feydau a sufficient reason for ending an entanglement that was fraught with too much unpleasant excitement, whilst the breaking-up of the Binet Troupe was most certainly the result of André-Louis' work. But it was not a result that he intended or even foresaw.

So much was this the case that in the interval after the second act he sought the dressing-room shared by Polichinelle and

Rhodomont. Polichinelle was in the act of changing.

"I shouldn't trouble to change," he said. "The piece isn't likely to go beyond my opening scene of the next act with Léandre."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see." He put a paper on Polichinelle's table amid the grease-paints. "Cast your eye over that. It's a sort of last will and testament in favour of the troupe. I was a lawyer once; the document is in order. I relinquish to all of you the share produced by my partnership in the company."

"But you don't mean that you are leaving us?" cried Polichinelle in alarm, whilst Rhodomont's sudden stare asked the same question.

Scaramouche's shrug was eloquent. Polichinelle ran on gloomily: "Of course it was to have been foreseen. But why should you be the one to go? It is you who have made us; and it is you who are the real head and brains of the troupe; it is you who have raised it into a real theatrical company. If any one must go, let it be Binet—Binet and his infernal daughter. Or if you go, name of a name! we all go with you!"

"Aye," added Rhodomont, "we've had enough of that fat scoundrel."

"I had thought of it, of course," said André-Louis. "It was not vanity, for once; it was trust in your friendship. After tonight we may consider it again, if I survive."

"If you survive?" both cried.

Polichinelle got up. "Now what madness have you in mind?" he asked.

"For one thing I think I am indulging Léandre; for another I am pursuing an old quarrel."

The three knocks sounded as he spoke. "There, I must go. Keep that paper, Polichinelle. After all, it may not be necessary."

He was gone. Rhodomont stared at Polichinelle. Polichinelle stared at Rhodomont.

"What the devil is he thinking of?" quoth the latter.

"That is most readily ascertained by going to see," replied Polichinelle. He completed changing in haste, and despite what Scaramouche had said; and then followed with Rhodomont.

As they approached the wings a roar of applause met them coming from the audience. It was applause and something else; applause on an unusual note. As it faded away they heard the voice of Scaramouche ringing clear as a bell:

"And so you see, my dear M. Léandre, that when you speak of the Third Estate, it is necessary to be more explicit. What precisely is the Third Estate?"

"Nothing," said Léandre.

There was a gasp from the audience, audible in the wings, and then swiftly followed Scaramouche's next question:

"True. Alas! But what should it be?"

"Everything," said Léandre.

The audience roared its acclamations, the more violent because of the unexpectedness of that reply.

"True again," said Scaramouche. "And what is more, that is what it will be; that is what it already is. Do you doubt it?"

"I hope it," said the schooled Léandre.

"You may believe it," said Scaramouche, and again the acclamations rolled into thunder.

Polichinelle and Rhodomont exchanged glances; indeed, the former winked, not without mirth.

"Sacred name!" growled a voice behind them. "Is the scoundrel at his political tricks again?"

They turned to confront M. Binet. Moving with that noiseless tread of his, he had come up unheard behind them, and there he stood now in his scarlet suit of Pantaloons under a trailing bedgown, his little eyes glaring from either side of his false nose. But their attention was held by the

thing instantly to be silenced. So he marshalled his peers and their vailleuses, and led them out to slaughter these miserable bourgeois who dared to raise a voice. But these same miserable bourgeois did not choose to be slaughtered in the streets of Rennes. It occurred to them that since the nobles decreed that blood should flow, it might as well be the blood of the nobles. They marshalled themselves, too—this noble rabble against the rabble of nobles—and they marshalled themselves so well that they drove M. de La Tour d'Azyr and his warlike following from the field with broken heads and shattered delusions. They sought shelter at the hands of the Cordeliers; and the shavelings gave them sanctuary in their convent—those who survived, among whom was their proud leader, M. de La Tour d'Azyr. You have heard of this valiant Marquis, this great Lord of life and death?"

The pit was in an uproar in a moment. It quieted again as Scaramouche continued:

"Oh, it was a fine spectacle to see this mighty hunter scuttling to cover like a hare, going to earth in the Cordelier Convent. Rennes has not seen him since. Rennes would like to see him again. But if he is too valorous, he is also discreet. And where do you think he has taken refuge, this great nobleman who wanted to see the streets of Rennes washed in the blood of its citizens, this man who would have butchered old and young of the contemptible canaille to silence the voice of reason and of liberty that presumes to ring through France to-day? Where do you think he hides himself? Why, here in Nantes."

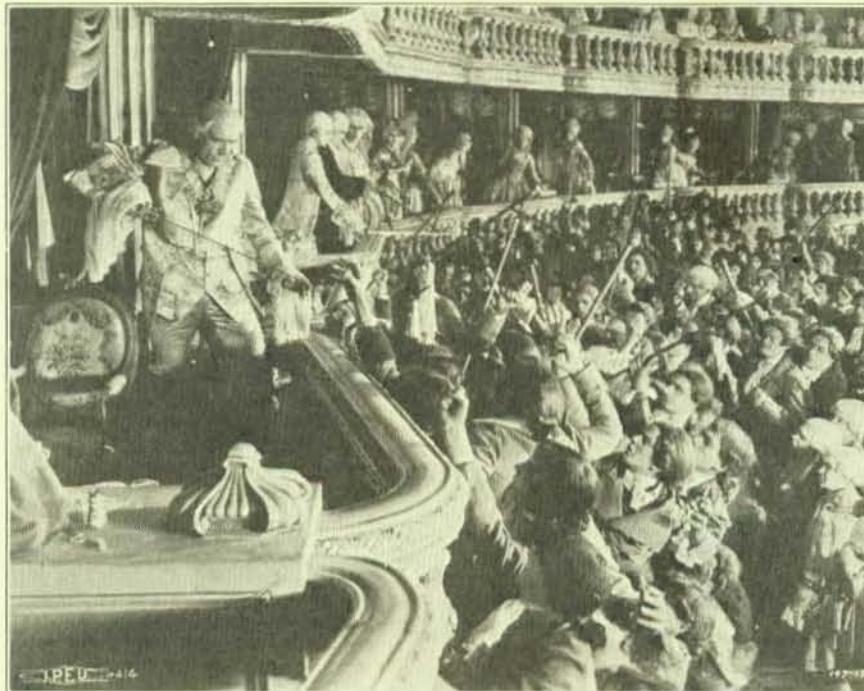
Again there was an uproar.

"What do you say? Impossible? Why, my friends, at this moment he is here in this the-

atre—skulking up there in that box. He is too shy to show himself—oh, a very modest gentleman. But there he is behind the curtains. Will you not show yourself to your friends, M. de La Tour d'Azyr, Monsieur le Marquis who considers eloquence so very dangerous a gift? See, they would have a word with you; they do not believe me when I tell them that you are here."

Now, whatever he may have been, and whatever the views held on the subject by André-Louis, M. de La Tour d'Azyr was certainly not a coward. To say that he was hiding in Nantes was not true. He came and went there openly and unabashed. It happened, however, that the Nantais were ignorant until this moment of his presence among them. But then he would have disdained to have informed them of it just as he would have disdained to have concealed it from them.

Challenged thus, however, and despite the ominous manner in which the bourgeois element in the audience had responded to Scaramouche's appeal to its passions, despite the attempts made by Chabriane to restrain him, the Marquis swept aside the curtain at the side of the box, and sud-



ONCE AGAIN SCARAMOUCHE'S ELOQUENT TONGUE AROUSES THE MOB AGAINST A TYRANT—THIS TIME AGAINST HIS OWN RIVAL IN LOVE

denly showed himself, pale but self-contained and scornful as he surveyed first the daring Scaramouche and then those others who at sight of him had given tongue to their hostility.

Hoots and yells assailed him, fists were shaken at him, canes were brandished menacingly.

"Assassin! Scoundrel! Coward! Traitor!"

But he braved the storm, smiling upon them his ineffable contempt. He was waiting for the noise to cease; waiting to address them in his turn. But he waited in vain, as he very soon perceived.

The contempt he did not trouble to dissemble served but to goad them on.

In the pit pandemonium was already raging. Blows were being freely exchanged; there were scuffling groups, and here and there swords were being drawn, but fortunately the press was too dense to permit of their being used effectively. Those who had women with them and the timid by nature were making haste to leave a house that looked like becoming a cockpit, where chairs were being smashed to provide weapons, and parts of chandeliers were already being used as missiles.

One of these hurled by the hand of a gentleman in one of the boxes narrowly missed Scaramouche where he stood, looking down in a sort of grim triumph upon the havoc which his words had wrought. Knowing of what inflammable material the audience was composed, he had deliberately flung down amongst them the lighted torch of discord, to produce this conflagration.

He saw men falling quickly into groups representative of one side or the other of this great quarrel that already was beginning to agitate the whole of France. Their rallying cries were ringing through the theatre.

"Down with the canaille!" from some.

"Down with the privileged!" from others.

And then above the general din one cry rang out sharply and insistently:

"To the box! Death to the butcher of Rennes! Death to La Tour d'Azyr who makes war upon the people!"

There was a rush for one of the doors of the pit that opened upon the staircase leading to the boxes.

And now, whilst battle and confusion spread with the speed of fire, overflowing from theatre into the street itself, La Tour d'Azyr's box, which had become the main object of the attack of the bourgeoisie, had also become the rallying ground for such gentlemen as were present in the theatre and for those who, without being men of birth themselves, were nevertheless attached to the party of the nobles.

La Tour d'Azyr had quitted the front of the box to meet those who came to join him. And now in the pit one group of infuriated gentlemen, in attempting to reach the stage across the empty orchestra, so that they might deal with the audacious comedian who was responsible for this explosion, found themselves opposed and held back by another group composed of men to whose feeling André-Louis had given expression.

Perceiving this, and remembering the chandelier, he turned to Léandre, who had remained beside him.

"I think it is time to be going," said he.

Léandre, looking ghastly under his paint, appalled by the storm which exceeded by far anything that his unimaginative brain could have conjectured, gurgled an inarticulate agreement. But it looked as if already they were too late, for in that moment they were assailed from behind.

M. Binet had succeeded at last in breaking past Polichinelle and Rhodomont, who

in view of his murderous rage had been endeavouring to restrain him. Half a dozen gentlemen, habitués of the green-room, had come round to the stage to disembowel the knave who had created this riot, and it was they who had flung aside those two comedians who hung upon Binet. After him they came now, their swords out; but after them again came Polichinelle, Rhodomont, Harlequin, Pierrot, Pasquariel, and Basque the artist, armed with such implements as they could hastily snatch up, and intent upon saving the man with whom they sympathized in spite of all, and in whom now all their hopes were centred.

Well ahead rolled Binet, moving faster than any had ever seen him move, and swinging the long cane from which Pantaloон is inseparable.

"Infamous scoundrel!" he roared. "You have ruined me! But, name of a name, you shall pay!"

André-Louis turned to face him. "You confuse cause with effect," said he. But he got no farther. Binet's cane, viciously driven, descended and broke upon his shoulder. Had he not moved swiftly aside as the blow fell it must have taken him across the head, and possibly stunned him. As he moved, he dropped his hand to his pocket, and swift upon the cracking of Binet's breaking cane came the crack of the pistol with which André-Louis replied.

"You had your warning, you filthy pander!" he cried. And on the word he shot him through the body.

Binet went down screaming, whilst the fierce Polichinelle, fiercer than ever in that moment of fierce reality, spoke quickly into André-Louis' ear:

"Fool! So much was not necessary! Away with you now, or you'll leave your skin here! Away with you!"

André-Louis thought it good advice, and took it. The gentlemen who had followed Binet in that punitive rush upon the stage partly held in check by the improvised weapons of the players, partly intimidated by the second pistol that Scaramouche presented, let him go. He gained the wings, and here found himself faced by a couple of sergeants of the watch, part of the police that was already invading the theatre with a view of restoring order. The sight of them reminded him unpleasantly of how he must stand towards the law for this night's work, and more particularly for that bullet lodged somewhere in Binet's obese body. He flourished his pistol.

"Make way, or I'll burn your brains!" he threatened them, and intimidated, themselves without firearms, they fell back and let him pass. He slipped by the door of the green-room, where the ladies of the company had shut themselves in until the storm should be over, and gained the street behind the theatre. It was deserted. Down this he went at a run, intent on reaching the inn for clothes and money, since it was impossible that he should take the road in the garb of Scaramouche.

BOOK III: THE SWORD

CHAPTER I

TRANSITION

"You may agree," wrote André-Louis from Paris to Le Chapelier, in a letter which survives, "that it is to be regretted I should definitely have discarded the livery of Scaramouche, since clearly there could be no livery fitter for my wear. It seems to be my part always to stir up strife and then slip away before I am caught in the crash of the warring elements I have aroused. It is a humiliating reflection. I seek consolation in the reminder of Epic-

tetus (do you ever read Epictetus?) that we are but actors in a play of such part as it may please the Director to assign us. It does not, however, console me to have been cast for a part so contemptible, to find myself excelling ever in the art of running away. But if I am not brave, at least I am prudent; so that where I lack one virtue I may lay claim to possessing another almost to excess. On a previous occasion they wanted to hang me for sedition. Should I have stayed to be hanged? This time they may want to hang me for several things, including murder; for I do not know whether that scoundrel Binet be alive or dead from the dose of lead I pumped into his fat paunch. Nor can I say that I very greatly care. If I have a hope at all in the matter it is that he is dead—and damned. But I am really indifferent. My own concerns are troubling me enough. I have all but spent the little money that I contrived to conceal about me before I fled from Nantes on that dreadful night; and both of the only two professions of which I can claim to know anything—the law and the stage—are closed to me, since I cannot find employment in either without revealing myself as a fellow who is urgently wanted by the hangman. As things are it is very possible that I may die of hunger, especially considering the present price of victuals in this ravenous city. Again I have recourse to Epictetus for comfort. 'It is better,' he says, 'to die of hunger having lived without grief and fear, than to live with a troubled spirit amid abundance.' I seem likely to perish in the estate that he accounts so enviable. That it does not seem exactly enviable to me merely proves that as a Stoic I am not a success.

There is also another letter of his written at about the same time to the Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr—a letter since published by M. Emile Quersac in his "Undercurrents of the Revolution in Brittany," unearthed by him from the archives of Rennes, to which it had been consigned by M. de Lessiguières, who had received it for justiciary purposes from the Marquis.

"The Paris newspapers," he writes in this, "which have reported in considerable detail the fracas at the Théâtre Feydan and disclosed the true identity of the Scaramouche who provoked it, inform me also that you have escaped the fate I had intended for you when I raised that storm of public opinion and public indignation. I would not have you take satisfaction in the thought that I regret your escape. I do not. I rejoice in it. To deal justice by death has this disadvantage that the victim has no knowledge that justice has overtaken him. Had you died, had you been torn limb from limb that night, I should now repine in the thought of your eternal and untroubled slumber. Not in euthanasia, but in torment of mind should the guilty atone. You see, I am not sure that hell hereafter is a certainty, whilst I am quite sure that it can be a certainty in this life; and I desire you to continue to live yet awhile that you may taste something of its bitterness.

"You murdered Philippe de Vilmorin because you feared what you described as his very dangerous gift of eloquence, I took an oath that day that your evil deed should be fruitless; that I would render it so; that the voice you had done murder to stifle should in spite of that ring like a trumpet through the land. That was my conception of revenge. Do you realize how I have been fulfilling it, how I shall continue to fulfil it as occasion offers? In the speech with which I fired the people of Rennes on the very morrow of that deed,

did you not hear the voice of Philippe de Vilmorin uttering the ideas that were his with a fire and a passion greater than he could have commanded because Nemesis lent me her inflaming aid? In the voice of Omnes Omnibus at Nantes—my voice again—demanding the petition that sounded the knell of your hopes of coercing the Third Estate, did you not hear again the voice of Philippe de Vilmorin? Did you not reflect that it was the mind of the man you had murdered, resurrected in me his surviving friend, which made necessary your futile attempt under arms last January, wherein your order, finally beaten, was driven to seek sanctuary in the Cordelier Convent? And that night when from the stage of the Feydau you were denounced to the people, did you not hear yet again, in the voice of Scaramouche, the voice of Philippe de Vilmorin, using that dangerous gift of eloquence which you so foolishly imagined you could silence with a sword-thrust? It is becoming a persecution—is it not?—this voice from the grave that insists upon making itself heard, that will not rest until you have been cast into the pit. You will be regretting by now that you did not kill me, too, as I invited you on that occasion. I can picture to myself the bitterness of this regret, and I contemplate it with satisfaction. Regret of neglected opportunity is the worst hell that a living soul can inhabit, particularly such a soul as yours. It is because of this that I am glad to know that you survived the riot at Feydau, although at the time it was no part of my intention that you should. Because of this I am content that you should live to enrage and suffer in the shadow of your evil deed, knowing at last—since you had not hitherto the wit to discern it for yourself—that the voice of Philippe de Vilmorin will follow you to denounce you ever more loudly, ever more insistently, until having lived in dread you shall go down in blood under the just rage which your victim's dangerous gift of eloquence is kindling against you."

I find it odd that he should have omitted from this letter all mention of Mlle. Binet, and I am disposed to account it at least a partial insincerity that he should have assigned entirely to his self-imposed mission, and not at all to his lacerated feelings in the matter of Climéne, the action which he had taken at the Feydau.

Those two letters, both written in April of that year 1789, had for only immediate effect to increase the activity with which André-Louis Moreau was being sought.

Le Chapelier would have found him so as to lend him assistance, to urge upon him once again that he should take up a political career. The electors of Nantes would have found him—at least, they would have found Omnes Omnibus, of whose identity with himself they were still in ignorance—on each of the several occasions when a vacancy occurred in their body. And the Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr and M. de Lessiguières would have found him that they might send him to the gallows.

With a purpose no less vindictive was he being sought by M. Binet, now unhappily recovered from his wound to face completest ruin. His troupe had deserted him during his illness, and reconstituted under the direction of Polichinelle it was now striving with tolerable success to continue upon the lines which André-Louis had laid down. M. le Marquis, prevented by the riot from expressing in person to Mlle. Binet his purpose of making an end of their relations, had been constrained to write to her to that effect from Azyr a few days later. He tempered the blow by enclosing in discharge of all liabilities a bill on the

Caisse d'Escompte for a hundred louis. Nevertheless it almost crushed the unfortunate Climéne, and it enabled her father when he recovered to enrage her by pointing out that she owed this turn of events to the premature surrender she had made in defiance of his sound worldly advice. Father and daughter alike were left to assign the Marquis' desertion, naturally enough, to the riot at the Feydau. They laid that with the rest to the account of Scaramouche, and were forced in bitterness to admit that the scoundrel had taken a superlative revenge. Climéne may even have come to consider that it would have paid her better to have run a straight course with Scaramouche and by marrying him to have trusted to his undoubted talents to place her on the summit to which her ambition urged her, and to which it was now futile for her to aspire. If so, that reflection must have been her sufficient punishment. For, as André-Louis so truly says, there is no worse hell than that provided by the regrets for wasted opportunities.

Meanwhile the fiercely sought André-Louis Moreau had gone to earth completely for the present. And the brisk police of Paris, urged on by the King's Lieutenant from Rennes, hunted for him in vain. Yet he might have been found in a house in the Rue de Hasard within a stone's throw of the Palais Royal, whither purest chance had conducted him.

That which in his letter to Le Chapelier he represents as a contingency of the near future was, in fact, the case in which already he found himself. He was destitute. His money was exhausted, including that procured by the sale of such articles of adornment as were not of absolute necessity.

So desperate was his case that strolling one gusty April morning down the Rue du Hasard with his nose in the wind looking for what might be picked up, he stopped to read a notice outside the door of a house on the left side of the street as you approach the Rue de Richelieu. There was no reason why he should have gone down the Rue du Hasard. Perhaps its name attracted him, as appropriate to his case.

The notice written in a big round hand announced that a young man of good address with some knowledge of swordsmanship was required by M. Bertrand des Amis on the second floor. Above this notice was a black oblong board, and on this a shield, which in vulgar terms may be described as red charged with two swords crossed and four fleurs de lys, one in each angle of the saltire. Under the shield, in letters of gold, ran the legend:

BERTRAND DES AMIS

Maitre en fait d'Armes des
Académies du Roi

André-Louis stood considering. He could claim, he thought, to possess the qualifications demanded. He was certainly young and he believed of tolerable address, whilst the fencing-lessons he had received in Nantes had given him at least an elementary knowledge of swordsmanship. The notice looked as if it had been pinned there some days ago, suggesting that applicants for the post were not very numerous. In that case perhaps M. Bertrand des Amis would not be too exigent. And anyway, André-Louis had not eaten for four-and-twenty hours, and whilst the employment here offered—the precise nature of which he was yet to ascertain—did not appear to be such as André-Louis would deliberately have chosen, he was in no case now to be fastidious.

Then, too, he liked the name of Bertrand des Amis. It felicitously combined suggestions of chivalry and friendliness. Also the man's profession being of a kind that is flavoured with romance it was possible that M. Bertrand des Amis would not ask too many questions.

In the end he climbed to the second floor. On the landing he paused outside a door, on which was written "Academy of M. Bertrand des Amis." He pushed this open, and found himself in a sparsely furnished untenantanted antechamber. From a room beyond, the door of which was closed came the stamping of feet, the click and slither of steel upon steel, and dominating these sounds a vibrant, sonorous voice speaking a language that was certainly French; but such French as is never heard outside a fencing-school.

"Coulez! Mais, coulez donc! . . . So! Now the flanconade—en carte. . . . And here is the riposte. . . . Let us begin again. Come! The ward of tierce. . . . Make the coupé, and then the quinte par dessus les armes. . . . O, mais allongez! Allongez! Allez au fond!" the voice cried in expostulation. "Come, that was better." The blades ceased.

"Remember: the hand in pronation, the elbow not too far out. That will do for today. On Wednesday we shall see you tirer au mur. It is more deliberate. Speed will follow when the mechanism of the movements is more assured."

Another voice murmured in answer. The steps moved aside. The lesson was at an end. André-Louis tapped on the door.

It was opened by a tall, slender, gracefully proportioned man of perhaps forty. Black silk breeches and stockings ending in light shoes clothed him from the waist down. Above he was encased to the chin in a closely fitting plastron of leather. His face was aquiline and swarthy, his eyes full and dark, his mouth firm and his clubbed hair was of a lustrous black with here and there a thread of silver showing.

In the crook of his left arm he carried a fencing-mask, a thing of leather with a wire grating to protect the eyes. His keen glance played over André-Louis from head to foot.

"Monsieur?" he inquired, politely.

It was clear that he mistook André-Louis' quality, which is not surprising, for despite his sadly reduced fortunes, his exterior was irreproachable, and M. des Amis was not to guess that he carried upon his back the whole of his possessions.

"You have a notice below, monsieur," he said, and from the swift lighting of the fencing-master's eyes he saw that he had been correct in his assumption that applicants for the position had not been jostling one another on his threshold. And then that flash of satisfaction was followed by a look of surprise.

"You are come in regard to that?"

André-Louis shrugged and half smiled. "One must live," said he.

"But come in. Sit down here. I shall be at your . . . I shall be free to attend to you in a moment."

André-Louis took a seat on the bench ranged against one of the whitewashed walls. The room was long and low, its floor entirely bare. Plain wooden forms such as that which he occupied were placed here and there against the wall. These last were plastered with fencing trophies, masks, crossed foils, stuffed plastrons, and a variety of swords, daggers, and targets, belonging to a variety of ages and countries. There was also a portrait of an obese, big-nosed gentleman in an elaborately curled wig, wearing the blue ribbon of the Saint Esprit, in whom André-Louis

recognized the King. And there was a framed parchment—M. des Amis' certificate from the King's Academy. A bookcase occupied one corner, and near this, facing the last of the four windows that abundantly lighted the long room, there was a small writing-table and an armchair. A plump and beautifully dressed young gentleman stood by this table in the act of resuming coat and wig. M. des Amis sauntered over to him—moving, thought André-Louis, with extraordinary grace and elasticity—and stood in talk with him whilst also assisting him to complete his toilet.

At last the young gentleman took his departure, mopping himself with a fine kerchief that left a trail of perfume on the air. M. des Amis closed the door, and turned to the applicant, who rose at once.

"Where have you studied?" quoth the fencing-master abruptly.

"Studied?" André-Louis was taken aback by the question. "Oh, at Louis Le Grand."

M. des Amis frowned, looking up sharply as if to see whether his applicant was taking the liberty of amusing himself.

"In Heaven's name! I am not asking you where you did your humanities, but in what academy you studied fencing."

"Oh—fencing!" It had hardly ever occurred to André-Louis that the sword ranked seriously as a study. "I never studied it very much. I had some lessons in . . . in the country once."

The master's eyebrows went up. "But then?" he cried. "Why trouble to come up two flights of stairs?" He was impatient.

"The notice does not demand a high degree of proficiency. If I am not proficient enough, yet knowing the rudiments I can easily improve. I learn most things readily," André-Louis commanded himself. "For the rest: I possess the other qualifications. I am young, as you observe; and I leave you to judge whether I am wrong in assuming that my address is good. I am by profession a man of the robe, though I realize that the motto here is *cedat toga armis*."

M. des Amis smiled approvingly. Undoubtedly the young man had a good address, and a certain readiness of wit, it would appear. He ran a critical eye over his physical points.

"What is your name?" he asked.

André-Louis hesitated a moment. "André-Louis," he said.

The dark, keen eyes conned him more searchingly.

"Well? André-Louis what?"

"Just André-Louis. Louis is my surname."

"Oh! An odd surname. You come from Brittany by your accent. Why did you leave it?"

"To save my skin," he answered, without reflecting. And then made haste to cover the blunder. "I have an enemy," he explained.

M. des Amis frowned, stroking his square chin. "You ran away?"

"You may say so."

"A coward, eh?"

"I don't think so." And then he lied romantically. Surely a man who lived by the sword should have a weakness for the romantic. "You see, my enemy is a swordsman of great strength—the best blade in the province, if not the best blade in France. That is his repute. I thought I would come to Paris to learn something of the art, and then go back and kill him. That, to be frank, is why your notice attracted me. You see, I have not the means to take lessons otherwise. I thought to find work here in the law. But I have failed. There are too many lawyers in Paris as it is, and whilst waiting I have consumed the little

money that I had, so that . . . so that, enfin, your notice seemed to me something to which a special providence had directed me."

M. des Amis gripped him by the shoulders, and looked into his face.

"Is this true, my friend?" he asked.

"Not a word of it," said André-Louis, wrecking his chances on an irresistible impulse to say the unexpected. But he didn't wreck them. M. des Amis burst into laughter; and having laughed his fill, confessed himself charmed by his applicant's fundamental honesty.

"Take off your coat," he said, "and let us see what you can do. Nature, at least, designed you for a swordsman. You are light, active, and supple, with good length of arm, and you seem intelligent. I may make something of you, teach you enough for my purpose, which is that you should give the elements of the art to new pupils before I take them in hand to finish them. Let us try. Take that mask and foil, and come over here."

He led him to the end of the room, where the bare floor was scored with lines of chalk to guide the beginner in the management of his feet.

At the end of a ten minutes' bout, M. des Amis offered him the situation, and explained it. In addition to imparting the rudiments of the art to beginners, he was to brush out the fencing-room every morning, keep the foils furbished, assist the gentlemen who came for lessons to dress and undress, and make himself generally useful. His wages for the present were to be forty livres a month, and he might sleep in an alcove behind the fencing-room if he had no other lodging.

The position, you see, had its humiliations. But, if André-Louis would hope to dine, he must begin by eating his pride as an hors d'oeuvre.

"And so," he said, controlling a grimace, "the robe yields not only to the sword, but to the broom as well. Be it so. I stay."

It is characteristic of him that, having made that choice, he should have thrown himself into the work with enthusiasm. It was ever his way to do whatever he did with all the resources of his mind and energies of his body. When he was not instructing very young gentlemen in the elements of the art, showing them the elaborate and intricate salute—which with a few days' hard practice he had mastered to perfection—and the eight guards, he was himself hard at work on those same guards, exercising eye, wrist, and knees.

Perceiving his enthusiasm, and seeing the obvious possibilities it opened out of turning him into a really effective assistant, M. des Amis presently took him more seriously in hand.

"Your application and zeal, my friend, are deserving of more than forty livres a month," the master informed him at the end of a week. For the present, however, I will make up what else I consider due to you by imparting to you the secrets of this noble art. Your future depends upon how you profit by your exceptional good fortune in receiving instruction from me."

Thereafter every morning before the opening of the academy, the master would fence for half an hour with his new assistant. Under this really excellent tuition André-Louis improved at a rate that both astounded and flattered M. des Amis. He would have been less flattered and more astounded had he known that at least half the secret of André-Louis' amazing progress lay in the fact that he was devouring the contents of the master's library, which was made up of a dozen or so treatises on fencing by

such great masters at La Bessière, Danet, and the syndic of the Kings' Academy, Augustin Rousseau. To M. des Amis, whose swordsmanship was all based on practice and not at all on theory, who was indeed no theorist or student in any sense, that little library was merely a suitable adjunct to a fencing-academy, a proper piece of decorative furniture. The books themselves meant nothing to him in any other sense. He had not the type of mind that could have read them with profit nor could he understand that another should do so. André-Louis, on the contrary, a man with the habit of study, with the acquired faculty of learning from books, read those works with enormous profit, kept their precepts in mind, critically set off those of one master against those of another, and made for himself a choice which he proceeded to put into practice.

At the end of a month it suddenly dawned upon M. des Amis that his assistant had developed into a fencer of very considerable force, a man in a bout with whom it became necessary to exert himself if he were to escape defeat.

"I said from the first," he told him one day, "that Nature designed you for a swordsman. See how justified I was, and see also how well I have known how to mould the material with which Nature has equipped you."

"To the master be the glory," said André-Louis.

His relations with M. des Amis had meanwhile become of the friendliest, and he was now beginning to receive from him other pupils than mere beginners. In fact André-Louis was becoming an assistant in a much fuller sense of the word. M. des Amis, a chivalrous, open-handed fellow, far from taking advantage of what he had guessed to be the young man's difficulties, rewarded his zeal by increasing his wages to four louis a month.

From the earnest and thoughtful study of the theories of others, it followed now—as not uncommonly happens—that André-Louis came to develop theories of his own. He lay one June morning on his little truckle bed in the alcove behind the academy, considering a passage that he had read last night in Danet on double and triple feints. It had seemed to him when reading it that Danet had stopped short on the threshold of a great discovery in the art of fencing. Essentially a theorist, André-Louis perceived the theory suggested, which Danet himself in suggesting it had not perceived. He lay now on his back, surveying the cracks in the ceiling and considering this matter further with the lucidity that early morning often brings to an acute intelligence. You are to remember that for close upon two months now the sword had been André-Louis' daily exercise and almost hourly thought. Protracted concentration upon the subject was giving him an extraordinary penetration of vision. Swordsmanship as he learnt and taught and saw it daily practised consisted of a series of attacks and parries, a series of disengages from one line into another. But always a limited series. A half-dozen disengages on either side was, strictly speaking, usually as far as any engagement went. Then one recommenced. But even so, these disengages were fortuitous. What if from first to last they should be calculated?

That was a part of the thought—one of the two legs on which his theory was to stand; the other was: what would happen if one so elaborated Danet's ideas on the triple feint as to merge them into a series of actual calculated disengages to culminate at the fourth or fifth or even sixth

disengage? That is to say, if one were to make a series of attacks inviting ripostes again to be countered, each of which was not intended to go home, but simply to play the opponent's blade into a line that must open him ultimately, and as predetermined, for an irresistible lunge. Each counter of the opponent's would have to be preconsidered in this widening of his guard, a widening so gradual that he should himself be unconscious of it, and throughout intent upon getting home his own point on one of those counters.

André-Louis had been in his time a chess player of some force, and at chess he had excelled by virtue of his capacity for thinking ahead. That virtue applied to fencing should all but revolutionize the art. It was so applied already, of course, but only in an elementary and very limited fashion, in mere feints, single, double, or triple. But even the triple feint should be a clumsy device compared with this method upon which he theorized.

He considered further, and the conviction grew that he held the key of a discovery. He was impatient to put his theory to the test.

That morning he was given a pupil of some force, against whom usually he was hard put to it to defend himself. Coming on guard, he made up his mind to hit him on the fourth disengage, predetermining the four passes that should lead up to it. They engaged in tierce, and André-Louis led the attack by a beat and a straightening of an arm. Came the demicontre he expected, which he promptly countered by a thrust in quinte; this being countered again, he reentered still lower, and being again correctly parried, as he had calculated, he lunged swirling his point into carte, and got home full upon his opponent's breast. The ease of it surprised him.

They began again. This time he resolved to go in on the fifth disengage, and in on that he went with the same ease. Then, complicating the matter further, he decided to try the sixth, and worked out in his mind the combination of the five preliminary engages. Yet again he succeeded as easily as before.

The young gentleman opposed to him laughed with just a tinge of mortification in his voice.

"I am all to pieces this morning," he said.

"You are not of your usual force," André-Louis politely agreed. And then greatly daring, always to test that theory of his to the uttermost: "So much so," he added, "that I could almost be sure of hitting you as and when I declare."

The capable pupil looked at him with a half sneer. "Ah, that, no," said he.

"Let us try. On the fourth disengage I shall touch you. Allons! En garde!"

And as he promised, so it happened.

The young gentleman who, hitherto, had held no great opinion of André-Louis' swordsmanship, accounting him well enough for purposes of practice when the master was otherwise engaged, opened wide his eyes. In a burst of mingled generosity and intoxication, André-Louis was almost for disclosing his method—a method which a little later was to become a commonplace of the fencing-rooms. Betimes he checked himself. To reveal his secret would be to destroy the prestige that must accrue to him from exercising it.

At noon, the academy being empty, M. des Amis called André-Louis to one of the occasional lessons which he still received. And for the first time in all his experience with André-Louis, M. des Amis received from him a full hit in the course of the first bout. He laughed, well pleased, like the generous fellow he was.

"Aha! You are improving very fast, my friend."

He still laughed, though not so well pleased, when he was hit in the second bout. After that he settled down to fight in earnest with result that André-Louis was hit three times in succession. The speed and accuracy of the fencing-master when fully exerting himself disconcerted André-Louis' theory, which for want of being exercised in practice still demanded too much consideration.

But that his theory was sound he accounted fully established, and with that, for the moment, he was content. It remained only to perfect by practice the application of it. To this he now devoted himself with a passionate enthusiasm of the discoverer. He confined himself to a half dozen combinations, which he practised assiduously until each had almost become automatic. And he proved their infallibility upon the best among M. des Amis' pupils.

Finally, a week or so after that last bout of his with des Amis, the master called him once more to practice.

Hit again in the first bout, the master set himself to exert all his skill against his assistant. But today it availed him nothing before André-Louis impetuous attacks.

After the third hit, M. des Amis stepped back and pulled off his mask.

"What's this?" he asked. He was pale, and his dark brows were contracted in a frown. Not in years had he been so wounded in his self-love. "Have you been taught a secret botte?"

He had always boasted that he knew too much about the sword to believe any nonsense about secret bottes; but this performance of André-Louis' had shaken his convictions on that score.

"No," said André-Louis. "I have been working hard; and it happens that I fence with my brains."

"So I perceive. Well, well, I think I have taught you enough, my friend. I have no intention of having an assistant who is superior to myself."

"Little danger of that," said André-Louis, smiling pleasantly. "You have been fencing hard all morning, and you are tired, whilst I, having done little, am entirely fresh. That is the only secret of my momentary success."

His tact and the fundamental good nature of M. des Amis prevented the master from going farther along the road it was almost threatening to take. And thereafter, when they fenced together, André-Louis, who continued daily to perfect his theory into an almost infallible system, saw to it that M. des Amis always scored against him at least two hits for every one of his own. So much he would grant to discretion, but no more. He desired that M. des Amis should be conscious of his strength, without, however, discovering so much of its real extent as would have excited in him an unnecessary degree of jealousy.

And so well did he contrive that whilst he became ever of greater assistance to the master—for his style and general fencing, too, had materially improved—he was also a source of pride to him as the most brilliant of all the pupils that ever passed through his academy. Never did André-Louis disillusion him by revealing the fact that his skill was due far more to M. des Amis' library and his own mother wit than to any lessons received.

(To be continued in August)

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About Trust-Made Bread

Have you a little plaster cast in your stomach? That's what you may get from eating non-union bread.

Plaster of paris is one of the ingredients used in bread making by the Ward Baking Company, the union smashing bread trust, it is charged by Basil Manly of the People's Legislative Service. It helps to make Ward's bread whiter; but the main reason it is used is because it is cheap, and that means more profit for the millionaire, George S. Ward.

The careful housewife would hardly think of adding such drugs as sal ammoniac or potassium bromide to her bread dough, but Mr. Ward finds they help quite a lot in reducing the cost of bread making. Potassium bromide, by the way, is a sedative, and according to the medical dictionary, if used excessively may make the patient almost an imbecile.

In 1915, the union bakers exposed Ward's use of plaster of paris in bread, and Ward himself admitted it. Nevertheless, the very same year a formula was patented which provided for a mixture of plaster of paris, sal ammoniac, and potassium bromate to be added to the bread dough, and this formula, Mr. Manly charges, was assigned to the Ward Baking Company.

Unions Preempt Safety

If contractors intend to maintain their prerogatives as employers they will have to start humping themselves in the matter of safety measures, intimates the American Contractor, in a recent editorial. Otherwise they will find that that the unions have this field already organized and will be likely to do some dictating.

Labor has been forced to take the lead because of the indifference of employers.

Building trades unions in Newark, N. J., have organized a safety committee on every good-sized building job, and unionists make inspections to see how the safety work is progressing. They are doing some great work. Unions everywhere are doing all they can to make the workers remember "safety first" all the time.

They are doing necessary, constructive work in promoting safety. And while it may redound to the benefit of the employer, it means that just a bit more of the employer's leadership and influence is passing into the hands of labor.

Rail Workers' Meet

Railroad workers will meet to take a good look at their own industry, at Brookwood Labor College. The second annual Railroad Labor Institute will be held immediately after the Giant Power Institute, from August 1 to 14 this year, when problems of wage rates, organization, and labor's interest in control and management of the roads will come up through discussion.

Rail unionists will listen with keen interest to such speakers as Donald Richberg, attorney for the railroad labor unions; Frank McManamy, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Bert M. Jewell and Otto S. Beyer, of the Railway Employees' Department of the A. F. of L.; Dr. Sumner H. Slichter, of Cornell University; Dr. William M. Leiberson, impartial arbitrator for men's clothing industries, and others.

And many a railway man whose good old pitching arm has been rusting in idleness since the days of the sandlot league will limber up again in a friendly baseball game on Brookwood's spacious grounds. Afternoons will be reserved for recreation entirely.



IN MEMORIAM



Fred Eckert, L. U. No. 500

It is with extreme sorrow that we, the members of Local Union No. 500, I. B. E. W., pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of our late Brother Fred Eckert, whom the Angel of Death has taken from the circle of our membership. Brother Eckert was a man of courage, responsibilities, a true and loyal citizen and a true and faithful worker for the cause of organized labor.

Whereas we deeply regret the sad occasion which deprives us of the companionship of so kind and faithful a friend and Brother, and though we question not the divine will, nevertheless we mourn his loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 500 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, extend their heartfelt sympathies to his wife, brother and aged mother in their hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife, one to the secretary of L. U. No. 368, I. B. E. W., Indianapolis, Ind., one to our Journal for publication and a copy spread upon the minutes of our local.

P. W. STOWE,
M. M. SWINNEY,
B. C. RADKE,
Committee.

Charles Erb, L. U. No. 41

Whereas Local Union No. 41 has suffered the loss of a true and loyal member who has been called to his final reward and words cannot express our sorrow, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 41 keenly feel our loss and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family and commend them to Almighty God in their hour of trouble, and be it further

Resolved, That we stand in silent meditation for a period of one minute and drape our charter for a period of thirty days; That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family; that a copy be spread upon the minutes of our local union, and a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication.

Signed by the committee.

GEORGE M. WILLAX,
WILLIAM P. FISHER,
HENRY A. FINK,
Committee.

Charles Hansen, L. U. No. 494

Whereas we, as members of Local Union No. 494, I. B. E. W., of Milwaukee, Wis., have been called upon to pay our final tribute of respect and high esteem to our late Brother Charles Hansen, who departed from our midst in the prime of life, following an illness covering an extended period and

Whereas Local Union No. 494 appreciates its loss of a true and loyal member, be it

Resolved, That we, as a union in brotherly love, pay tribute to his memory by expressing our deepest sympathy to his family, relatives and friends in this dark hour of sorrow; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days; That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family; a copy sent to the International Office for publication and a copy spread on our minutes.

THEO. J. LA CHAPPELLE,
GEORGE SPATH, JR.
EDWIN L. PLEHN,
CHARLES THURBER,
CHARLES PETERSON,
Committee.

Al Wagner, L. U. No. 232

It is with profound regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 232, I. B. E. W., record the death of our late Brother Al Wagner, whose untimely death occurred May 11, 1926. Brother Wagner was a true and loyal member and leaves many to mourn his departure.

The entire membership of Local Union No. 232 extend their heartfelt sympathy to his wife and relatives; and therefore be it

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his wife, a copy be embodied in the minutes of our local union, and a copy be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our official Journal.

WESLEY GUILFOYLE,
Recording Secretary.

Howard Carpenter, L. U. No. 37

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved Brother, Howard Carpenter, and

Whereas Local Union No. 37 has suffered the loss of a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 37 extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for thirty days in his memory; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, one to our official Journal for publication and one be spread on the minutes of our local.

DANIEL WARREN,
DAVID DUCLOS,
THOS. STANTON,
Committee.

Milton Woods, L. U. No. 6

Whereas it has been the will of Almighty God to call from our midst Brother Milton Woods, and

Whereas Local Union No. 6 has lost a friend, a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved widow and family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of the resolution be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our official Journal, spread on the minutes of the local and a copy be forwarded to the bereaved widow as an expression of our sympathy in this her hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days.

JOHN J. MARTIN,
HOWARD E. DUNN,
THOMAS SMITH,
Committee on Resolution.

Arthur W. Kingsbury, L. U. No. 28

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst Brother Arthur W. Kingsbury, and

Whereas we regret his untimely death, which deprives us of the friendship and companionship of a faithful Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we acknowledge the wisdom of God; and be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved members of the family our heartfelt sorrow and sincere sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late departed Brother, a copy spread upon the minutes of Local Union No. 28 and that a copy be sent to our editor of the Journal for publication.

F. C. BANDEL,
I. EARLE EDER,
A. C. KRIES,
Committee

Albert F. Wildberger, L. U. No. 501

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved Brother and treasurer, Albert F. Wildberger;

Whereas Local Union No. 501, I. B. E. W., has suffered the loss of a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 501, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That in his memory we drape our charter for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and be spread upon the minutes, and a copy be sent to the official Journal for publication.

JOHN J. HIGENBOTHAM,
Press Secretary

F. N. Diederich, L. U. No. 195

Whereas the Almighty Father has called from our midst our Brother F. N. Diederich, and

Whereas this local union feels in his passing a loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days and a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and a copy be sent to the official Journal for publication.

FRANK X. RAITH,
Recording Secretary.

Patrick Campbell, L. U. No. 39

Having learned with profound regret of the death of our beloved Brother Patrick Campbell, who departed this life June 24, 1926, we, the officers and members, do express our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of our dear Brother, but we are reconciled to the fact that our loss is his gain.

We express our deepest sorrow to his dear wife and loving relatives and friends who have been called to part with their earthly counsellor and support, and we earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father grant to them the consolation they so much deserve and which He alone can give them.

Our dear Brother had many rare virtues and his stalwart faith in God, his fellowman and his local union endeared him to us all.

His ready willingness to assist his Brother who had met with adversity will perpetuate his name and will be indelibly stamped in the memory of his associates.

His wife and children loved him tenderly, and by his honesty and straightforward manner he contributed his full share in his moral obligations to this Brotherhood and his sacrifices were many for the cause of his fellowman. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Campbell our union has sustained a great loss; his pleasant smile and friendly disposition which was so characteristic of him will be sadly missed by his many friends.

Resolved, That in this bereaved hour we tenderly extend our sympathy to his dear family and command them to the care of our Heavenly Father, who has always been Father to the fatherless and a counsellor to the widow.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days as an expression of our grief to our departed Brother and that this memorial be inscribed in the permanent records of our local union and that a copy be sent to his widow and also to our official Journal.

NEAL CRAVEN,
BURT SUTHERLAND,
JOSEPH E. ROACH.

Patrick Campbell, L. U. No. 39

In the death of Patrick Campbell, Local Union No. 39 feels a sense of personal loss and desires to inscribe in its permanent records an expression of its appreciation of his worth and work as a man and a Brotherhood member.

Our departed Brother has been actively identified with our union for about 24 years. He filled various offices in Local Union No. 39, as well as other locals, and was our representative at two international conventions. During the period of his membership in the Brotherhood he was deeply interested in its progress and welfare and gave unsparingly of his time and service for its advancement. He truly exhibited in his life and work the principles of unionism and was a faithful exemplar of its highest ideals. He will be missed by his associates with whom he labored and at the local meetings. His loyalty and devotion to trades unionism was supreme. He was never known to violate the most trivial rule not only of his local but the cause in general. He was never known to wear any apparel of any kind without the union label even though he was forced to send out of town for it; and faithful to the last his whole desire was to be laid to rest by his union Brothers.

To his beloved widow and kind old mother and members of his family as well as to his associates and to those who knew and loved him best we express our sincerest sympathy in the passing of one whose life was such a consolation to them.

FRANK GARMAN,
JAMES SMITH,
JOHN BEHYMER,
Committee.

Frank J. McNulty, L. U. No. 358

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst on Wednesday, May 26, 1926, our esteemed Brother and Past President of the I. B. E. W.,

FRANK J. McNULTY

and

Whereas the Brotherhood has suffered the loss of a true and loyal leader and

Whereas Brother McNulty was one of the organizers of Local Union No. 358 of Perth Amboy, N. J., therefore be it

Resolved, That Local No. 358 extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That in his memory we drape our charter for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy be sent to the family; and a copy be sent

to Local Union No. 52 and a copy be sent to the official Journal for publication.

WM. J. CLAUSEN,
V. LARSEN,
Committee.

Lee Vosburgh, L. U. No. 313

Whereas it has been the will of our Heavenly Father to call from his beloved ones our faithful Brother, Lee Vosburgh, May 30, 1926, and Whereas Local Union No. 313 mourns the loss of its departed member; therefore be it further

Resolved, That we, the members of Local No. 313, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and that a copy be spread on the minutes of our local, and that one copy be sent to the Journal for publication.

A. BLAIR,
N. M. ROBERTSON,
W. KISSINGER,
Committee.

James Asher, L. U. No. 125

It is with deepest sorrow that we record the death of our late Brother James Asher, who passed away in Los Angeles, Calif., on June 14, after an illness of about four years.

Whereas Local Union No. 125 has suffered the loss of a true and loyal member of long standing, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and drape our charter thirty days in his memory.

J. SCOTT MILNE,
Secretary.

V. C. Blott, L. U. No. 59

It is with the deepest sorrow that we learn that our Brother V. C. Blott has been called from our midst by the Almighty God.

Whereas the members of L. U. No. 59, I. B. E. W., feel the loss of our true and worthy Brother, and in this time of bereavement extend to his wife, mother, relatives and friends our sincere and deepest sympathy.

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days; copies of these resolutions be sent his wife, mother and Journal of I. B. E. W. and spread on minutes of L. U. No. 59, I. B. E. W.

W. W. KNOTTS,
W. L. KELSEY,
Committee.

Alphonsus Cummings, L. U. No. 102

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved Brother Alphonsus Cummings; and

Whereas this Local Union No. 102, I. B. E. W., feels in his passing a loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes, a copy sent to the bereaved family, a copy sent to the International Office for publication in our official Journal.

PETER HOEDEMAKER,
R. SIGLER,
PETER MUSE,
Committee.

RAYMOND CLARK, President.

R. SIGLER,
Recording Secretary.

Joseph Maher, L. U. No. 501

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God in His divine wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed Brother, and vice president, Joseph Maher;

Whereas Local No. 501, I. B. E. W. has lost one of its true and loyal members; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local No. 501 do hereby extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family; and be it further

Resolved, That in his memory we drape our charter for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and be spread upon the minutes and a copy be sent to the official Journal for publication.

JOHN J. HIGENBOTHAM,
Press Secretary.

I rejoice at the every effort workingmen make to organize. I hail the labor movement. It is my only hope for democracy. Organize, and stand together! Let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice.—Wendell Phillips.

SALIENT PROPERTIES OF ELECTRIC CIRCUITS

(Continued from page 326)

in opposing a force if he will first move his empty hand back and forth rapidly, and then, after taking a brick in the hand, repeat the motion. He will quickly discover that it requires a much greater force to move the brick back and forth rapidly. Likewise, it takes a much greater electromotive force to make the electrons oscillate, or to move back and forth rapidly in an inductive circuit than in a non-inductive circuit. In an alternating-current circuit most of the energy stored in the magnetic field on increase of current is returned to the circuit, but in some instances the portion not returned may produce serious consequences.

The National Electric Code rule governing the installation of wires in a conduit specifies that both wires of a circuit must be placed within the same conduit. The reasons for this rule are the principles enunciated above. If both wires are not in the same conduit the pipe becomes a part of the magnetic circuit, greatly increasing its inductance. Hence the reaction is greater and for a given e. m. f. less energy is delivered to the lamp or other appliance, and more energy is stored in the magnetic field. Some of this energy is spent in overcoming the magnetic friction of the molecules of the iron pipe which becomes hot. It may become hot enough to set fire to the insulation or to other combustible material with which it may be in contact.

Like all other electrical and magnetic quantities inductance must be measured if allowance for it is to be made in designing and calculating electric circuits. The unit of inductance is called the henry which is defined as that inductance by virtue of which an electromotive force of one volt is induced when the current varies at the rate of one ampere per second. It may also be defined as that inductance by virtue of which one-half joule of energy is stored in the magnetic field when the current in the circuit is one ampere. In any case, the energy in joules, stored in the magnetic field is equal to one-half the inductance in henrys by the square of the current in amperes.

With the introduction of radio the terms inductance, impedance and capacitance have become household words. Their true or physical significance and function is by no means so common. In fact one may say that most people use the terms incorrectly. Inductance is not the name of a coil, but of the property of a coil. Neither is the electric current the cause of an inductance, but the shape, size, number of turns, character of winding and the neighboring medium are all factors which determine the inductance. Capacitance and its relation to inductance and its effect on the flow of current will be taken up next.

RADIO

(Continued from page 327)

The MU6 is a new tube designed for operation on electric light current, with suitable equipment.

Among the older tubes, UV-199 is a dry battery detector; UV-201A may be used either as a detector or amplifier, and is used more widely than any other tube. The WD-11 and WD-12 are thoriated tungsten tubes, either of which will perform the functions both of detector and of amplifier.

There are a number of other tubes for receiving purposes, mostly obsolete or at best very thinly distributed, and it is not likely that you will encounter them.

NOTICES

We are in receipt of a communication from Brother Jack Poe desiring to get in touch with the following persons:

Kid Herbert Worline, Charlie Baker, Tom Rodges, Huglie Mum, Pete Powell, Fletch Bishop, Billie Malone, Drag Rogers, Pop Birdsell and John Connally.

Any one knowing the addresses of the above will kindly furnish same to Jack Poe, 24 E. Chestnut St., B. & O. Baggage Room, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is to advise that Local Union No. 76 of Tacoma, Wash., has suspended L. W. Hodges and assessed him \$100 and has suspended C. G. Fralick and assessed him \$150 for violation of the Constitution and the local union's by-laws.

Fraternally,
WM. B. NICHOLL,
Rec. Sec. Local Union No. 76.

This is to advise that Local Union 1021 of Uniontown, Pa., is locked out. All members intending coming this way please stay away until notice of the settlement of this lockout is published in this JOURNAL.

W. F. WHITBY,
Financial Secretary Local Union No. 1021.

Shorty Russell, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with Local No. 69 of Dallas, Texas, as friends here wish to get in touch with him.

(Signed) T. D. BETTS,
Financial Secretary, L. U. No. 69.

This is to advise that L. J. Crawley, Card No. 574246, formerly of Local No. 177 of Jacksonville, Fla., came to our city, deposited his card in our local and then went to work for a non-union shop.

(Signed) W. L. KELSEY,
Business Representative,
L. U. No. 59, Dallas, Texas.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Brother B. V. Skaggs, last heard of in Sharon, Pa., Local Union No. 218, please notify.

W. R. McLEAN,
184 Fairmount Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

Death Claims Paid From June 1, Inc., June 30, 1926

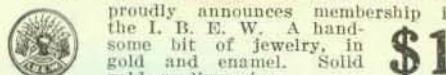
Local	Name	Amount
17	Allan B. Rust	\$ 650.00
134	Albert Moberg	1,000.00
103	J. J. Casey	1,000.00
41	C. T. Erb	1,000.00
134	Oril Cota	1,000.00
48	E. W. Bloomfield	300.00
313	Lee Vosburgh	1,000.00
3	W. E. Storer	1,000.00
5	S. D. Young	1,000.00
106	G. W. Dodge	475.00
102	A. Cummings	1,000.00
21	William H. Matlack	1,000.00
309	Charles Likins	300.00
6	M. G. Woods	1,000.00
37	H. S. Carpenter	1,000.00
17	William Cooper	1,000.00
125	James Asher	1,000.00
134	J. J. Steiner	1,000.00
I.O.	G. A. Wurm	1,000.00
5	J. A. Krueger	1,000.00
52	F. J. McNulty	1,000.00
103	F. H. Latorraca	1,000.00
59	V. C. Blott	650.00
		\$20,375.00

Total claims paid from June 1, including June 30.....\$ 20,375.00
Total claims previously paid.....807,750.00

\$828,125.00

THIS BUTTON IN YOUR LAPEL

proudly announces membership in the I. B. E. W. A handsome bit of jewelry, in gold and enamel. Solid gold, medium size.



CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

Electrical Examination Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 348)

Voltmeters are also made for alternating or direct-current circuits and should be used only as intended.

Most electric lights are made for a pressure of 110 volts. Street car trolley lines usually run at 500 to 650 volts. Long-distance power transmission lines have been built for voltages as high as 220,000 volts.

How much voltage is required to make a given current flow through a conductor?

As already stated, the voltage required to make a current flow depends upon the resistance of the circuit. A voltage of one volt will make one ampere flow through a resistance of one ohm.

This relation is expressed by the formula:

$$I = \frac{E}{R}$$

where I is the current in amperes, E voltage in volts and R resistance in ohms. When one knows the resistance and the current flowing:

$$\text{Volts} = \text{Amperes} \times \text{Ohms}, \text{ or } E = IR$$

When one knows the voltage and the current:

$$\text{Resistance} = \frac{\text{Volts}}{\text{Amperes}} \text{ or } R = \frac{E}{I}$$

Does this relation always hold good for both alternating-current and direct-current circuits?

This relation always holds good for direct-current circuit.

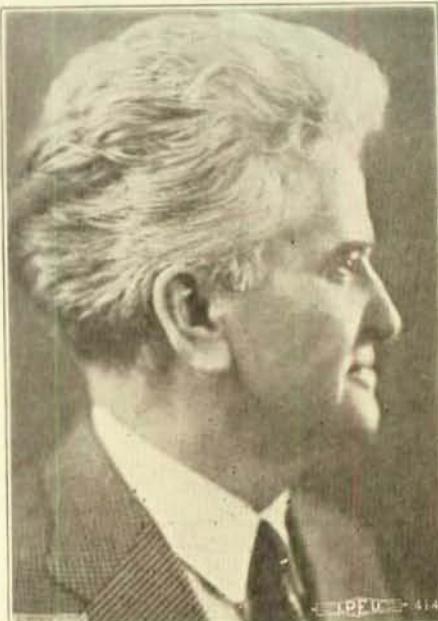
In alternating-current circuits the current and voltage are continually changing, but at any instant the current flowing will depend upon the value of the voltage at that instant according to the formulae just stated, provided the circuit has no "inductance" in it.

In speaking of alternating-current circuits, it would be difficult to think of voltages and currents which are continually changing; consequently the term "ampere," when applied to an alternating current means the "effective" value rather than the value at any instant. If an electric lamp attains a given brightness when one ampere of direct current flows through the filament it will attain the same brightness when one ampere of alternating current flows through the filament; the effective current is the same. If the resistance of the filament is one ohm, one volt will be required to cause one ampere to flow through it whether it is a direct voltage with a steady value of one volt or an alternating voltage with an "effective" value of one volt, so that as far as effectiveness goes, alternating currents and voltages may be considered as direct currents and voltages, but it must be remembered that the actual values of alternating currents and voltages are continually changing, sometimes being more and sometimes being less than the direct current of the same value.

Labor Reveres Bob

Bob LaFollette, the father, came to a kind of immortality before he died. Even his body did not decay, but seemed to transmigrate into the after-world. There was a youthful vigor and fire in Bob's frame until the end. He was mowing the yard shortly before his death. In the campaign of 1924 he flashed into the exuberant form of his youthful years. And his spirit was never old.

It was this LaFollette, immortal before death, which was given the wreath of immortality one year after death, in the form of memorial services of June 20. Senatorial colleagues met in the U. S. Senate Chamber and 14 spoke words of quiet adulation for this comrade who fought and fell. It was a moment of historic interest. The galleries were packed with men and women; even the aisles were filled. Many labor



Fourth of a Series of Excerpts from the National Electrical Safety Code

432. Special Authorization.

(a) Special Work—Special authorization from the chief operator shall be secured before work is begun on or about station equipment, transmission, or interconnected feeder lines or live lines of more than 7,500 volts, and in all cases where lines are to be killed by regular procedure, (see sec. 45) at stations, and a report shall be made to him when such work ceases.

Exceptions.—In emergency, to protect life or property, or when communication with the chief operator is difficult, due to storms or other causes, any qualified employee may make repairs on or about the equipment or lines covered by this rule without special authorization if the trouble is such as he can promptly clear with help available in compliance with the remaining rules. The chief operator shall thereafter be notified as soon as possible of the action taken. (See rule 436 b.)

(b). Operations at Stations.—In the absence of specific operating schedules for opening and closing supply circuits at stations, or starting and stopping equipment, employees shall secure special authorization from the chief operator before performing these operations. In all cases such special authorization shall be secured where circuit of equipment control devices are tagged at stations to protect workmen. (See rule 435.)

Exceptions.—In emergency, to protect life or property, any qualified employee may open and stop moving equipment without special authorization if, in his judgment,

his action will promote safety, but the chief operator shall be notified as soon as possible of such action, with reasons therefor. To maintain service, any qualified employee may also reclose circuits which have been opened by fuses or automatic circuitbreakers except where this is prohibited by rule.

(c) Cutting out Sections of Circuits—Special authorization shall be secured from the chief operator before sections of overhead or underground circuits are cut off by employees at points other than at stations by means of sectionalizing switches.

Exceptions—Portions of distribution circuits of less than 7,500 volts may be cut off by authorized employees, without special authorization from the chief operator, by means of sectionalizing switches, if the chief operator is thereafter notified as soon as possible of the action taken. This may also be done even for circuits of more than 7,500 volts when communication with the chief operator is difficult.

433. Restoring Service After Work.

No instructions for making live equipment or lines which have been killed by permission of the chief operator to protect workmen shall be issued by him until all workmen concerned have been reported clear. When there is more than one workman at a location, a person authorized for the purpose shall report clear for such workmen, but only after all have reported clear to him. If there is more than one gang, each shall be so reported clear to the chief operator.

THE LATE ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

leaders were present to honor their fallen friend. At one time Senator Shipstead received permission to read into the record the laws in behalf of labor supported by LaFollette. Bob was hailed as expressor, servant, leader, lover and savior of the common people.

The speakers were Lenroot, Wisconsin, once a political friend, now a political foe of the LaFollettes; Robinson of Arkansas, Shipstead of Minnesota, Walsh of Montana, Frazier of North Dakota, Fernald of Maine, Johnson of California, Simmons of North Carolina, Moses of New Hampshire, Dill of Washington, Borah of Idaho, Wheeler of Montana, Reed of Missouri, and Norris of Nebraska.

An appropriate gesture was made by Vice President Dawes when young Bob LaFollette, successor to his father, was called to the chair to preside.

Wheeler of Montana likened Bob to Lincoln and Jefferson, and called them the three greatest men of the country.

All praised the unflinching courage, the moral righteousness, and loyalty to the masses of the fallen leader.

The August number of the Journal will carry a complete report of the Giant Power Conference held at Brookwood Labor College.

**LOCAL UNION OFFICIAL RECEIPTS FROM MAY 11 TO
JUNE 10, 1926**

L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	
1	451	485	113	367753	367777	258	838472	838479	418	471975
1	286120	286277	114	423758	423766	259	438090	438135	420	85399
2	514848	515018	116	326005	326062	261	486986	487162	427	26831
3	65437	69239	117	39673	39708	262	300393	300423	428	174352
5	548251	548630	120	677927	677944	263	8946	8967	429	251513
6	380395	380790	122	473766	473890	266	97298	97309	434	601259
7	333412	333661	124	512616	512900	267	116102	116112	435	606981
8	741183	741269	125	492131	492750	268	417128	417142	437	395468
9	565501	565770	125	611251	611340	269	120437	120509	439	833761
9	563881	564000	127	9252	9258	271	823751	823777	440	415586
10	769624	769649	129	860280	860292	273	419044	419052	442	613309
13	261972	261989	130	369455	369775	275	61855	61878	443	734205
14	308907	308943	131	269386	269400	276	705665	705678	444	523579
15	129352	129677	133	836159	836167	277	213227	213245	446	520519
18	514001	514170	134	510001	510750	278	57301	57336	445	844931
20	424733	424817	134	405751	466500	279	834143	834150	445	871351
21	323174	323186	134	509925	510000	279	869851	869874	446	317962
26	435585	435740	134	468941	469500	281	636677	636692	448	54601
27	78280	78288	134	508501	509250	284	852643	852696	460	568226
28	443428	443508	134	462445	462750	285	10656	10668	461	453910
29	263595	263598	134	463501	464250	286	215893	215905	463	65617
30	258562	258656	134	465001	465750	287	865663	865665	465	222671
31	172920	172935	135	635974	635988	291	187781	187800	466	431411
32	410116	410134	136	537078	537129	292	526081	526280	468	296003
33	441001	441022	137	215357	215370	294	10072	10085	470	839346
33	585297	585300	139	122209	122248	295	26483	26492	471	857912
34	451041	451087	140	435868	435922	296	861178	861190	474	409866
35	322237	322500	141	299836	299860	298	459186	459230	477	540011
35	324001	324007	143	122521	122542	300	851611	851624	477	717294
36	500368	500410	145	287081	287130	301	434465	434476	481	453596
37	239596	239684	146	223377	223379	303	527968	527973	487	402162
38	651987	652800	150	28283	28301	306	870769	870793	492	341591
39	423461	423750	151	503151	503250	307	401067	401077	493	426791
39	545251	545280	153	198537	198560	308	437659	437825	494	458701
40	394896	394969	154	846773	846785	309	522014	522049	494	559501
41	448208	448427	155	417376	417380	310	429453	429687	497	54321
42	725914	725927	156	27681	27697	311	392397	392448	500	187041
44	738029	738040	158	40408	40426	312	116794	116831	501	863123
45	743237	743254	159	451800	451846	313	846266	846296	501	570001
46	375616	375747	161	11057	11094	317	263517	263538	503	121291
47	456114	456131	163	344645	344715	318	735271	735300	504	136778
48	351551	351750	164	341157	341250	321	6225	6245	505	835135
50	606771	606825	164	535501	535577	322	97131	97143	507	868369
51	25561	25602	169	432098	432118	323	534023	534098	508	857653
52	439734	439858	172	674476	674492	324	837832	837838	509	400431
53	371012	371060	173	20226	20240	325	832641	832650	514	501271
54	441276	441296	177	861501	861603	325	856351	856367	515	630951
55	101785	101806	178	396794	396804	326	299908	299974	516	849537
56	248245	248250	180	270568	270582	328	850812	850835	517	46567
56	552001	552066	181	393491	393585	329	25288	25303	520	202831
57	133193	133211	183	119192	119210	330	369149	369155	521	408784
58	496311	496850	184	815802	815817	332	474102	474160	522	259476
58	337771	337961	185	237261	237277	330	427804	427876	522	550501
60	475763	475842	187	8241	8255	340	476251	476285	528	43893
65	557406	557680	188	432004	432030	340	320966	321000	529	7955
66	513231	513410	191	40271	40300	341	927031	927045	531	853885
67	193938	193968	193	24835	24871	343	353918	353929	531	872551
68	265395	265500	194	461625	461764	344	832205	832214	532	25949
68	519061	519059	195	363026	363000	345	827962	827985	533	537567
69	23171	23180	195	630001	630049	346	43501	43511	535	522866
70	864798	864829	196	516067	516131	347	493103	493218	536	446311
72	116695	116700	197	10895	10904	348	421808	421900	537	287068
73	232374	232418	199	781906	781911	349	441844	441954	538	381901
75	7291	7308	200	365003	365055	351	841218	841234	540	858802
76	387418	387517	201	401875	401881	352	170643	170667	544	851429
77	321527	321645	209	126478	126536	355	433924	433934	545	851448
78	842348	842355	210	445619	445672	356	854631	854648	548	848006
79	413661	413753	212	205071	205102	361	633450	633455	550	857015
80	856717	856780	213	254344	254623	362	867465	867471	551	290442
81	331489	331500	214	383152	383250	364	457011	457037	552	278505
81	531001	531094	214	629251	629298	367	733677	733708	556	91012
83	519751	519972	215	740181	740211	368	23505	23516	560	56701
84	426165	426585	216	833014	833016	369	330410	330457	560	552091
86	546751	546820	218	248589	248607	371	397762	397766	561	17765
86	242167	242250	220	205972	206067	372	819250	819296	564	519443
87	50951	50954	224	416442	416479	374	359016	359030	567	291466
88	839747	839766	225	847216	847229	375	745413	745424	568	249481
89	166825	166829	226	471171	471203	376	422283	422299	569	553056
91	40523	40534	229	200788	200812	377	349149	349212	570	505076
93	683908	683920	230	257807	257912	382	220212	220248	573	459900
94	7652	7666	231	8643	8658	383	224393	224426	574	226983
95	558005	558014	232	116117	11632	384	423205	423224	575	247136
96	396087	396173	233	846581	846603	389	525048	525066	578	859423
99	409177	409271	235	616888	616897	392	434341	434406	580	416336
100	460763	460792	236	416960	416968	393	731440	731453	581	419511
101	329962	329974	237	855033	855060	396	214092	214130	583	555781
102	311871	312000	238	440352	440430	397	133147	133225	584	631521
102	532501	532590	240	892396	892404	400	338374	338440	585	214096
103	402671	404180	241	375560	375566	402	290199	290235	587	242488
104	420669	420750	245	430601	430670	405	19966	20016	588	423889
104	567001	567120*	246	69629	69696	408	561789	561835	591	19356
106	309601	309655	247	93761	93780	411	711910	711934	593	263205
107	538215	538294	249	866011	866049	413	42673	42767	594	265347</td

L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS
869	546001	546027	1032	57901	57906	396	214122-125.	131	269398.
870	542270	542302	1036	632780	632813	413	42672.	134	462446.
873	231288	231302	1037	346871	346970	440	415596.	172	674488.
879	830696	830702	1042	364330	364333	455	844944.	173	20226.
883	435475	435486	1045	279933	279935	471	857911.	177	861548.
885	139382	139400	1047	534751	534780	477	540001-014.	191	40293.
886	76133	76147	1054	384486	384491	509	400430.	215	740190.
892	42326	42338	1086	18773	18794	531	853941-945.	245	430635.641.
902	25068	25129	1087	391690	391705	536	446309-310, 324-325.	246	69637.
907	831035	831059	1091	164045	164060	584	631751-760.	262	300398. 415.
910	845628	845650	1097	274016	374025	735	554808-810.	278	57317.
912	854161	854213	1099	397175	397187	781	420796-800, 806.	284	852663.
914	854318	854330	1101	459077	459092	916	290891-894.	294	10078-10079.
915	290836	290895	1105	87893	87900	982	389345.	309	522021.
916	858268	858280	1105	861751	861753			323	534072. 087.
918	847462	847468	1108	424107	424116			325	856356. 832644.
919	714590	714591	1118	52578	52605	2	514912.	332	474129. 135.
923	855888	855890	1122	2754	2760	3	66810, 67416, 67672,	344	832206.
929	868961	868971	1131	6744	6754	67789,	69061,	345	827980.
933	852357	852357	1135	75817	75822	69087.		347	493175.
937	856161	856200	1141	19063	19086	8	741196.	348	421885.
946	424421	424424	1144	324707	324720	9	565554, 598.	352	170661.
948	24707	24711	1145	311627	311632	26	435675.	377	349170. 200.
953	655731	655750	1147	26204	26215	28	443461.	383	224408-410.
956	832873	832886	1150	871207	871221	35	322410.	392	434374.
958	845282	845286	1151	459664	459674	39	423682, 698.	400	338410-411.
963	429136	429176	1154	374444	374451	46	375730.	437	395476.
968	437977	437990	1156	418283	418395	48	351569, 665.	444	523587. 601.
970	418745	418777				50	552046.	492	341602, 609.
971	442591	442620				58	337958, 496585.	501	570070.
972	603739	603744	9	565559.		64	852917.	531	533899.
973	516465	516468	34	451036-040.		65	557559, 616, 646.	532	26003-26004.
978	368031	368038	37	239668-683.		66	513234, 355.	545	55251.
982	389346	389350	41	448416-423,	425-426.	68	519001, 044.	561	17820, 841.
995	97423	97436	70	864797.		70	864822.	569	553194.
996	842641	842650	131	269396.		80	856721.	648	345228, 247, 255.
998	873751	873764	191	40270.		83	519768, 791, 926.	656	536304.
1002	183541	183562	246	696944-69695.		95	558009-010.	675	391730.
1016	414688	414692	249	866015, 025.		96	396150.	677	742646-647.
1024	447044	447092	261	486986.		104	567113, 420745.	683	852043-044, 046-047.
1025	578870	578881	284	852646-650, 688-689.		116	326050.	702	363709, 806.
1031	590865	590878	356	854644-645.		124	512631-640, 668.	728	298103.
1032	415192	415200	389	525047, 059-065.		129	860288.	746	361715.

A Deep One

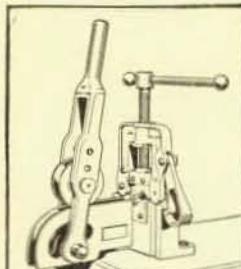
A man was walking along the roadside one summer day and noticed a fairly good-looking hat out in the road. Reaching out with his cane, he gave it a cut and was

startled to hear a voice exclaim: "Here, what the dickens are you doing?"

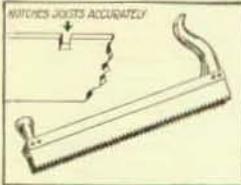
Then he made the astonishing discovery that the owner of the headpiece was under the hat, up to his ears in mud.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the man who had hit the hat. "Is that mud as deep as that?"

"Deep!" cried the victim. "Why, man alive, I'm standing on a load of hay!"—Jackson Gazette.

FOR SAFETY—USE "JIFFY" TOOLS!**"JIFFY" PIPEBENDER VISE**

Makes perfect bends in $\frac{1}{2}$ " and $\frac{3}{4}$ " conduit. Bends either sidewise or downwards. Eliminates chance of injury should a pipe hickey slip. Doesn't flatten, kink or split the pipe. Easy to operate.

"JIFFY" JOIST NOTCHER

Cuts holes in joists just the right width for $\frac{1}{2}$ " or $\frac{3}{4}$ " conduit. The depth gauge prevents excessive cuts and weakened joists. It is easily used and makes possible accurate and

neat work. It is made of aluminum and steel and weighs about 2 pounds. A real tool for practical workmen.

The three tools described above are practical tools for practical wiremen. They are the invention of "Jack" Schreiner, one of the oldest active wiremen in Chicago.

"JIFFY" SOLDER DIPPER**"JIFFY" SOLDER DIPPER**

Solders pigtail joints easily. Heats quickly and solders 50 to 60 joints with one heat. Swinging cup protects you, preventing spilled solder and dangerous burns.

Jiffy Adjustable CUTTER**"JIFFY" ADJUSTABLE CUTTER**

Cuts holes in steel boxes, switchboard panels, any diameter from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to 6 inches. Easy to operate because the spring does all the work. Ratchet Handle furnished with hand-operated outfit. Weight, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

30-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Any "Jiffy" tool may be ordered on 30-day trial with the understanding that it may be returned if unsatisfactory, and money will be refunded without argument.

PATENTS WANTED

If you have tools for the electrical trade, write us.

Paul W. Koch & Company **Lees Bldg.** **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Every Knock Is A Boost

Fifth of a Series of Talks on Organization



The fact is that nothing is as stubbornly resisted as the attempt to organize into effective unions. Yet it is labor organized that alone can stand between America and the creation of a permanent, servile class. Unless labor is powerful enough to be respected, it is doomed to a degrading servitude. Without unions no such power is possible. Without unions industrial democracy is unthinkable. Without democracy in industry, that is where it counts most, there is no such thing as democracy in America.

For only through the union can the wage-earner participate in the control of industry and only through the union can he obtain the discipline needed for self-government. Those who fight unions may think they are fighting its obvious errors, but what they are really against is just this encroachment of democracy upon business.

* * *

Men are fighting for the beginnings of industrial self-government. If the world were wise that fight would be made easier for them. But it is not wise. Few of us care for ten minutes in a month about these beginnings or what they promise. And so the burden falls entirely upon the workers who are directly concerned. They have got to win civilization, they have got to take up the task of fastening a worker's control upon business.

No wonder they despise the scab. He is justly despised. Far from being the independent, liberty-loving soul he is sometimes painted, the scab is a traitor to the economic foundations of democracy. He makes the basic associations of men difficult. He is an indigestible lump in the common life, and it is he who generates nine-tenths of the violence of labor disputes.

Democracies of workingmen have to fight him out of sheer self-protection, as a nation has to fight a mutiny, as doctors have to fight a quack. The clubbing of scabs is not a pretty thing; the importation of scabs is an uglier one. It is perhaps true that there is, as ex-President Eliot said, no such thing as peaceful picketing. There is no such thing as a peaceful coast defense or a gentlemanly border patrol. The picket-line is to these little economic democracies the guardian of their integrity, their chief protection from foreign invasion.—WALTER LIPPmann,

Editor, New York World.



PUBLIC OWNERSHIP: BRITISH VIEW

“I REMEMBER a delightful visit to the West of America. After passing some weeks in a State-owned park, and driving through fifty miles of State-owned forests, I crossed a river on a public ferry, and after travelling some distance on a municipal tram, was conducted over the civic electric works, the tax-supported hospital and the public schools, tried in vain to obtain refreshments at several saloons which had been closed by the State, and finally visited the State University. I heard a professor of economics, whose salary was defrayed from public funds, deliver to a body of several hundred students, whose fees were paid from the same source, a lecture on the importance of untrammelled private enterprise and the dangerous immorality of Socialism.”

R. H. TAWNEY.